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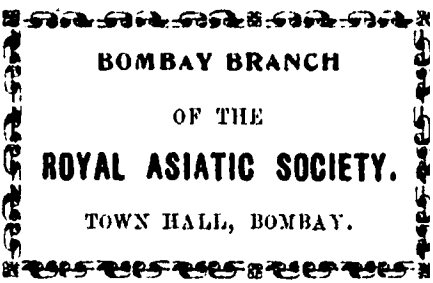

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of "Punch."

Yours very truly
Charles S. Keene

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The

Life and Letters

of

Charles Samuel Keene

by

George Somes Layard.

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CHISWICK PRESS:—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO., TOOKS COURT,
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To
my Wife.

I cannot let this book go forth without acknowledging the kindness of Mr. Henry Eddowes Keene in reading through the manuscript with me for the purpose of correcting any errors of fact, as well as for the generous way in which he has placed at my disposal original sketches by his brother for reproduction in these pages. I am also indebted, amongst others, to Mrs. Edwin Edwards, Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Stewart, Miss Jean Ingelow, Mr. Henry Silver, Mr. Robert Dudley, Mr. Farrar Ranson, Mr. Alexander Stevenson, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. W. P. Mills, Mr. J. Sands, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Tuer, Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., Mr. Swain, and last, but most of all, to Mr. Joseph Crawhall, for letters, sketches, and notes, without which my task would have been impossible. To Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, too, I would here offer my best thanks for the unhesitating permission given to re-

produce the "Punch" pictures with which this book is adorned: To Messrs. Macmillan and Co. also my thanks are due for raising no objection to the reproduction of the original design for the Vignette of Mark Lemon's "Jest Book," and to Messrs. Elliott and Fry for their kind offer of the photograph of Charles Keene, which forms the frontispiece to this volume. To the publishers, too, I would tender my hearty thanks for the generous way in which they have fallen in with almost all my suggestions to make this volume, as far as lay in their *power, worthy of its subject. Any suggestions of mine that they have not adopted I am perfectly satisfied were wholly unreasonable. To Mr. Stuart J. Reid and Mr. Creed, as well as to those clever craftsmen and printers, whose names we do not learn, but to whose skilful labour we are all so much indebted, I must at least put on record a word of thanks for their laborious co-operation. I do not hesitate to say that, to those who have only had the opportunity of studying Charles Keene's work in the pages of "Punch" or "Once a Week," the illustrations in this book will be nothing short of a revelation. In some instances, of course, pen-work, not done for the purpose of typo-photographic reproduction, was bound, especially in the shadows, to grow rotten and lose its character, but, in others, facsimilitude is so nearly attained, that, even side by side, it is not at once possible to tell the original from its imitation.*

One word as to a very valuable suggestion made to me by Mr. Pennell, but at so late a stage in the production of this book that I have doubts of the

feasibility of carrying it out. Much has been written and said of the loss sustained in the wood-cutting by Keene's pen-and-ink drawings, and Mr. Pennell suggests that the reproductions in this volume should be faced by the woodcuts of the same pictures from "Punch," for comparison, and thus opportunity be afforded of judging to what extent this has been the case. If this can be done at this late period, it shall, but, if not, it is of course still competent to all who have access to a file of "Punch" to judge for themselves.[1]

G. S. L.

68, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.

1892.

[1] *Since writing the above, the proprietors of "Punch" have again put me under an obligation by most generously lending me an electrotype of the beautiful woodcut "Forwards." I have particularly requested the art manager to see that all possible pains be taken to give this block its full value in the printing, and, by placing it and the photogravure face to face, to afford the opportunity desired of justly comparing their relative values.*

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF

Charles Samuel Keene.

CHAPTER I.

1823—1844.

Birth.—Father.—Mother.—The Sparrows.—School in Queen's Road.—The Corboulds.—Truants.—Ipswich.—Grammar School.—Old House in the Butter Market.—"The Sparrows' Nest."—Mr. Farrar Ranson.—Professor Cowell.—Major-General Mercer.—Character.—First artistic leanings.—Death of father.—Great Coram Street.—Choice of profession.—Furnival's Inn.—Mr. Pilkington, architect.—Apprenticeship to the Whympers.—"Robinson Crusoe."—Letter, 1842.—George Ingelow.—Miss Ingelow.—Mr. Henry Silver.—Mr. W. L. Thomas.—Mr. Swain.—First Studio.—Dr. Dulcken.—Scene-painting with the late C. Marshall.—Smoking.—"Fairy Pipes."—"Dottles."—Letter, 1844.

CHARLES SAMUEL KEENE was born in Duval's Lane, Hornsey, on August 10, 1823. His father, Samuel Browne Keene, solicitor, of Furnival's Inn, was the second son of a lawyer, and succeeded to the paternal business. The elder brother, William Charles Lever Keene, was called to the bar, and reached some eminence in his profession. Keene's

grandfather would seem to have been a man of considerable means, having educated both his sons at Eton. His father died on January 3, 1838, and was buried in St. Lawrence's Church, Ipswich.

His mother was Mary Sparrow, daughter of John Sparrow, of the Butter Market, Ipswich. She was the youngest of a family of two sons and four daughters, "one," as Mr. Farrar Ranson writes, "I remember, of a very handsome set of sisters." The Sparrows, or Sparrowes, as they formerly spelled their name, were, for over three hundred years, a leading family of the old town. From the year 1567 they inhabited the grand old mansion in the Butter Market, now a bookseller's shop, and one of the greatest architectural curiosities in the country.

Samuel and Mary Keene had, besides Charles Samuel, one son, Henry Eddowes Keene, and three daughters, Mary Grace Keene (now Mrs. Alfred Corbould), Anne Sparrow Keene, and Kate Lever Keene. Soon after the birth of Charles, their eldest, they removed from Hornsey, then a rural suburb of London, to a house in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, W., and subsequently to Great Coram Street, a neighbourhood remarkable as having housed the three greatest of "Punch's" contributors—Thackeray, Leech, and the subject of this memoir. Of Charles's early years there is little to be recorded. About the year 1830 he, with his younger brother, was put to a boarding-school in the Queen's Road, Bayswater, then as much in the country as it is now in the town. This school was kept by two old

ladies named Johnson, known respectively as "the big" and "the little," the former coming in, it is recorded, for considerable ridicule behind her back, for

A CROSSING SWEEPER.

the extraordinary turban which she was in the habit of wearing. Here it was that a friendship was commenced between the Keenes and Alfred and Henry Corbould, the former of whom was destined in 1848

to marry the eldest Miss Keene. These two boys were sons of Henry Corbould, who held an appointment in the Artistic Department of the British Museum. The head of the educational establishment, where this friendship was first struck up, would seem to have resorted to all the time-honoured means of catching scholars in flagrant delict—as, for example, departure from the room and down the stairs with heavy and perceptible footsteps, followed on the instant by a tip-toe unperceived return to the hinder side of the door. "I say," it would be whispered, "now Old Johnson's gone, let's do this, that, or the other," to which there would come the startling and chilling response—"But supposing 'Old Johnson' has come back again?" and it would become evident that the turban had that time scored a point. But even her vigilance was on occasion evaded. There are vivid recollections of three small runaway boys—Charles, Henry, and their friend Alfred—escaped from school for one whole glorious day, with pocket-money lavished on a dinner of steak and vinegar, and a whip of workable proportions. Communication affected at once by the lady-principal with the parents in Great Coram Street, but without result, until a voluntary return was made towards evening; and then the glory of a day quenched in tears, as one by one they discovered the very workable proportions of their own lash—

> "For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
> Hoist with his own petard."

Shortly before the death of Keene's father the

family removed to Ipswich, and Charles and Henry were sent to the Grammar School, then under the head-mastership of the Rev. J. Ebden. The school was in those days situated in Foundation Street, and was carried on in the ancient refectory of the Black Friars, a very different structure to the smart modern buildings in the Henley Road. Tradition still survives of a great pugilistic battle between Charles and a schoolfellow, in which, I am glad to say, justice does not compel me to admit that our hero was worsted. At this time it was, no doubt, surrounded by Suffolk relations, and having the run of the beautiful old family house in the Butter Market, about which clung the traditions of three hundred years of unbroken residence—the old house with the secret room, ingeniously concealed by a sliding panel, which had been fitted up as a private chapel or oratory, and in which it is handed down that Charles II. was concealed after the battle of Worcester—that his namesake first imbibed that love of ancientry—not, I think, of the snobbish sort—and, more especially, that love of all things East Anglian, which made him always bitterly regret that he had been born in suburban Hornsey. He always considered, and indeed spoke of himself, as an Eastern Counties man, and nothing pleased him less than to be writ down cockney with Hogarth and Cruikshank. A picture of this beautiful old house, engraved after a drawing by Mr. William Sparrow,[1] may be seen in "The History and Description of the Town and Borough

[1] An uncle of the subject of this memoir.

of Ipswich," printed and published at Ipswich by S. Piper, about the year 1830; and another very beautiful one in "Excursions through Suffolk," published in the year 1818.

In those days the house was full of family portraits, and the vault in the church of St. Lawrence, in which parish it was situated, was full of Sparrows dead and gone. NIDUS PASSERUM, "The Sparrows' Nest," is the charming conceit inscribed over this their last resting-place; and the same name is borne by an old mansion in the parish of Whitton, built by a Sparrowe in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the name naturally lending itself to humorous application. There are indeed those still living who can recollect a spiteful sermon being preached at a member of the family from the text "Ye are of more value than many sparrows!"

Mr. Farrar Ranson, late Mayor of Norwich, well remembers the Keenes at this period—both most gentlemanly lads, Charles always quiet and thoughtful. Many a holiday ramble these three boys took together; different from all other boys in the town, in that they wore "shiny black leather-topped caps with peaks." Young Ranson would bring his pony on which to ride and tye, and vivid is his recollection of the Keenes' long legs dangling down, sometimes two, sometimes all four at once, from the pony's devoted back.

As to Charles's appearance, Professor Cowell, who was a Grammar School boy with the Keenes, writes: "I have a distinct remembrance of his striking face,

almost girlish at that time in its extreme delicacy of feature." This description supports the tradition that his nickname amongst his schoolfellows was "Miss Keene." And further, his sister tells me of Charles and a boy cousin, both slim, delicate-featured lads, dressing up as maid-servants, and applying to Mrs. Keene for a domestic situation, with the result that one of them —which, history does not relate—was actually engaged for the place! Major-General Mercer also writes to me: "Charles Keene and I were in the same class at the Grammar School at Ipswich in 1836-7, and the friendship which was there formed lasted for many years. He was always of a gentle disposition, and even as a boy affected the little refinements and courtesies of society, which he derived from a graceful and highly cultivated mother. Her tender heart, and tall, dignified figure, left an impression on my youthful mind which was never effaced."

CHARLES KEENE, AGED 9.
From a Drawing by S. Read.

At this period he seems to have shown a distinct inclination towards that art which was destined to render his name famous, although it must be con-

fessed that the idle embellishments of his school-books show no traces of any precocious talent. However, the disposition was there shown in his Odyssey towards the pictorial representation of Homeric deeds; and, as Professor Cowell writes further: "I well remember he was passionately fond of drawing. He used to astonish me by the charming pencil and pen-and-ink sketches which he could dash off in a moment—girls' heads, farm scenes, or caricatures." The reserve which characterized Keene in after life was remarkable also in his youth. It was from the first an inherent peculiarity, and not, as is so often the case, the result of an impaired or disordered constitution. Notwithstanding this characteristic however, which was probably the outcome of modesty, certainly not of sullenness, we find in boyish years as well as in manhood an ever-ready inclination for a bit of fun. There are visions now of a long-legged schoolboy executing a waltz with servant Susan in the Ipswich nursery, to the uncertain accompaniment of a hand-organ turned with might and main by the baby sister, perched upon the summit of an old press.

In 1838 Charles's father died, and in the autumn of 1839 the widow returned to London to the house in Great Coram Street. This move was prompted by the desire to carry out her husband's express wish that Charles should be placed with his late partner in Furnival's Inn, with a view to his taking up law as his profession in life. A letter written by Mrs. Keene about this period makes the following allusion

to his character: "I hope you will come," she writes, "and see us. You will find your friends much grown, and my dear Charles, tho' a very steady youth, as addicted to fun as ever."

In 1840 he entered the office, but from the first, tradition says, he showed far more industry in the illustration of his blotting-pad than in his study of legal precedents. Indeed, now in his seventeenth year, so evident was the direction in which his taste lay, that his mother, with an unusual wisdom, determined to seize the very first opportunity of finding him more congenial occupation. An opportunity soon presented itself, and he was removed from Furnival's Inn and placed in the office of a Mr. Pilkington, an architect, carrying on business in Scotland Yard. Here he became a great favourite, and found the work somewhat more congenial, but still it was only a step in the right direction. He had not yet got on to the track which he was to tread with such unerring certainty to an undying fame.

Out of office hours he occupied himself with figure drawing, executing mainly small subjects of an historical or nautical description in water-colour. For these his mother showed great appreciation, and declared that they had a saleable value; but he, like Fred Walker, modest almost to diffidence when his work was in question, pooh-poohed as absurd the idea of seeking a market. His mother, however, not to be turned from her opinion, carefully collected these unconsidered trifles, and, as Charles would take no steps in the matter, boldly took them off herself to

try what fortune might await them in Paternoster Row. At first her efforts were unsuccessful, but she, strong in the strength of a mother's admiration, and with an energy which characterized her through life, persisted, and was at last rewarded by the discovery of a purchaser, who requested that any further productions might be submitted to him, as he was disposed to treat for more. The price of course was small enough, but we can imagine with what a glow of pride and triumph at her heart Mrs. Keene returned, and handed over to her son the first few coins that he had himself earned for pocket-money. Stimulated to further exertion by his success, Charles continued some time to turn out a regular supply; and well it was that he did so, for it was through them that he got his foot upon the ladder which was to raise him to be the supreme English exponent of Black-and-White Art; and, like many another man, he had to thank a good mother for the start he got.

A stranger was seated in the dealer's shop one day when a batch of the drawings was brought in. He turned them over carelessly, then with more attention, and finally closely examined them. Finding them much to his liking, he made inquiries as to the artist. This led to Charles's introduction to one of the Whympers, a member of the well-known Lambeth firm of wood-engravers, who proposed that he should throw up his work at Scotland Yard and be bound to them as apprentice. This was finally agreed to, and under them it was that Charles Keene, like Fred Walker, acquired his knowledge

of the technique of wood-engraving. The Whympers were two brothers whose business consisted in the illustration of books sent by publishers to them for that purpose. They employed a large number

REPRODUCTION FROM A PROOF OF MR. COOPER'S WOOD BLOCK FOR THE "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

of apprentices to draw designs upon the wood, and Charles Keene was bound to them for five years in this capacity, as "the inimitable George" and H. K. Browne had been before him to William Finden. During three years much work must have been

done of which no record is to be found,—work probably more or less of a perfunctory and irksome character, but work which strengthened his capacity for taking infinite pains, which in after years so essentially characterized his genius. He early learned the supreme lesson that the only royal road to proficiency is laborious and painful exertion. Fortunately for us a specimen of his work at this period is preserved in the shape of several studies for an illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe," and a proof of one of the completed woodcuts is now in the possession of his brother. This block bears the signature "C. Keene," cut on the margin. Whether these illustrations were ever published I have been unable to discover, although there can, I think, be little doubt about it, but no trace of the edition has been found in the British Museum.

The following letter, written in 1842, will be read with interest, as being the earliest epistolary production which has come to hand. It cannot, however, be said to give much promise of the delightful style which was developed in later years.

To T. W. Mercer, Esq.[1]

"[1842.] "Sunday evening.

"My dear Mercer,

"I cannot express in words how far it is from my wishes to damp or slight in any way the kind feelings of my friends, and how near the desire is to my

[1] Now General Mercer.

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STUDIES FOR ILLUSTRATIONS TO 'ROBINSON CRUSOE'

THE EARLIEST KNOWN PUBLISHED DRAWINGS BY CHARLES KEENE

heart of retaining the esteem of yourself, and the few others, firm, enduring, and lasting for ever and aye, but I am afraid I do not go the right way to work, and that there is in my constitution such a tendency to carelessness and inactivity, as to render this latter feeling suspicious and equivocal to those to whom I should the least wish it to be so. Having said this, might I, encouraged by the mild tenour of your expostulation, ask you not again to doubt the fidelity of my friendship from an occasional delay of letters (*mirabantur impudentiam suam*). It is a modest request certainly, and I hope it is not one you will ever be required to grant. I have in fact been so busy lately, that weeks have flown away most marvellously, and, when I think of the arrears I have to make up of correspondence to my friends, I am very nearly appalled, and I have to summon all my strength of mind to look my difficulties calmly in the face. I wish you were here to spend the day with me, for a day's absence from business is such an unusual thing with me, I scarcely know what to do with myself. I have been on the sick list lately, but am quite recovered at last, and, on the strength of my medical man's telling me he thought I worked too hard, I mean to relax a little for a short time and to be as jolly as I can. Dick Mayhew is coming up in a week or so, and I anticipate having some sprees with him. I am going to Drury Lane Theatre some night this week, to see Macready personate Macbeth, and which he performs splendidly. Lady Mac. is taken by Mrs. Warner, whom perhaps you have

heard of. She is a first-rate actress, and the above is her best character. I wish you were in town to go with me. I hope you will be able to go to the Royal Academy Exhibition with me. You know, amongst us artists, this is an event always anxiously looked for. Did you hear of the Buckhounds running the stag into the Regent's Park the other day? It created quite a sensation in the romantic districts of Tottenham Court and the New Road. What shocking accounts from India! The regiment of Rifles that suffered I think young Harry Lumley belongs to. There is going to be an increase of the army and other terrible preparations to 'serve out' those niggers withal. That Shah Soojah seems to be a queer customer. Did not he once put his wife's eyes out? I dreamed a dream the other night. I was wandering about the fields, shady lanes, with yourself and a host of females, ladies. We were somehow or other characters in one of Shakespeare's plays, I do not know which. It was a magnificent illusion. I have not been to a dance for a long time; no doubt you have been enjoying yourself. What a shocking thing that suicide of the Earl of Munster! I hope you will excuse this stupid scrawl, but I have so little to say that can be comfortably said in a letter, that I am unable to write a decent letter to any body. Do write and tell me when you are coming up. I hope we shall be able to pass more time together than we hitherto have done, and therefore, dear Nick, don't call me too many names if I conclude now, but if I can find anything to say I will

write you again. Will you remember me to your circle at home, and believe me ever,

"Yours truly,

"CHARLES KEENE.

"P. S.—Excuse all bad spellings, blots, and erasures. Have you done with the comic Latin Grammar? *Vale.*"

During the first years of work in the Whympers' studio Keene was living in the old home, No. 7, Great Coram Street; but a year or two before his apprenticeship was served, his mother removed with the rest of her children to Lewisham, and he went into lodgings in Great Ormond Street. These rooms were shared with an old Ipswich schoolfellow, the late George Ingelow, himself an accomplished artist, and brother of the well-known poetess. They resided together until 1845, when the latter obtained an appointment in India. Of their subsequent intimacy Miss Ingelow writes: "After my brother went to India, they used to correspond. . . . Charles Keene used for some time to illustrate those letters all over, both inside and out, but that had afterwards to be given up, for it was found that some of them were stolen in the post for the sake of these illustrations and characteristic sketches."[1]

His term of apprenticeship to the Whympers over, Keene, finding it necessary to have a regular studio

[1] Some of Mr. Ingelow's Indian sketches were, at Keene's instigation, reproduced in the "Illustrated London News." It is grievous to relate that C. K.'s letters above mentioned were destroyed.

in which he could work more conveniently, hired the attic floor of an old house in the Strand, a ramshackle place to which he became much attached, and stuck

A SLEEPING MAN.

to until it became even too dirty and dilapidated for him—for we shall find that Keene, all through his life, was very much at peace with dust and cobwebs.

The exact period during which he occupied this room is not discoverable, but it is certain that he was there in the latter part of 1852, for his sisters well

A SLEEPING MAN.

remember witnessing the funeral procession of the Duke of Wellington from its windows. At that time it must have been in a very ricketty condition, for

there was much alarm lest the inmates of the Holywell Street houses, who had scaled, and established themselves on, the roof, should become involuntary and sudden visitors through the treacherous rafters. It was approached by a decaying staircase wholly without light, and only those who were thoroughly familiar with its twists and turnings could hope to arrive with unbroken heads or shins at their destination. The only safe way was to whistle loudly at the bottom for Keene to open his door, from which a faint light would issue. A favourite resort of his friends, many now look back over forty years regretfully at the never-to-be-repeated chatting and singing and smoking in those romantic Bohemian surroundings. It now stands but the corpse of a house in a winding-sheet of advertisements, only waiting its removal for the widening of the Strand.

It was about this time that he made the acquaintance of one whose friendship was destined to have a marked influence upon his future, a gentleman through whose instrumentality he was to become first associated with "Punch." I cannot do better than give, although at the risk of slightly anticipating, the early history of their acquaintance in Mr. Henry Silver's own words: "My friendship with Charles Keene began before the 'Fifties,' and ceased only at his death. It lasted more than forty years, and I cannot recollect that it was ever interrupted. He was far too good a fellow to give or take offence, or break off an old friendship. We first met at my brother's rooms, with whom I came to live, and who

had been Keene's schoolfellow. I was new to town life then, although in my boyhood I had spent six years at Charterhouse. Soon after our first meeting, when my brother was away, Keene very kindly let me live with him a while, as I was feeling lonely, knowing few people in London. He lodged in the small passage leading from Southampton Row into Queen's Square; but he also rented a sky-parlour in the Strand, not far from the office of the 'Illustrated London News,' for which he then was working. This served him for a studio and museum of quaint properties; and here he chiefly used to sit, amid a chaos of old costumes, armour, proof-sheets, books, and crockery, and all manner of artistic waifs and strays and odds and ends, with a battered old lay figure for his personal companionship. A sort of ship's stove served for fireplace, and further nautical appearance was afforded by a hammock, which was slung for actual use as well as picturesqueness. Here, whatever was the temperature, and in spite of the ship's stove, he often worked in a pea-jacket. There was always a warm welcome for any friend who chose to mount the attic heights. Keene was a great smoker, and 'Have a pipe?' were usually the first words of his greeting. There were pipes meet for all comers, but for himself he always smoked a short, old-fashioned little clay, dating very possibly from the days when good King James put forth his famous 'Counterblast.' If not between his lips, his pet was seldom far away from them, and, being small of bowl, it needed frequent filling. A flint and steel

and coil of tinder served instead of match-box; and the use of this machinery, as well as the care taken in knocking out the ashes and replenishing the pipe, made smoking seem in such wise a laborious occupation. I think he did not relish much his work upon the 'News,' though it was doubtless good apprenticeship, and afforded him fair scope for making figure sketches. But bazaars and public meetings were little to his taste, nor had he any relish for ship-launches and marriages, and State or civic ceremonies. Especially he disliked to draw a public dinner or dance attendance at a ball, to sketch the guests assembled there. I can call to mind, however, an exceptional occurrence, when he came home rather late from a fashionable party, where, he confessed frankly, he had been well entertained, though not by the fair hostess; for, while sketching in the vestibule, he was suddenly addressed by a Society reporter, who was noting down the names and titles of the company. 'Delightful party, ain't it?' said the loquacious gentleman to Keene, finding no one else to talk to. 'I always like her ladyship's,' he added, with a smile of benignant self-complacence. 'Y'see, one meets such charming people,' he obligingly explained, as he jotted down a duchess who swept serenely past him.

"Excepting, perhaps, in the matter of tobacco, Keene was always most abstemious, caring nought for wine, and dining chiefly at a chop-house. When I lived with him he always had a bit of bacon for his breakfast, and for his mental diet some old well-

thumbed volume, propped up by the toast-rack for convenience in reading. A newspaper he rarely read, nor many new books either; but for old books, such as Froissart, he had a special fondness, and he was exceedingly well versed in quaint old English literature. This taste of his explains in some degree the rapid way in which his intimacy ripened, though begun quite late in life, with his friend Edward Fitzgerald, who lived chiefly in the past and hated modern literature. Some while before they met, Fitzgerald had been the hero of a drawing which I wanted Keene to do, but which he thought Mark Lemon might decline as being 'cruel,' for Mark always had a horror of printing what might possibly be thought a painful subject, however humorous the writer or the artist might imagine it. While yachting one day with my brother and myself, Fitzgerald was jerked overboard by a sudden 'jibe,' a mishap which he had been warned might very likely happen. He was calmly reading a Greek play at the time, and when we fished him inboard the book was held still in his hand, and he quietly resumed his reading. I fear I may have hinted that reading a Greek play was deemed rather dry work, but was hardly so in his case; and I remember he declined a proffered change of clothes, saying no harm could be done by a ducking in salt water.

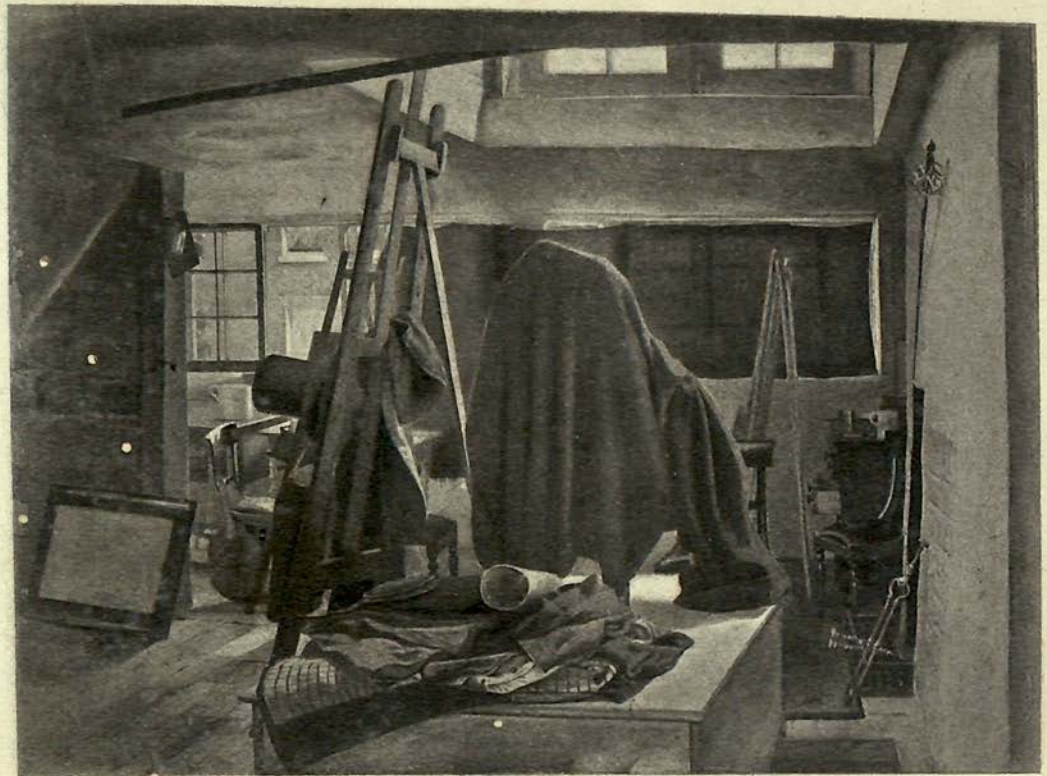
"Keene cared little for the theatre in those early days of ours, when we were often thrown together. He would, however, sometimes join a party to go to the French plays, and see Regnier or Rachel; but

it was mostly at the bidding of our good friend 'the Doctor,' now Sir Alfred Garrod, who very often went with us. Charles certainly loved Shakespeare, but less upon the stage than in the study or the folio. I remember his once joining in a rural reading of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the force which, as Lysander, he threw into his abuse of Hermia—

> 'Hang off, thou cat, thou bur, vile thing, let loose,
> Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent'—

seemed so to frighten the young lady, that he suddenly stopped short, and said very gravely, 'I'm sure I beg your pardon, but it's really in the play, you know.'

"Though he went rarely to the opera, Keene was very fond of music, and mostly of old vocal music. His tuning-fork was always ready to his hand, and when he chanced to pick up any fragment of old minstrelsy he would often begin to hum it over while he breakfasted. He had a fine bass voice, and sung for some years in the chorus of the Handel Festival, where I happened to sit near him. He likewise was a member of the Henry Leslie Choir, and of the merry Moray Minstrels; and, although he very seldom cared to sing a solo, his 'Three Ravens' proved delightful, both for quality of tone and for pathos of expression. The quaintness of his taste was shown by his election, rather late in life, to play upon the bagpipes. How far he succeeded in mastering that wondrous instrument I candidly confess myself incompetent to judge. The



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KEENE'S STUDIO IN THE STRAND

FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER COLOUR DRAWING

practice must have pleased him, or he surely would have stopped it sooner than he did.

"Yet so good an ear for music must assuredly, one may think, have suffered torture the most exquisite in the first few score of trials at 'skirling' on the pipes."

As will be seen from the foregoing notes of Mr. Silver, it was some time during the "Forties" that Keene began to work in his garret in the Strand. The following reminiscences of this his first studio have been kindly revived for me by Mr. W. L. Thomas, of the "Graphic."

"I recollect him well when he had an attic in the Strand, opposite Norfolk Street—a gabled house, with his room projecting, and the floor sloping in an alarming manner over the street. One had to climb a dark, ricketty staircase, and, after fumbling among some old woodwork, you found the door. You then had to make your way by dodging and stooping your head among clothes-lines drawn across the room, carrying all sorts of old costumes and properties, until, on gaining the light, the tall figure of our friend would slowly rise from his work and greet you with that peculiarly pleasant (but somehow somewhat sad) smile. The short Cromwellian clay-pipe was instantly filled—it only held a thimbleful of tobacco—and a dilapidated chair or stool was drawn up to the hearth. A few coals taken out of the corner of the room, where they had been deposited, were put on the fire, and the friendly chat began. A large handsome cheval glass, looking peculiarly out of place, was

a conspicuous object, and was used largely by Keene to reflect his own figure, as the most useful and inexpensive model, and always at hand. You can easily trace the result of using this mirror in his drawings. At this period the figures portrayed were always tall, with long legs and large feet. By the way, I saw at the exhibition of his works a careful study of this room, but it must have been considerably tidied up before sitting for its portrait."

The study here referred to is in water-colour, and had been made during these early years, and given to his friend, the late Mr. J. M. Stewart, and finally, many years afterwards, bought by Keene himself at a sale of that gentleman's collection at Christie's. It is interesting to notice the pre-Raphaelite character of this drawing. There is no doubt that Keene was at one time much influenced by the movement of Holman Hunt and his associates.

Of this room, too, Mr. Swain, the eminent wood-engraver, sends me the following account:—

"Many years ago, when Mr. Keene was making his early drawings for 'Punch,' I paid him a visit at his studio in an old house in the Strand.

"I found him in a big room at the top of the house. He was seated at table at work, and there was just space to walk up to him, the room being full of odds and ends such as an artist delights in—old costumes hanging about, old books, old hats, etc. I was struck with a row of boots and shoes, some of them covered with dust, those at one end of the room having apparently been recently in use,

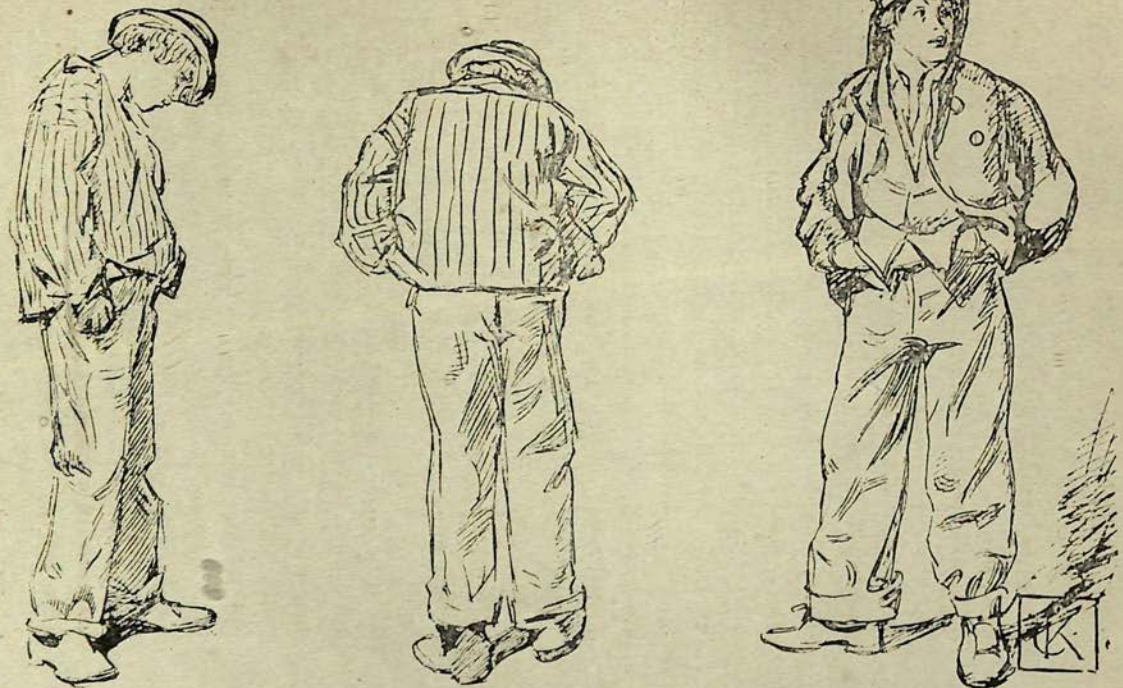
while those at the other end had seemingly been discarded. I believe Mr. Keene had a very strong objection to any woman entering the room to put it tidy."

An amusing commentary upon these last words of Mr. Swain's description will be found upon page 120 of "Punch" for September 20, 1856, in part iii. of "Englishmen in Brittany." Here we have Keene drawn by himself, holiday-beard and all, returned to his studio only to find the dreaded laundress "Mistress of the situation." Most of us know the horror of having the harmonious discord of our dens or study tables disturbed by unseasonable putting in order. Keene's reconciliation to this delightful state of jumble and confusion would seem to have continued to, and become intensified in, his latest years. We find him writing in 1889, "I have been all day digging out fossil numbers of 'Punch' from all sorts of superincumbent strata in my den, bedroom," etc.

Of his appearance at this time Dr. Dulcken, the translator of "German Songs from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century," which was one of the earliest books illustrated by Keene, and of which more particular mention will be found anon, sends me the following account:—

"I remember him a very grave, saturnine-looking young fellow, with a face like a young Don Quixote,—shy even to awkwardness with strangers, but lighting up immensely among friends. He had a quiet, humorous way with him, and was

very popular already then among men of his own age. He lived at that time in a street off Holborn, and I have reminiscences of pleasant evenings there with some friends of his, especially a Mr. Stewart, to whom he seemed much attached. He had at that time the queerest of Bohemian studios, in the top floor of an old-fashioned house in the narrow part of the Strand on the north side, a few doors from David Mill's, the bookseller's. Here were accumulated heaps of artistic 'properties,' which would have done honour to the study of Scott's Antiquary, Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck—old illustrated books and soldiers' accoutrements—photographic apparatus (a novelty in those days) and 'Guy Fawkes' lanterns—and over all, the strongest of suspicions of 'cut Cavendish' tobacco, 'not unconnected,' as a reporter would say, with ocular evidence in the shape of short clay pipes with blackened bowls and stems. He took a great fancy at that time to some German woodcuts in Menzel's 'Frederick the Great and his Soldiers,' and indeed the German style of drawing for book illustrations considerably influenced him at that time. You may notice this in such cuts as 'The old Soldier to his Cloak,' 'The Hostess' Daughter,' the 'Soldier Song,' etc., in the book of 'German Songs.' By the way, the sapient 'Saturday Review,' in a tolerably favourable notice of the book, recommended that these illustrations should be omitted in a subsequent edition, as 'tasteless and stupid in the last degree.' Later times did not endorse the



FISHER BOYS.

'Saturday's' verdict as to the value of Charles Keene's work."

It was during his tenancy of the Strand studio that Keene was often the occupant of a seat in the gallery of the Royal Italian Opera,[1] and revelled in the performances of Grisi, Mario, Lablache, Fornisari, and Persiani. Those were, however, red-letter nights. As often as not he would hear the opera, without seeing the performers, through the opening above the huge centre chandelier, for in those days he was engaged by the late C. Marshall to assist him in scene-painting, and the "atelier" was situated immediately over the centre of the auditorium.

All through his work-a-day life Keene was an inveterate smoker. For many years he smoked nothing but the little clay "plague pipes," about which so much has been written of late years, and which he declared had a sweetness of their own unequalled by any of modern manufacture.[2] These were procured for him from time to time in large quantities by many of his friends. Their antiquity and quaintness were a source of delight to him, and

[1] This was of course the old house, which was subsequently burnt down.

[2] A roar of laughter went up from a group of Keene's friends at the Arts Club a short time since, when one of their number read out from an evening paper a description of "his curious little *metal* pipe (which seemed to have come from Japan, though it did not)." Surely the ways of the penny-a-liner are wonderful. What an infinite source of "copy" this negative treatment of subjects must prove.

often he would make presents of a more than usually perfect specimen to a favoured familiar. One of these in later years he had mounted in silver and presented to Sir John Millais, whose well-known artistic signature Keene had engraved with his own hand upon the bowl. Another he offered to his friend Mr. Robert Dudley, emphasizing the store he set by it with the proviso, "at least I will if you promise to use it for smoking, because I have only two or three now, and I shouldn't like it wasted as a mere curiosity."

Amongst his papers was found a pamphlet dealing with these pipes, believed by many to have been used for smoking medicinally such herbs as coltsfoot, yarrow, mouse-ear, long before tobacco was dreamt of. From this pamphlet, "A few Words on Fairy Pipes," by Llewellyn Jewett, F.S.A., etc., reprinted from the "Reliquary" for January, 1863, I take the following description, interesting to those who are not familiar with the subject:—

"From the smallness of size of these early pipes has, I presume, arisen their common name of 'Fairy Pipes,' varied sometimes with 'Elfin Pipes,' 'Mab Pipes,' 'Danes' Pipes,' and I have heard them designated by the characteristic name of 'Carls' Pipes,' a name indicative of a belief in their ancient origin. In Ireland they are believed to have belonged to the *Cluricanes*, a kind of wild, mischievous fairy-demon, and when found are at once broken up by the superstitious 'pisantry.' In England they are said to have belonged to the fairies, or 'old men';

but, unlike their Irish brethren, our peasantry usually preserve them, and in some districts believe that a certain amount of good luck attends their possession. I have known one of these pipes carried about the person for years, and have heard its owner—a Peakman—declare in his native dialect, on being asked to part with it, 'Nay, a'd part wi' a towth sowner!' A quantity of these 'fairy pipes' were found in the parish of Old Swinford, Worcestershire, some few years ago, and the country folks there had a tradition that it was a favourite spot for the resort of Queen Mab and her Court, and that, among other appendages of royalty, was a fairy pipe manufactory, of which these were the remains."

Mr. J. P. Heseltine tells me that he provided his friend with a large number, obtained from excavations in the City.

The following quotation from a letter of later years to his friend Mr. Crawhall further delightfully illustrates the great store he set by them, as well as the great "gust" for eclectic collecting which, as we shall find, was destined to become one of his most marked characteristics:—

"I'm sending you a couple of practicable ancient tobacco pipes, I mean that you can smoke if you are a smoker. I would not have sent them as curiosities. They make a very good cigar or cigarette tube when mounted. The great 'find' for them here is the mud at the bottom of the Thames. I believe these to have been found in digging the foundations for the new Law Courts. I have

found several myself between high and low water at Richmond, when the steamers used to ply there! I very often dream that I'm by a river with sandy banks, and picking up these pipes by hundreds!"

These pipes he always lighted with an old-fashioned flint and steel, and his tobacco he carried in a curious antique brass box.

Such tiny pipes wanted constantly clearing out and refilling, and it was his habit to treasure up the little plugs of black tobacco, so saturated with nicotine that they would burn no longer, in an old sardine-box kept for that purpose. When asked what these curiosites were, he would say—

'Oh, those!—those are 'dottles.' When I do a drawing I think really so good as to deserve a reward, I smoke a pipeful of 'dottles.' That's what I keep them for."

These plugs when dried formed a pipe-charge strong enough to have poisoned a bargee. Towards the close of his life he discovered that he had smoked too much, and entered into a compact with a friend to abstain for a time. "When the six months is over," he wrote, "I vote we have a whole day's smoke, even if we keep on with the abstention afterwards."

The following letter, written to a young lady about the year 1844, will here be read with interest, although it must make us bitterly regret that no other letter of Keene's is forthcoming for the twenty long struggling years which succeeded :—

"Saturday Morning,
"The Tunnel.

"DEAR ROSA,

"I don't think I should like to hear the names you called me this morning. Though I am never on very good terms with Dame Fortune, that she should have played me false in this case I call the most unkindest cut of all. I woke in a great hurry as the clock struck eight, dressed myself as if at my soul's peril. I was to do it before Old Nick could count twenty. I rushed off. I was persuaded to fancy myself in luck by catching a 'bus in Holborn, but it was of no avail. Your train had started five minutes. However, I went to Blackwall. I thought the boat might have been delayed by some chance, and I might have time to kiss my hand and shy the book on board; but alas! I have not time to enlarge on my ill luck, that you may get this *this* evening. Oh! I was intensely savage—not loud, but deep—and thought of the trouble you perhaps had with the five-and-twenty bandboxes; but I hope you had not, so on my defence I hope for free pardon. 'The quality of mercy is not strained.' Hem! So farewell.

"I remain—

"By Jove! if you had seen the pace at which I went over the ground between Chepe and the terminus, you could not say I was not

"Your most

"Obedient and devoted slave,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

CHAPTER II.

1845—1850.

Samuel Read.—"Illustrated London News."—Journalistic illustration.—"Artists' Society," Clipstone Street.—Tenniel, Lewis, Haag, Calderon, Poynter, Wells, etc.—Sketching Club.—Lack of appreciation by early associates.—Modesty.—"*Graveur du XIXe Siècle.*"—Hatred of interviewers.—Poor estimate of his own critical faculty.—Ballad of the Royal Academy.—Opinion of Franco-Prussian War.

ALTHOUGH Keene's term of apprenticeship to the Whympers was over, and he had commenced work on his own account, he still continued to do commissions for them as required.

At this time his chief friend and associate in artistic matters was the late Samuel Read, an old Ipswich acquaintance, and, like Keene, engaged in drawing on the wood for engravers. This was the Samuel Read who afterwards became a very successful water-colour painter, and a member of the "Old Society."

He and Keene in these early years were much together, and in company tried their fortune, sending casual drawings to early numbers of the "Illustrated

London News." These were accepted, and in the course of time Read became manager of the Art Department of that journal, which post he occupied until his death a few years ago.

By degrees Keene dropped into a regular course of journalistic illustration, and was required to dance attendance—a class of work always distasteful to him—at political meetings, ministerial receptions, soirées, and such like, to make sketches of the rooms and company. As time went on, and he found himself able to do without pot-boiling work of that kind, he gave it up, and confined himself to drawing subjects for the Christmas numbers and any special occasions. But this, of course, is anticipating.

In these years of which I write he was struggling to earn enough to live upon, and was thankful to do any work that was to be had. Definite dates of this period are not to be got at. The first which can be fixed upon with any degree of certainty is that on which he entered upon the only definite artistic training—if, indeed, self-discipline can in any proper sense be so called—which he can ever be said to have undergone. This was at the "Artists' Society," then situated in Clipstone Street, Fitzroy Square, but afterwards removed to the Langham Studios. Keene became a member between the years 1848 and 1850. This society has been wrongly spoken of as a life *school*. It was no such thing, as there was no one there to teach. The living model, in alternate weeks nude and costumed, was used by men not in the student time, but by professional

artists at work in their calling. It was managed by a committee, the members of which by turn arranged the model for the week, and the artists worked as they pleased. By degrees, too, the society accumulated a library of books on Art and a wardrobe of costumes, which were lent to the members under certain regulations. The present secretary, Mr. Charles Cattermole, writes: "The society then only occupied a large shed, or series of sheds, in a stone-mason's yard, and there was no upper story; it was all on the ground floor."

Keene subsequently rented a part of this as a studio after he removed from his attic in the Strand. It was at the meetings of this society that he foregathered with many whose names have since become famous, and some who were to be numbered amongst his most intimate associates until the day of his death. There was John Tenniel, who writes to me of Keene as one of his oldest and dearest friends, and with whom he was to work on "Punch" for nearly forty years. There were the Brothers Dalziel, who were to engrave the drawings for the first book that Keene ever illustrated, so to speak, off his own bat. There was Arthur Lewis, the originator of the "Jermyn Band," in which Keene's deep voice was destined to be heard, through all its vicissitudes, for over twenty years. There was Carl Haag, destined so soon[1] to write R.W.S. after his name. There was John Clayton, who in after years was to play so prominent a part in the renaissance of the art of glass-painting,

[1] In 1850.

and whose friendship with Keene was only to come to an end with life. There were Calderon, Poynter, and H. T. Wells, now R.A.'s. There were the four Williams', whose methods were so much alike that they agreed to work under four different names to prevent confusion, viz., Williams, Boddington, Percy, and Gilbert. There was E. Duncan, father of the living artists of that name, and amongst others were F. Smallfield, J. D. Wingfield, J. J. Jenkins, F. W. Topham, H. C. Pidgeon, J. H. Mole, W. W. Deane, and last, not least, Fred Walker.[1] Much of Keene's work here from the model was done working with the dry-point on copper. On Friday nights the members formed themselves into a sketching club. On these occasions subjects were fixed upon, and two hours allowed for their execution; the results were then handed round and good-naturedly criticised. To this he belonged until 1856. It is curious and interesting to discover that Keene's work at the society and the club met with but little appreciation from his fellow-members. Indeed, it probably never entered into the head of any one of them that the grave, bashful, long-legged fellow of twenty-seven, always smoking, and talking but little, was ever likely to make any mark in the world at all; it certainly never occurred to them that Nature had hall-marked him "genius," and that at his death the century was to lose perhaps

[1] Mr. H. Keene tells me he remembers Walker in those days offering him a pile of his now almost priceless water-colours for a sovereign or two.

WOMAN IN A MOB-CAP.

the greatest exponent of the Art of Black-and-White that it had seen.[1] Such however, seems to have been the fact, and it is certain that Keene was the last person in the world to recognize this exceptional potentiality in himself; and we may be sure that if he had, modest and unassuming as he was, almost to a fault, he was never going to claim for himself a recognition from others that was not spontaneously given.

Years afterwards said one of his French admirers, astonished at a reticence almost inconceivable to a citizen of that volatile nation, "On se sentait vraiment en présence de quelqu'un qui ignorait sa valeur."

And so it was all through his life. He never seemed to realize that he was anything more than a hard-working pot-boiler, doing his work certainly as best he could, but not a high soaring genius to be fêted, puffed, and written about.

In 1888 his beautiful etchings, which he set so little store by that he never had them published, having received a proper recognition in the French capital, and application having been made to him for particulars of his career, he wrote to his friend Mrs. Edwards:—

[1] This allegation is not altogether borne out, by the fact that from early times the club has possessed one of his drawings, claimed by the members as of exceptional merit. However, so definitely was I again assured on my visit to the Sketching Club, when I supped with the members at the invitation of Mr. Cattermole, that this lack of recognition could not be denied, that the text must be allowed to stand for what it is worth.

"I am amused at the idea of putting me down as a 'Graveur du XIXe Siècle'! I have only scratched a few studies of sketches, not more than a dozen all told, I should think—the merest experiments! Titles they have not. To save my life I couldn't tell the dates—and as to writing my life! 'Story, God bless you, sir, I've none to tell.' A quotation to that effect. 'The most stirring incidents in my life are a visit to the dentist (date forgotten) and certain experiences of the last few days.' Try to choke the French biographer off."

About the same time a friend wished to inscribe a book of poems to him, and sent a poetical dedication, asking if he had any objection to his printing it with the rest. "I tore my hair!" he writes, "and figuratively wrote to him 'on my knees' to spare me this. What a fluster I was in! I've been relieved ever since, as he has written giving way to my whim, I breathe again!"

All through his life he deprecated the discussion of his own work, and, although quick to acknowledge excellence where he distinguished it in others, showed a habitual dislike to canvass the demerits of those whose work he did not admire. "His ways," writes Mr. Tenniel, "were always so simple and retiring, his life so entirely uneventful, so far as I know it, and he was, moreover, so reserved in all matters concerning himself, especially in connection with his art."

Towards the close of his life he was approached by interviewers, a class, as may be imagined, not at all

to his liking. "I wish," he wrote, "you had seen the 'Interview' with —— in the ——. It made me shudder. I enclose you a note I have had since from the journalist. I was very short with the snob in my answer. I was as polite as I could be, but it was difficult." And again to another friend: "Did you read those 'Revelations' in the ——? I'm not surprised at ——, but I cannot understand —— falling in so complaisantly with these snobs of penny-a-liners. I had to choke the fellow off, which I did as politely as I could, but this is difficult." And again: "I have never, that I know of, met or heard of your Art critic friend with the Highland name. Does he live in London? I am very shy of these fellows; they are so ready to pump you, and you find your name in a penny-paper paragraph in no time."

Another phase of his modesty was the poor estimate in which he held his own critical faculty. He was in the world to do his best as a maker of pictures. It was distasteful to, and, moreover, he felt it out of place for, him to sit in judgment on the work of his contemporaries.

Asked by a publisher to allow his private opinion, contained in a letter, of the original work of a mutual friend to be publicly quoted, he wrote: "I have always had, and have, a very strong objecti n to putting myself before the 'Public' as a critic or any sort of authority (even sideways, as in this letter you wish to quote), or in any way whatever except as a working artist. I am sure C—— would understand this scruple of mine (and I hope you will) and excuse

me. *Entre nous*, I believe that his capital original work will take by its own merits, and does not want testimonials from anybody. I suppose you have not said anything to him of this idea of my letter, so I shall not say a word to him about it.

"So I must ask you not to quote me publicly as a critic or authority in your prospectus.

"Yours sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE.

"P.S.—I certainly do not dub myself 'of "Punch." In any case this might compromise me with the proprietary of that journal."

Whilst, however, refusing to be publicly quoted as a critic, that he did not refrain from giving his opinions to his friends in private upon contemporary art we find from time to time in his letters.

With evident gusto he quotes, on one occasion, some verses which appeared in 1854 in one of the numerous penny "Comics" started—unsuccessfully, as we all know—with the main object of pulverizing "Punch." I can only give two verses, as there are references in the others to persons now living which would hardly be acceptable.

"The indignant and contemptuous Ballad of the Royal Academy, as appointed to be sung in the presence of R.A.'s, A.R.A.'s, and eminent painters generally, with a view to their extreme annoyance.

"*Tune*, '*How happy could I be.*'

"I've been to the Royal Academy,
Paid 'em a bob at the door,

But never a shilling was had o' me
Half so regretted before.
Of all the collections atrocious !—
Of all the absurdities vile !—
Enough to make angels ferocious,
Or lay up a saint with the bile.
Sing Pickersgill, Landseer, and Cooper,
Tol de rol tol de rol lay,
I've scarcely recovered the stupor
I brought from their pictures away.

"By Hunt is the sole gem pictorial
(Who gave us those wonderful sheep);
But here I the style editorial
Must drop, as I'm going to sleep,
A want of politeness too bad o' me,
Still you can well understand why
If you've been to the Royal Academy,
If not, I advise you to try.
Sing Morphia, Mandragora, Poppies,
Tol de rol tol de rol lay,
The Square of Trafalgar[1] the shop is
For opiates to last you the day."

In speaking of his unobtrusive and diffident nature, it is curious to note how not only was he "backward in coming forward," but he even went out of his way actually to conceal himself where he might unchallenged have claimed a foremost place. Look at page 5 of "Punch's" Jubilee number, published just six months after his death. There we have a republished picture bearing the signature C. K., representing "Mr. Punch" seated on the drum-head of a capstan fiddling away all he knows, whilst his contributors work away manfully at the "bars"

[1] The Royal Academy held its exhibition then at the National Gallery.

to keep him going. Every one of the faces is a likeness that can be recognized, but in vain do we look for the familiar features of "our Carlo." At last we discover, from the subscribed names, that he, the greatest of them all, has assumed the privilege of hiding himself behind the burly form of Mark Lemon, and has only favoured us with the back part of his head.

Bumptiousness he had none of himself, and he abhorred it in others. Just see with what a relish he goes about to pillory the gallant nation, the remembrance of whose fatuity, one would have thought, seventeen years was enough to dim. But Keene had a terribly long and sure memory for things that he despised, and in 1889 we find him writing to Mr. Crawhall: "I know that book you speak of in the postcard, but it will keep. The photos (*carte de visite* size) I have, are those of the old King of Prussia, afterwards made Emperor, Von Moltke, Von Roon, Von Horn, Von Stulpnagel, and Von Loewenfeld. I want a few more of these generals to frame, with a legend on the frame, '*À Berlin*,' the bumptious war cry of the French when they declared war. How well I remember the interest I took in that romantic campaign! I can see the startling headings in the daily papers of the time, 'Capture of Sedan!' etc.—my sympathies were entirely with the Germans."

But this is again anticipating.

In 1848 there was, we may be sure, no one who saw in the struggling artist's opinion a good adver-

tisement for a book; no one who wanted to "interview" and exploit him at so much per line of "copy"; but it is characteristic of the man's simple nature that this bashful modesty became, if anything, intensified rather than modified as he grew older and more successful.

CHAPTER III.

1851—1859.

"Punch" Staff, 1851.—Louis Napoleon.—*Coup d'état.*—"Patent Street-Sweeping Machine."—Keene's first appearance in "Punch."—Further Notes by Mr. Silver.—First signed Drawing.—Work for the Whympers.—"Book of German Songs."—German influence.—Dr. Dulcken.—Menzel.—Only an outside contributor to "Punch."—Tour in Brittany.—Leaves Strand Studio.—Clipstone Street Studio.—"Once a Week."—"A Good Fight."—"Evan Harrington."—Music.—"Jermyn Band."—"Leslie's Choir."—Mr. J. Heming.—Original suggestion to Mr. Birket Foster.—An Enthusiast.—The Volunteer Movement.—"Drowning the Magazine."

WE now come to the great turning-point in Keene's career.

In July, 1851, "Punch" was ten years old, and had just secured the services of John Tenniel, "*the* cartoonist" *par excellence*, in the place of Richard Doyle, who had voluntarily withdrawn from the Table, owing to certain religious scruples not wholly unconnected with the subject of his successor's first "Big Cut."[1]

Besides the proprietors and the editor, Mark

[1] *Vide* "Punch's" Jubilee number, p. 4, July 18, 1891.

Lemon, the men who sat round the "Mahogany Tree" at this time were Thackeray, John Leech, Percival Leigh, Gilbert à Beckett, Douglas Jerrold, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, and Horace Mayhew.

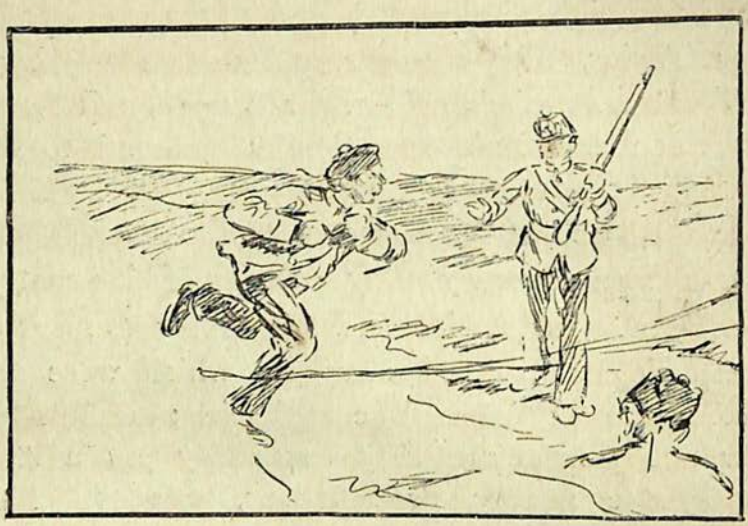
These were stirring times for Europe, and Louis Napoleon was little less than a godsend to the journalistic enterprise of those days.

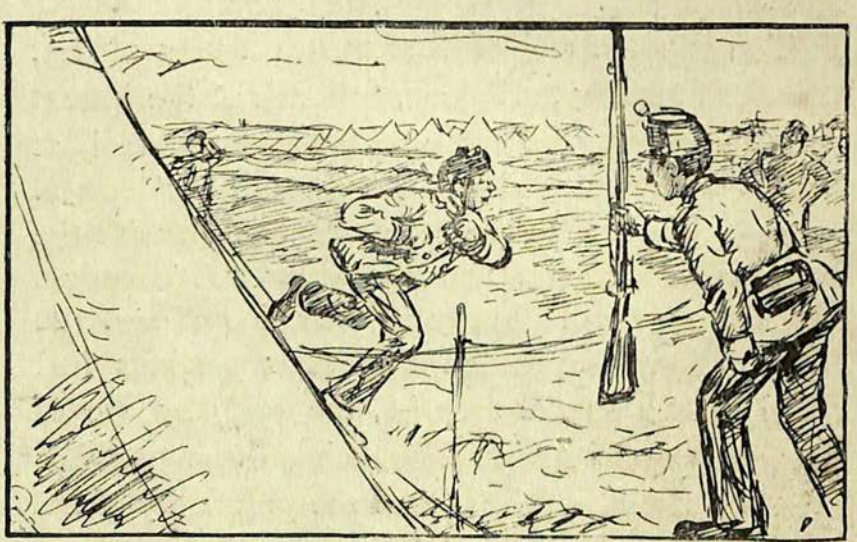
In 1848 he had been elected to the French presidency by an overwhelming majority of his countrymen's votes; 1849 witnessed the commencement of those violent political struggles which were the forerunners of internal conspiracies; and 1851 saw this practical anarchy summarily put a stop to by the famous, or infamous, *coup d'état* of December 2nd.

Towards the end of that month a very modest woodcut, bearing the legend, "Sketch of the Patent Street-sweeping Machines lately introduced at Paris," appeared on p. 264 of "Mr. Punch's" journal. It represented a couple of cannon, drawn with the waviest of outlines, and the letter "A" marked upon the ground directly in their line of fire. A further legend explained that their portraits had been "taken on the spot (A, the spot) by one of our own Special Artists (who, being naturally rather a nervous man, confesses that the peculiarity of his position certainly *did* make him feel a little shakey; and, looking at his sketch, we think our readers will not be disinclined to believe him)."

This was the first appearance of Keene's pencil in the pages which he was destined to adorn with in-

creasing frequency as time went on for nearly forty years. The sketch is unsigned. Indeed, it was





STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT OF A "PUNCH" PICTURE.

only at the urgent request of his friend Mr. Silver, in whose brain the notion had originated, that the drawing was made, the artist bluntly expressing his

opinion that the joke was a mighty poor one. The following further notes from Mr. Silver's pen will here be read with interest.

"It may seem a little strange that Keene at first showed some reluctance to let his name be known, where it was finally so famous. Still, it is the fact that, while his earliest 'Punch' drawings were of my devising, he steadily declined to own himself the doer of them. I was writing then for 'Punch' as an outsider,[1] but my ambition was to draw, and for this I had no talent. As for working on the wood, I soon 'cut' it in despair, and, like a baffled tyrant, I knew not how to bring my subjects to the block. Keene very kindly undertook the labour for me, and the first design he executed was 'A Sketch of the New Paris Street-sweeping Machines'—a couple of cannon, namely—which was published in December, 1851, immediately after the bloody *coup d'état*. His next two drawings illustrate an article of mine, and appear upon the second page of the next volume. His fourth, a far more finished drawing, like these, saw the light in 1852, and may be found in vol. xxiii., p. 257. It shows a gentleman engaged in fishing in his kitchen, and is entitled 'The Advantage of an Inundation,' the autumn of that year being very wet. Mark Lemon wrote to me commending it, and asking me to try and draw a little more for him. I showed Charles the letter, and said that now, of course, his name must be

[1] I joined the staff soon after the death of Douglas Jerrold, and Keene a little later.

divulged, for I clearly was obtaining *kudos* under false pretences. However, he deferred the disclosure for a while, and it was not until the spring of 1854 that his 'C. K.' first appeared (*vide* Initial 'G,' vol. xxvi. p. 128)—a modest little monogram, quite unlike his later and so well-known signature. In the interim he marked his drawings with a mask, which was a device of mine for hiding his identity.[1] After the 'C. K.' appeared the mask was used but twice (see vol. xxvi., pp. 256 and 266). But, although he dropped the mask, his initials were not always visible in place of it. The index of that volume is undoubtedly his work; indeed, the rough sketch which he made for it is hanging in my billiard-room. It is, however, left unsigned, as is his first attempt at a cartoon—'Austria defies Russia' (vol. xxvii., p. 153), which, for cleverness of attitude, was clearly well worth owning.

"Keene had a great faculty for catching a good likeness, and the faces of his friends appear in many a 'Punch' drawing. The earliest, I think, is the enthusiastic artist (vol. xxvi., p. 104), who is declaiming to a more prosaic friend the stirring lines from 'Ivry'—

> 'Charge by the golden lilies! upon them with the lance!
> A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
> A thousand knights are pressing close behind'—

and who is cut short by the criticism, 'Why, hang it, that is only one spur a-piece!'

[1] *e.g.* "Not a bad customer," vol. xxiv., p. 107 (1852).

"Another early instance, with a sketch of the Strand studio, may be found (vol. xxxi., p. 48) in the artist who rejoices that his 'Cavalier in a Coal-hole,' being sold by auction, went for 'nearly a pound!' I myself appear a little later (vol. xxxvi., p. 188), giving my cousin's lapdog a little gentle exercise by tossing him in a blanket; while at p. 21 of the same volume there is a better instance still, in the man who coolly asks the waiter, 'Now, what's the smallest sum I can give you without being considered mean?'

"Though merely done from memory, these were all drawn to the life, as, indeed, was many a later portrait which appeared among the rank and file of his delightful Volunteers. A likeness of himself may also frequently be recognized, one of the best being in the 'Highland friend McClanky,' who wants to give his host 'a chune' upon the bagpipes. Of this drawing the original was shown in the 'Charles Keene Exhibition,' and, like most of those displayed there, showed how sorely his work suffered in passing through the press.

"Another picture of himself, or, rather, series of pictures, appeared in 'Englishmen in Brittany' (vol. xxxi., pp. 100, 110, 120). Here Keene and his two friends may instantly be recognized by anyone who knew them, himself by his long legs and his short coat, his pointed beard and curly head, and his companions by some oddity of figure or of dress.

"Despite the talent he possessed for humorous design, Keene but rarely tried his hand at a political

cartoon, wherein his faculty for portraiture might have done good service. Nor was he ever fertile in suggestion of such subjects. During the many years wherein we sat together at 'The Table,' I recollect but few occasions when he had the honour of inventing the 'Big Cut.'

"Sometimes, at Mark's desire, he did a whole-page drawing, to face Tenniel's cartoon, but this was always under protest; and when, in October, '78, 'J. T.' went with me to Venice, and 'C. K.' took his place as the cartoonist of the month, the work was not at all the labour he delighted in, and a glance at it will show that he was glad to get it done.

"Keene was always very careful of the 'legend,' as he called it, which accompanied his drawings, especially if the subject chanced to come from the East Coast. He would often take the pains to print the words instead of writing them, and esteemed it a great grievance when a letter was misplaced in type. Being a Suffolk man myself, I could appreciate his fondness for the 'Lingua East-Anglica'; but I was sometimes amused at hearing him complain that a drawing he had made would quite fail to be appreciated because of a slight error in the letterpress beneath it. I often thought the drawing was so good that no misprint could spoil it; the 'legend,' by comparison, seeming like the sermon to the deaf Suffolk woman, and in my opinion being 'won'erful poor stuff.'

"I fear Charles cared but little for '*les convenances*,' and often ran the risk of offending Mrs. Grundy.

He never wore a 'chimney-pot'—in which respect most men of sense will wish he had more followers; and, as he seemed hardly conscious if his dress was out of date, he may at times have flourished some few oddities of costume. If such trifles gave offence, it was not by his 'good will,' as Peter Quince says. One day, when he dined with me, the lady sitting next him seemed a little puzzled by something he was telling her. 'I'll draw it, then you'll see,' said Charles, taking the menu-card, and searching for his pencil. In the search, out came his latch-key and a lot of little treasures, which he very gravely laid upon the tablecloth, and left there until the sketch was done, when he replaced them in his pocket. The shade of Mrs. Grundy might have shuddered at the sight of them, but the lady got the drawing, and I hope she has it still, for it was certainly worth the breach of etiquette attending it.

"Keene immensely relished hearing a good story, and was capital at telling one. He had a quaint habit of winking when he came to the point, which added greatly to its humour. His face was usually quite grave when he began the tale, however humorous the details wherewith he might embroider it. He would begin to smile a little as he approached the climax; and, when the point was reached, the wink would give it emphasis. The last time that he dined with me, he told how a young Scotchman, with a healthy Northern appetite, was describing the chief merit of his boarding-house in London. 'Ye ken, we're eight at table, an' so we

get a 'pot o' marmalade a day, an' (here came the wink) ah'm the only mon wha cares for't!"

"Sometimes the wink was introduced in rather a grim way, as when I chanced one day to mention an old friend of ours, whose health I feared was failing. 'Why yes, poor chap,' said Charles, 'he's in a bad way. I called there t'other day, and (wink) found him reading the Bible.'

"The last wink I remember was when he had himself been ill, and he was telling of a visit which a journalist had paid him; and how afterwards he had received a cutting from some country newspaper, relating with much verbal flourish how the talented and well-known artist, whose works were weekly the delight, etc., etc., was happily approaching a state of convalescence; and, being lately interviewed, had been found at work upon a drawing, which was lengthily described, although the writer naïvely owned that it had since been published. 'Best of it is,' said Keene, 'he calls himself a critic, and (here he winked delightedly) the drawing was Du Maurier's!'

"The easy chair of criticism is little to my liking, and on the talent of Charles Keene I have small wish to sit in judgment. That he was a great—perhaps the greatest recent—master of the art of black-and-white seems pretty widely now confessed, although the industry which made him so has scarce received due commendation. There was nothing ever coarse or feeble in his work. However slight the drawing, every touch was made to tell; and there seemed

never a line missing, or a stroke superfluous. Full of humour as he was, his fun was never forced. The people he designed seemed always natural and life-like, and precisely to be suited to the scene wherein he placed them. And what variety of postures he was careful to depict, and what an air of movement he put into his figures! His 'bus-drivers and cabbies, his street-scamps and policemen, his waiters and old women, his 'Arriets and 'Arries, his jovial diners-out and latch-key-losing revellers, and best of all, perhaps, his 'bang-went-saxpence' Scotchmen and self-esteemed kirk elders: these all seem really figures taken from the life, and to be true types of the time when they were living. How precious would such pictures be to the historian if they dated from the reigns of the Georges and the Stuarts, the Tudors and Plantagenets, or, to go still further back, the Normans and the Romans! And then what wealth of skilful labour he lavished on his backgrounds! His country lanes and cottages, his city streets and shop-fronts, his second floors and studios, his breezy moors and billowy seas, his Irish bogs and Suffolk turnip-fields—all these are drawn so cleverly that one scarce knows which to admire most, the actors or the scene.

"Charles Keene was a fine artist, as everybody knows; but they who knew him well can say that he was something more. They knew he was a most agreeable companion, a true and steadfast friend, and a man of sterling worth. Kind of heart and gentle in his disposition, modest in his manner,

and simple in his life, he ever had a good word, and rarely a severe one, for those he held deserving it. There was nothing false or fickle in his character; and one may fairly feel some pride in the memory of his friendship.

"HENRY SILVER.

"6, The Terrace, Kensington.
"*August*, 1891."

Thus it will be seen that, although Keene's first appearance in "Punch" was at the end of 1851, it was not until nearly three years later that his first wholly original work appeared in the shape of an initial letter "G," in vol. xxvi., p. 128. Nor was it until at least ten years later that he assumed the place of one of "Punch's" principal contributors. This was only after the death, in 1864, of John Leech, "the great, the genial, the lamented."

In the meantime Keene was working away for the "Illustrated London News" and the Whympers. Of the work he did for the latter there seems to be no record, but in 1853 we find him working on his own account upon a series of illustrations for "The Book of German Songs," translated by Dr. H. W. Dulcken. These Messrs. Ingram and Cooke intended to publish in their National Illustrated Library. "The Book of English Songs" and "The Book of Scottish Songs," edited by Dr. Mackay, had already appeared, and it was proposed to follow these up with "The Book of French Songs," by John Oxenford; "The Book of Irish Songs," by Samuel Lever; and the aforesaid "Book

of German Songs." Before, however, this scheme could be carried out, Messrs. Ingram and Cooke gave up book-publishing, and their manager, Mr. E. Ward, set up for himself, in partnership with the late Mr. G. Lock, as "Ward and Lock," at 158, Fleet Street. In consequence of these changes there was some delay in the publication of the songs, and it was not until 1856 that the first book illustrated altogether independently by Charles Keene saw the light.

These illustrations are in no way remarkable, save and except as evidencing the extraordinary facility with which he has caught the spirit, or rather, one is inclined to say, the spiritlessness, of contemporary German illustration.

Two or three there are certainly which give an earnest of better things, such, for example, as that on p. 58 to "*Vater, ich rufe dich!*" and that on p. 296 to "*Die Hussiten vor Naumburg*"; but, were I not assured that all are from C. K.'s pencil, I should imagine by far the larger number to be copied straight from the German woodcuts.

The large majority are poor in the extreme, and, notwithstanding Dr. Dulcken's reference to the "sapient 'Saturday Reviewer,'" quoted in Chapter I., it is right to confess that, as regards the greatly larger proportion, I, for one, should, except for the adventitious interest that attaches to them as the early work of C. K., far prefer the translations without the illustrations. Those on pp. 58, 118, 167, and 191 have a peculiar interest, as being the

first of Keene's work bearing the well-known signature C. K.[1]

As Dr. Dulcken points out, Keene took a great fancy at this time to some woodcuts of Menzel, which had appeared in Kugler's "History of Frederick the Great." This admiration for his great German contemporary increased as time went on; and when, in later years, the latter saw some original drawings of Keene's in Berlin, he, in turn, was equally attracted, and sent him his photograph signed with his autograph. Anent this, Keene, with characteristic modesty, writes to Mr. Stewart: "I'm thinking of sending him a few scraps of studies, if I can screw up my confidence, but I shall be in a funk when they are gone, I know." Menzel, however, was charmed, and wrote proposing an exchange of drawings. This proposal was gladly acceded to; and Mr. J. P. Heseltine tells me, that so delighted was Menzel with them, that he became thenceforth a regular subscriber to "Punch" for the sake of Keene's admirable work.

As has been pointed out above, it was some time

[1] Since writing the above, Dr. Dulcken, in answer to further inquiries, has informed me that some of these illustrations were not C. K.'s, but were originally drawn by Ludwig Richter for a book of German poems, amongst which Uhland's "Eemkehr" was included, and that "electros" of these were bought by Messrs. Ward and Lock. This satisfactorily clears up the matter, and no doubt the "Saturday Reviewer" referred mainly to the German reprints. Not but that we could equally well dispense with the undoubted C. K. on p. 167 to "*Der Wirthinn Töchterlein*"; it is as bad as anything in the book.

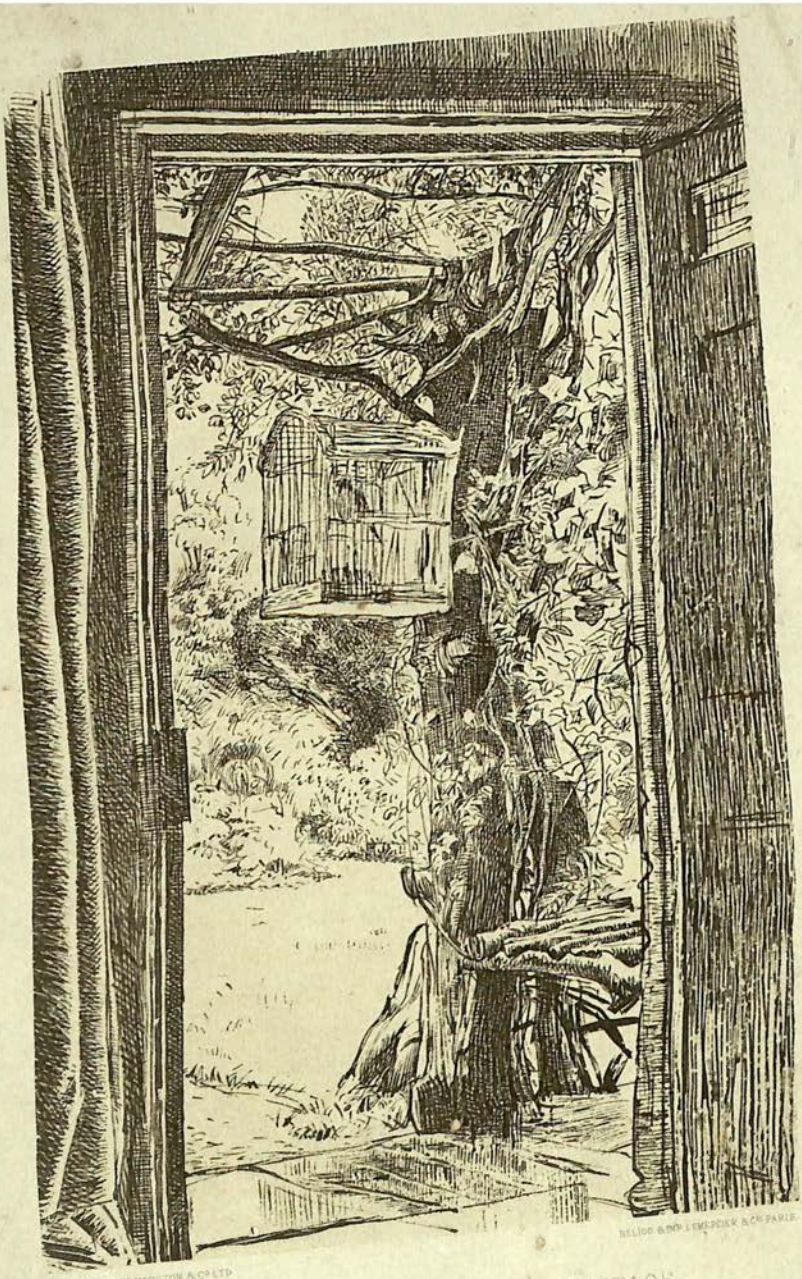
STUDY FOR THE "PUNCH" PICTURE "VENERATION."

before Keene became a constant contributor to the pages of "Punch." Indeed, it is curious to note how the numbers of his drawings fluctuated in the first fifteen volumes.[1] After the first drawing, which appeared in the last half-yearly volume of 1851, two appeared in the first half of 1852, and one in the last half. One appeared in the first volume of 1853, and four in the second. Then came the first volume of 1854, with his first signed production on p. 128, when his existence became known to the editor (before that, it will be remembered, his work had gone in in the name of Mr. Silver), and at once we find him the author of twenty-five drawings.[2] The last volume of that year shows fourteen, as does the first volume for 1855. Then, for some reason or other, the number dropped to six in the next volume, and to three in the next, whilst in the last volume for 1856 we find it suddenly rising to thirty-seven. The next four volumes, for 1857 and 1858, have respectively ten, twenty-three, eighteen, and twenty. For these particulars I am indebted to Mr. Henry Silver.

Many of these early woodcuts are unsigned, and it would be impossible for anyone who had no special knowledge of them at the time of their production to identify them as the work of C. K. This is more

[1] It should be remembered that the volumes are half-yearly.

[2] The first four signed C. K. are:—
The initial letter "G," vol. xxvi., p. 128.
The initial letter "U," vol. xxvi., p. 224.
"Fresh negotiations," vol. xxvi., p. 253.
"What our artist has to put up with," vol. xxvi., p. 254.



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FRONT DOOR OF THE WHITE COTTAGE

especially the case as a large number of them bear a striking resemblance to the work of his great contemporary, John Tenniel.

All this time, and for two years more, Keene was only an outside contributor, it not being until February 6, 1860, that he received his first invitation to the hebdomadal "Punch" dinner.

In 1855, towards the close of the Russian War, Keene was employed by the Messrs. Dickinson, of Bond Street, to execute for one of their customers a series of large drawings of the Siege of Sebastopol, from sketches which had been made in the trenches. What has become of these I do not know.

This year Keene gave up his bachelor quarters in Bloomsbury, and went to live with his mother and sisters at Hammersmith. Mrs. Keene had, a year or two before this, returned from Lewisham, and taken an old-fashioned two-storied house, known as the White Cottage, then in the country, but pulled down in 1869, and its site now occupied by the "Kensington Stores."

In 1856 Keene, with two of his friends, the late Mr. J. M. Stewart, then a clerk in the London and Westminster Bank, and Mr. Sleigh, an artist, undertook a tour in Brittany, a humorous account of which we have, preserved in twenty-four drawings for "Punch," published on September 6, 13, and 20 of that year.

The pictures are charming, and the portraits of the three friends, sustained throughout, are admirable. Added to which there is, in the centre of page 120,

the presentment of a peasant girl, which is enough in itself to refute the foolish fallacy that Keene was unable to draw a beautiful woman. His own thumb-biting bashfulness in the background is delightful as he enviously regards his friend in close converse with the pretty damsel, and regretfully remarks to his other companion, who is handicapped by an ignorance similar to his own, "Oh dear! What advantages some fellows have who can speak the language."

It was, with the exception of a visit with Mr. Stewart to Biarritz, I believe, twenty years before he again crossed the channel.

Soon after this trip abroad Keene left the Strand studio. "The Artists' Society," having outgrown its original quarters, had removed to Langham Chambers, and the old room in Clipstone Street was divided into two studios. In one of these he took up his quarters, the other being occupied by his old friend and co-member of the "Society," J. D. Wingfield.[1] The entrance to these premises was, as has been said, through a stonemason's yard. Keene considered it a great privilege here to have the opportunity, of which he largely availed himself, of making studies in the open air.

Working in this studio late at night, a habit which became more and more confirmed as he grew older, he was much disturbed by cats, which prowled and

[1] From the books of the Society, kindly put at my disposal by Mr. Cattermole, I find that the rent of the Langham premises was first paid for Jan., 1855.

squalled about his window. Setting his wits to work, he contrived a toy weapon of offence, over which the big man showed the boyish enthusiasm which was a characteristic through life. Mr. John Clayton remembers well paying him a visit soon after he had perfected this instrument, and finding him energetically practising, so as to arrive at an accuracy of aim. He dilated with much pride upon his ingenious invention. Breaking off the side pieces of a steel pen, he fastened the centre harpoon-shaped piece on to a small shaft. This he wrapped round with tow, and propelled by blowing from a tube into which it fitted. The electrifying effect produced by these missiles upon his victims, without permanently injuring them, delighted him vastly, and he described graphically how they would come along the leads outside his window outlined *en silhouette*, and how the first moment they were struck by the little arrows they would stand for an instant stock still, whilst every hair on their bodies would stand out sharp and separate against the sky, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and then how, with a yell, they would leap headlong out of sight into the darkness.

That this removal from his first studio could not have been coincident with the departure of the Life School to Langham Chambers, is evident from the following letter, which is endorsed "received 1857." Apart from this evidence, I should have been inclined to put the change at least a year earlier.

To Joseph Heming, Esq.

"291, Strand.

"DEAR HEMING,

"I am very sorry I shall not be able to come on Monday, 'which' it being my turn to set the Figure at the school, I shall not be able to get away till nine, so could not be in decent time. Do you keep up your Monday meetings? I am looking out for a studio, and saw one the other day which would have suited you to a T, only don't you wish you might get it? Have you 'broke prison' yet? I had a brief flutter down to the coast of Devon. My friend, who is a mighty angler, fished, and I loafed about sketching, and all that sort of thing, and enjoyed it hugely—but, alas! only for ten days. I hear you are going to the Highlands. You may see N., and sign a peace. Can't you look in at the *Café Laurence* some night? I shall be there after nine every night next week. I hear S. has taken a house at Tottenham, and recedes from the choir.

"In haste, yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

The year 1859 saw the initiation of a venture which was destined to provide Keene for some time with regular work. Up till that date, it will be remembered, Charles Dickens's "Household Words" had been published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, but, difficulties having arisen, that magazine was discontinued, or, rather, continued elsewhere, under the title of "All the Year Round." Thereupon

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans started a magazine in July called "Once a Week," under the editorship of Samuel Lucas, and illustrated mainly by the "Punch" artists.

Keene was from the very commencement employed, and in the course of the first nine volumes we find between 140 and 150 drawings from his pencil. At first he provided one every week, but as time went on, and the calls upon him for the pages of "Punch" became greater, they grew less frequent, until, in the ninth half-yearly volume, we find only three, and in the following they cease altogether. In 1866 a new series was started, and in Volume IV. we find him reappearing with one beautiful illustration to a small poem by F. C. Burnand. In these pages he was called upon to

STUDY FOR A "ONCE A WEEK" ILLUSTRATION.

illustrate such important serials as Charles Reade's "A Good Fight," afterwards republished in book form, without the illustrations, as "The Cloister and the Hearth," and George Meredith's "Evan Harrington."

For this last, Mr. Meredith tells me, there was no consultation as to the illustrations between artist and author. Keene selected his own incidents, and the pictures gave the novelist entire satisfaction.

In Appendix A I have attempted to give a complete list of the stories and poems illustrated by Keene in "Once a Week."

It may be here remarked that in the Index to the ninth volume the drawing on page 169 is attributed to Keene, whereas it is clearly, I think, from the hand of Charles Green, a mistake doubtless arising through the phonetic similarity of the names.

One of the writers in "Once a Week" tells me that very often the stories were written up to the pictures, not, as is usually the case, the illustrations prompted by the letterpress.

The year before, 1858, Keene, always a lover of music (he calls himself a musical maniac in a letter to Mr. Crawhall), and able from early times to read at sight with great facility,[1] had become a member of Mr. Arthur Lewis's famous choral society.

Mr. Lewis writes: "He joined my choir when

[1] He had joined one of the classes of the late John Hullah about the year 1850.

my meetings were held at Jermyn Street, where we called ourselves the 'Jermyn Band,' 1858-1862, and continued to be a member of it when it became better known as the 'Moray Minstrels,' at Moray Lodge, from 1862-1867. He was a most regular attendant at these meetings, and his correct ear and fine voice rendered him a most valuable member. He was a great favourite with all of us."

After 1867 the "Society" was carried on elsewhere, and Keene continued a member until 1879.

It may be pointed out that, apart from the high pitch of excellence attained by its members under the conductorship, from its very commencement until the present time, of Mr. John Foster, the "Jermyn Band" stands out as the pioneer of the "smoking concerts" which are now such a feature of our civilization.

Three years previously, in 1855, Keene had joined "Leslie's Choir," and had taken part in the first public concert given by that Society on May 26th, 1856. He withdrew in 1866 or 1867, because they took to the performance of larger works, which he chose to consider new-fangled "chorus singing," in place of the old madrigals and motets of which he was an enthusiastic admirer. It was part of his nature to love everything that smacked of antiquity, and this unvarying particularity in his tastes will appear more and more as we proceed with the consideration of his original and in many respects fantastic character.

With Mr. Hardcastle he would have said, "I love

everything that's old—old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine."[1]

[1] The following interesting note as to the inception of "Leslie's Choir" has been supplied to me by Mr. J. Heming. "I first thought of establishing a picked Choir about the year 1852, at which period I was a superintendent in the Harmonic Union, conducted by the late Sir Julius Benedict. I observed that in a chorus of, say, 300, all the best work was done by about 50 voices, and that without these leaders the chorus fell to pieces. These results were not to be wondered at, considering there was (at that time) no trial made of a singer's voice or ability. I saw plainly that it was hopeless to expect excellence under such a system, and I determined, if possible, to establish a select choir on a sounder basis, for the performance of unaccompanied music only.

"The difficulties at first were great, as good vocalists objected to sing in what they considered a chorus, and none other were of any service. I, however, kept my purpose steadily in view, adding a name from time to time to a list which I carried about with me for fully two years, but it was not until the winter of 1853-4 that I had a sufficient number to begin with. In the first instance we met under the baton of the late Mr. Frank Mori, but, subsequently meeting with Mr. Henry Leslie, I thought he would make a more suitable conductor, and towards the end of 1855 I transferred the leadership to him. Events proved that I was right; he was a clever, ambitious amateur, and altho' not accustomed to conduct voices, he saw his opportunity, and threw himself heartily into the work. As soon as it was known that a really select choir was formed, we had numberless offers of assistance, most of which were worthless, and had to be declined after trial, great offence being frequently given to personal friends, both Henry Leslie's and my own. I tested every one carefully in sight reading, solo singing, and ascertained the compass of each voice. After a few rehearsals, we sang two or three times at concerts of the Amateur Society, and then settled down to hard practice. The first concert was given in May 1856, for the purpose of raising a fund to pay current expenses, our number then being about sixty. The programme consisted of sixteenth and seventeenth century madrigals, with a few part-songs and full anthems, and was such a success,

In addition to the above associations, he was a member of a choral class established by the late Charles Horsley (a brother of the Royal Academician), the meetings of which were held in Hanover Square on Tuesday evenings, over Wenzel's music-

both financially and otherwise, that the choir at once took the high position it afterwards held for so many years. It was admitted by every competent judge that such a quality of tone had never before been heard in England. The equal balance of the several parts, precision in attack, starting perfectly in tune, and without a preliminary chord (or even sound that the public could detect), simply from the key-note which I sounded very softly in my falsetto, was a novelty and a surprise to the musical public; and, as we worked upon our first programme for nearly six months, everyone knew the music by heart, and could watch the conductor's beat from beginning to end. The fame of the Choir spread, and the following year we were 'commanded' to sing before Her Majesty and the Court at Buckingham Palace. During the seven years that I acted as choir master we never exceeded eighty-eight in the orchestra, in the proportion of about thirty-six trebles, fifteen altos, eighteen tenors, and twenty basses, for the reason that I could never obtain more than eighteen tenors of the right quality; the other parts therefore had to be in proportion. I retired from the Choir in 1863, when the members presented me with a testimonial in silver, together with an address on vellum signed by the subscribers. After I left, the Choir underwent several changes, and the numbers increased to about 240. Mr. Leslie was enabled to perform larger works, but I think the Madrigals suffered, and the quality of tone was altered. The Choir was disbanded in 1880, when Mr. Leslie was presented with a valuable testimonial. There was an attempt to revive it under Mr. Randegger, and later on Mr. Leslie took it in hand again, but neither of these revivals achieved the brilliant success of the old days.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"JOSEPH HEMING."

shop. He was also a member of "The Sacred Harmonic Society," "The Catch Glee and Canon Club," and "The 'Bach' Society." During the latter years of his life, however, he dropped his memberships, and the only society to which he belonged at the time of his death was the "Western Madrigal Society," the practice meetings of which are held at the house of the Royal Society of Musicians, Lisle Street, Leicester Square. Writing of these Societies, Mr. Joseph Heming says: "He was very fond of singing catches, and would at any time give up an evening to his intimates for the pleasure of joining in them, at which he was very expert. I have often remarked that he was the most reliable and sincere man I ever met with in music. In small gatherings the host, or whoever is responsible for the success of a musical evening, is always anxious lest one of the party fails to attend, and so spoil the quartette; but Charles Keene might always be depended upon, let the weather be ever so bad—the first to arrive, and the last to wish to retire."

The enthusiasm with which Keene took up everything which interested him we find exemplified at every turn, and it is not surprising to discover that in his zeal he developed original ideas upon the subject of singing, as indeed he did upon all subjects with which he occupied himself.

One of his delightful suggestions was that his friend Mr. Birket Foster should have the full scores of catches, madrigals, etc., painted large on boards to hang about in the rooms of his house, so that at any

The finished picture appeared in "Punch," with the following legend:—

PARTICULAR TO A HAIR.

IRATE MAJOR (*to hairy Sub.*): "When next you come on parade, sir, have the goodness to leave those confounded weathercocks behind you."

moment the occupants, feeling inclined, could, without the trouble of hunting up the books, break out into part-singing. Mr. Foster followed the advice, although in a rather more elaborate manner than that proposed, employing Messrs. Clayton and Bell to paint the music on glass, and having it inserted into the upper lights of the drawing-room windows, with very telling effect. This, as may be imagined, gave Keene huge delight. Of other phases of his passion for music and his love for all quaint instruments, from the bagpipes to the penny whistle, and the eagerness with which he took them up one by one, as well as of his profound knowledge of archaic and curious varieties, there will be much to say later on.

Keene was half-hearted over nothing. He was vehemently hot or most positively cold.

The year 1859 saw the formation of volunteer corps of riflemen, in consequence of the prevalent fear of a French invasion, and by the end of the year many thousands were enrolled throughout England. Keene entered the ranks at the very commencement of the movement, becoming a member of the South Middlesex Corps under the command of the late Lord Ranelagh. Amongst his friends and associates, when he wore the Queen's livery, was Mr. Alfred Cooper, the artist. They were in the same Company (No. 5, Kensington) of the 2nd Middlesex, and shared a tent together in the regimental camp at Wimbledon from 1867-1871. On these occasions no doubt it was that Keene made studies for those delightful Volunteers

with which his "Punch" work has made us so familiar.

Apropos to his volunteering, I may here quote from a letter to Mr. Mills, delightful for the evident enjoyment which he finds in laughing at the nervousness of himself—the bold soldier:—

"We'd a rattling thunderstorm—'Tempest,' I mean—this morning. I suppose I'm getting old and nervous, but when I saw the lightning streaking straight down I was not comfortable,—about eighty or ninety rounds of ball cartridge in my room,—so I slipped out of bed and drowned the magazine!"

AN IRISH JEHU.

CHAPTER IV.

1860—1864.

First appearance at "The Table."—Mr. Spielmann's account of "Punch" Dinner.—Mr. Tenniel's account.—"The Voyage of the Constance."—"Sea Kings and Naval Heroes."—"The Cambridge Grisette."—"Eyebright."—Camping out.—Sailing.—Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A.—Position as artist now assured.—Leaves Clipstone Street Studio.—55, Baker Street.—Love of exercise.—The Arts Club.—Dinner-party.—Death of Leech.—Keene's unconventionalism.—Food peculiarities.—*Bouilla-baisse.*—"Cornhill Magazine."—"Legends of Number Nip."—Mark Lemon's "Jest Book."—"Tracks for Tourists."—"Tempera" painting.

THE year 1860 opened with an occurrence of considerable importance in a life so destitute of exciting and epoch-making incidents as that of Charles Keene.

For the last nine years, as we have seen, he had been but an outside contributor to the pages of "Punch," but now he was to receive that much-coveted honour, an invitation to the celebrated weekly dinner, to which, tradition says, though slightly in error, no stranger is ever admitted on any pretext whatsoever. Henceforth he was entitled—although, by the way, he would never avail himself of

the privilege—to append to his name the honourable appellation, "of 'Punch.'" It should, however, here be stated that Keene never became a member of the staff. Frequently pressed to do so at a fixed and liberal salary, he preferred not to be tied down to the production of so many drawings every week, and always insisted upon being paid by the piece. If he drew an initial letter he was paid so much, and if a "social" or a cartoon so much, but whether to his own pecuniary advantage or disadvantage I have no means of judging.

The "Punch" dinner is a function of such particular interest that I cannot refrain from here quoting part of the exceedingly interesting account of it given by Mr. M. H. Spielmann in his article in "Black and White" on the occasion of "Punch's" Jubilee :—

"On Wednesday evenings the celebrated hebdomadal dinner is held, when the contents of the paper for the following week are discussed and determined.[1] Upstairs the sacred function is held, in a room reached by an ancient and rather crazy staircase. Sir Joseph Paxton and a lady—the wife, I believe, of one of the publishers—are said to be the only strangers who ever were admitted to witness this esoteric celebration. The 'table'—at which only *the staff*, and not even the regular outside contributors, have any right or chance to sit—is then

[1] Mr. Spielmann does not mention that, in addition to these, there was generally an extra "Almanac" dinner about October in each year.

surrounded by the gentlemen of the staff, artists and writers, presided over by the editor, and 'supported' with more or less regularity by Mr. Bradbury and Mr. William Agnew, the proprietors. As a piece of furniture this hospitable, but rather primitive, board is not of much account, being of plain deal, oblong in shape with rounded ends. But its associations render it a treasure among treasures; for at this table every man upon the staff from the first has carved his name with a penknife, and here may be seen the handiwork of those so many of whom are on England's roll of fame, as well as that of others who, with less of genius, have still a strong claim on the gratitude and the recollection of the people. The editor, as I have said, presides; should he be unavoidably absent, another writer—usually, nowadays, Mr. Arthur à Beckett —takes his place, the duty never falling to an artist. Mr. Burnand—who as a president is believed to excel all previous editors, as Sir Frederick Leighton surpasses all past P.R.A.'s—invites suggestions, listening, weighing, and, with rare tact and art, 'drawing' his staff as well as any artist upon it could. Dinner is over and the cloth is removed before the business of the evening is touched upon. Jokes, laughter, and discussion are the order of the evening. On the editor's right sit Mr. Tenniel, Mr. du Maurier, Mr. Sambourne, Mr. Furniss, and Mr. Reed; and then there are Mr. à Beckett, Mr. Milliken,—one of the most talented, as he is one of the most

modest men upon the paper,—Mr. (Anstey) Guthrie, Mr. Lucy ('Toby'), and Mr. Lehmann.

* * * * *

"Some have attended for many years. With the exception only of a half-a-dozen absences through ill-health, Mr. Tenniel has sat at these weekly dinners without a break for forty years—a sufficient guarantee, one would think, that tradition has been respected, and that the spirit of 'Punch,' if one man could secure it, has suffered no deterioration. The tenderness of these men for the honour and glory of 'Punch' is delightful and touching to see, and cannot be without effect upon the young men who from time to time are called upon to fill sad vacancies."

Keene first took his seat at what Thackeray euphemistically designated "The Mahogany Tree" on Wednesday, February 6, 1860. On that occasion there were also present (besides Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, the then proprietors, and Sir Joseph Paxton,) Mark Lemon, as editor, Shirley Brooks, John Leech, Horace Mayhew, Percival Leigh, Henry Silver, Tom Taylor, and John Tenniel. Thackeray, who, as an old member of the corps, still frequently attended, may have been present, and probably Samuel Lucas, who was admitted as editor of "Once a Week."

Of Keene on these occasions Mr. Tenniel writes to me: "His presence at the 'Punch' dinner was always delightful, and no one could have been more sadly missed than he when failing health at last

compelled him to absent himself from the 'table' altogether." For the first year or two he was a regular attendant, but afterwards came increasingly to look on what most consider an inestimable privilege as somewhat tiresome. As a matter of fact he was not of very much use with suggestions for political cartoons and the general conduct of the paper, and the dinner was not of much use to him in providing his pencil with subjects. He spoke very little, and was apt to throw cold water on projects under discussion. If specially appealed to for his opinion, he would, as likely as not, pass upon them a short and comprehensive criticism, such as "D——d bad," and relapse, with a twinkle in his eye, into smoke and silence.

It was characteristic of the man not to care for these gatherings, just because it was considered a great privilege to be invited. He found them irksome, and of little use to him in his work, and that was quite reason enough for discontinuing a regular attendance. In August, 1887, he writes to Mrs. Edwin Edwards: "I'm very much obliged for the books, a godsend to a derelict stranded in London; everybody away and the club shut up!—*obliged to go to the 'Punch' dinner for company!*"

This was certainly not complimentary, but then we must remember that Keene rarely minced his words. A spade to him was never "an instrument of agriculture."

The same year as witnessed his first appearance at the "Punch" dinner found him illustrating "The

Voyage of the Constance," by M. Gillies; the following year, "Sea Kings and Naval Heroes," by J. G. Edgar,[1] for Messrs. Bell and Daldy, and "The Cambridge Grisette," by Herbert Vaughan, for Tinsley Brothers, eighteen full page, a vignette, and eight initial letters; and 1863, "Eyebright," by "Augusta," for Mr. C. K. Jacob.

It must not be supposed that all these years in London Keene had done nothing but work. As a matter of fact he had given all his best energies to the prosecution and study of his art, but, like all of us, he required a certain amount of relaxation and holiday. Always a Bohemian at heart, although made out to be much more of one by the notices which appeared at the time of his death than he really was, for, as Mr. Stevenson writes, "no man could have a nature more gentle and more truly refined," an absolute freedom from time to time from the constraints of modern civilization was especially grateful to him.

When practicable, he would get off to some out-of-the-way spot and camp out under canvas with a friend, their costume being, as one of his companions says, "a loose mixture of the volunteer and gamekeeper, with a dash of the Bengal sowar, from wearing puggurees and handkerchiefs on our hats."

At other times he would hire, sometimes with his brother, sometimes with another friend, a fishing-boat, and sail about the East Coast.

[1] This book is quite out of print, and I have had no opportunity of seeing it.

About this year (1860) he chartered one of these with his friend Mr. Stacy Marks, with whom he was on the closest terms of intimacy for more than thirty years. Keene, who was never without pen and paper, rarely on these occasions let an opportunity slip of getting down a study from Nature; and, fortunately for us, Mr. Marks, who had never before attempted pen-and-ink drawing, was seized with the spirit of emulation, and produced the portrait of Keene which appears opposite, as well as the sketch of the "William and Mary," with C. K. asleep in his bunk. My best thanks are due to the artist for allowing me to reproduce these first attempts in these pages.

On this trip Keene, always fond of a bit of boyish fun, used to amuse himself by setting afloat, on calm evenings, the empty eggshells which he had saved from breakfast, with lighted candle-ends as cargo, and watching them float away and burn themselves out in the distance; and hugely delighted he was when one evening the unusual phenomenon brought the wary coastguard promptly down upon them.

It was about this time that Mr. Marks, through the kind offices of C. K. with the editor of the "Spectator," became Art critic to that journal.

Work was now very brisk. He was sending a large number of drawings to "Punch" and "Once a Week," and publishers were calling upon him for book illustrations.

His position as an artist was by this time well assured, and, comfortably settled as he was in

Clipstone Street, he felt it hard to have to leave these convenient quarters, which were required for enlarging the stonemason's works. However, turn out he had to, and a new studio was taken at 55, Baker Street, over the well-known photographers, Messrs. Elliott and Fry. Here he remained for about ten years. A gentleman who, for a portion of that period, was doing outside work for "Punch," sends the following humorous and characteristic account of the artist: "I only paid him a couple of visits or so," he writes, "in his studio at Baker Street, and there found him grimly affable, sweeping out his rooms with his own hands, and yet receiving me with the *sang-froid* of a Balfour or a Vere de Vere. He saw a situation with a flash of lightning, for all his apparent stolidity. Have you ever noticed a toad or a green frog catch a fly on its tongue? He took in jokes that way, with a wild Celtic gleam of appreciation in his eye and an occasional interjected grunt of satisfaction. He played the bagpipes up there above Elliott and Fry's,[1] and I can picture his cool enjoyment of the consternation he must have felt he was causing down below. I did the Irish jokes for 'Punch' at that time, and where they were suited for illustration he did them. . . . The profound politeness, as he motioned me to a chair with his hearth-brush, would have made one of his best studies in black and white."

Keene was a great believer in the importance of

[1] It was in 1869 that Keene first took up the bagpipes. There will be much to say of this later on.

regular exercise, and walked daily to and from his work between Hammersmith and his studio. Always disinclined to spend money over what he considered unnecessary luxuries, it was only on the rarest occasions that he would treat himself to a cab; and, to deter himself from using the 'Underground,' which he considered unwholesome as a means of locomotion, he made it a rule, on this principle, always to travel first-class if he did.

On one occasion, however, it is on record that he took a hansom the whole way from Baker Street to 112, Hammersmith Road. It happened in this wise. After finishing his work one night, he had religiously tramped all the way home through the almost deserted streets at two o'clock in the morning. Just as he reached his door it suddenly burst upon him that he had forgotten to turn out the gas in his studio. With the dogged resolution so characteristic of him, he turned about on the threshold and trudged wearily all the way back, only to find that he had *not* left the gas alight. On this occasion he indulged in the unusual luxury of a hansom home. His walking powers he retained until his last illness. Indeed, when he was already in failing health, he walked from Felixstowe to Woodbridge and back, a matter of a score of miles—not bad work for a man who had passed the grand climacteric.

It was in this year (1863) that the Arts Club was founded, Keene being one of the original members. Up to the last year of his life he was a constant frequenter of the house in Hanover Square, and

there would, from time to time, though not frequently, entertain a friend or two. On November 4, 1877, we find him writing to Mr. Stewart: "I've asked a friend to dine at the club to-day, a Major L——, whom I met some years ago when he was here from India, and he's had another leave, and is going back next month, and I've asked du Maurier and Tenniel to meet him. *I'm not used to the rôle, and it's rather nervous work.*"

On the 11th he writes in much glee: "My dinner went off very well. We dined at the Saturday *table d'hôte*, where the craft muster in some strength and make a lively party. My friend, the Indian Major, praised the mulligatawny soup, and he wrote me afterwards, 'I do not know when I have enjoyed an evening more than last Saturday at your club. I was very happy to make the acquaintance of Tenniel and du Maurier, and a more cheery party altogether than yours I have seldom met.'"

I shall, I hope, be forgiven for making this "Life" in many respects a "small-beer" chronicle; but, if I am not mistaken, it is by such exposure of a man's smallest hopes and fears that we are best enabled to arrive at his veritable personality. We shall find, in proceeding, that there is an exceptional ingenuousness and unreserve about Keene's letters, qualities peculiarly fascinating and instructive to those who only knew him as somewhat bashful and uncommunicative.

On October 28, 1864, John Leech died, and "Punch" was deprived of the man who, more than any other,

has identified himself with the genius of that journal. But a few months before, cut off in the fullness of his noble powers, Thackeray had also passed away, and, although he had ceased to be a member of the staff, his death was a staggering blow to the "Table," which he so often revisited. It speaks volumes for those who now stepped forward and assumed the places of these two transcending geniuses in the foremost rank of contributors that its columns marched forward without check or waver. Of these Keene was undoubtedly the strongest and most original, although by no means the most acceptable to the general public. The lack of beauty, of well-groomedness, of respectability in his *dramatis personæ*, was not agreeable to a class, the majority of which, like Malone's friend, Sir Michael le Fleming, prefer the smell of a flambeau at the playhouse to the fragrance of a May evening. That Keene could have drawn the lovely be-Worthed young ladies and the splendidly proportioned and frock-coated young men with which Mr. du Maurier delights us week by week, not to speak of the godlike hero of his charming novel, I do not think anyone can doubt, had he set himself to do it, but it was part of the ineradicable Bohemianism of his character and the realistic bent of his genius that made him shun the representation of what he considered artificial and an outrage upon nature.

He was essentially one of those who care not for what Jean Paul calls "the respect that is paid to woollen cloth, not to thee," and he felt it beneath

his dignity to pander to what he considered the flabby tastes of the Sartocracy. That he carried his scorn of the merely ornamental in clothes too far cannot, I think, be doubted; but his thoroughness in this, as in everything else, was one of his most distinguishing qualities.

Keene was an artist who saw deep into the characters he portrayed. He was no Teufelsdröckh, to undertake "to expound the moral, political, even religious influences of clothes," and to make manifest, in its thousand-fold bearings, this grand proposition, "that man's earthly interests are all hooked and buttoned together and held up by clothes." It was one of his grievances, in common with the philosopher, that "day after day he must thatch himself anew," and it was an evil which must be minimized, not complicated, as far as possible. Lords and beggars alike were to him "forked, straggling animals with bandy legs," which he admitted must, by force of their surroundings, be covered up, but when clothed and warm there was an end of it. Life was quite intricate enough without having to get in and out of garments oftener than was necessary. Bitterly he complains that at a house to which he was invited he would have to "*undress* every day for dinner, and this means a Pantomime Portmanteau, and I hate impedimenta in an outing, so I shall shirk if I can."

Without in any way being at war with Society, he was absolutely indifferent to the opinions which Society held about him. "Them's my sentiments

pretty accurately," he writes one day, after quoting some verses by his old friend, Percival Leigh, in a far back number of "Punch"—

"Outward show, ma'am,
I forego, ma'am,
When it interferes with ease;
Often eat, ma'am,
In the street, ma'am,
As I walk, my bread and cheese.

"Mrs. Grundy,
Gloria Mundi
Passes like a dream away.
You may chatter,
That's no matter,
Ma'am, I care not what you say."

At the same time, it must be borne in mind that, although Keene despised the poor artificialities of modern existence, he clearly recognized, notwithstanding his old-fashioned notions, that life in the nineteenth century had its advantages. Although undoubtedly there was in him a tendency to admire things "old and ancient" purely because of the accident of antiquity, he certainly did not despise a thing merely because it was "*fin de siècle.*"

Irrational impracticableness, which refused to recognize the conveniences of to-day, was as objectionable to him as mere wanton Radicalism. He had been on one occasion to a public lecture, and wrote to his friend Mr. Bain, the well-known bookseller of the Haymarket, "that sane men in this nineteenth century should propound such romantic and utterly impracticable notions—it reminded me of a fanatic

of the same sect that I knew (but this was more than twenty years ago—he's dead now) who wished for a chest of drawers, and ordered that the tradesman was to do it all himself, and, to get rid of the mechanical neatness obtained by the use of modern tools, etc., *he was to make it entirely with an adze!*"

Changes merely for fashion's sake were abhorrent to him, but he welcomed with enthusiasm fresh scientific discoveries and new and useful inventions. Like Moltke, he was "full of merciless common sense," and "held in supreme contempt the unctuous humbug to which the modern Pharisee of public life treats the people so copiously." He was intensely independent and original. He chose to have his own notions about things, and, if they were different to other men's, then they must go their way and he must go his. It did not matter one brass-farthing to him what they thought of him. "Our dear, picturesque, unsophisticated Carlo," as "Punch" calls him, would go out and stay at country houses with nothing but a small wallet, shaped like and little bigger than a candle-box, slung over his shoulders. It contained all his necessary luggage, and he was not snob enough to carry more just because footmen stared or maid-servants laughed.

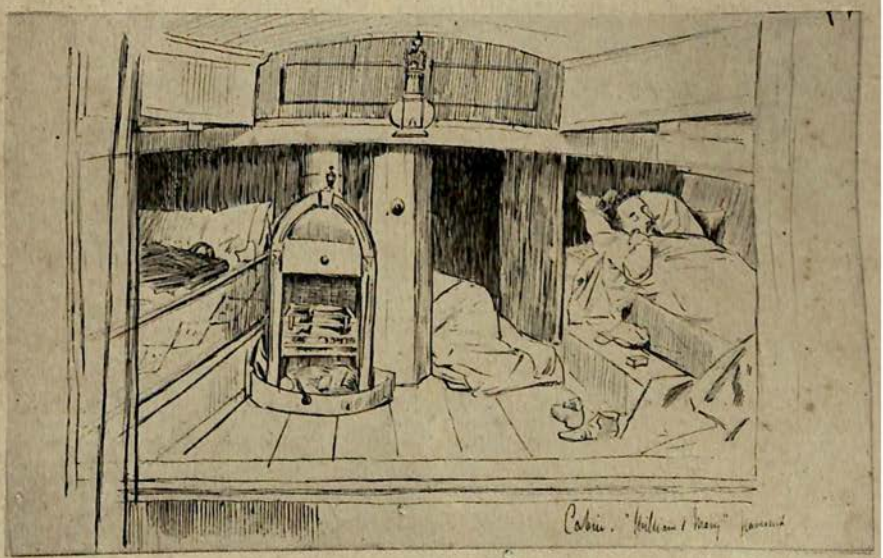
This independence and originality were always cropping up where least expected. Most of us, having been brought up to eggs and bacon or bacon and eggs for breakfast, go on to our lives' ends satisfied that these viands only, with an occasional

variant in the shape of sausages, porridge, or kidneys, were ordained by Providence to be eaten at the early morning meal. But Keene liked apple tart for breakfast, and did not see why, if he liked it, he should not have it; and, moreover, in houses where his tastes were well understood, it became a standing dish in his honour. Sweets and sausages too he ate together, but perhaps his most original compound was a mixture of pork gravy, marmalade, and brown sugar.

Other favourite dishes were haggis,—which, with Burns, he regarded as "chieftain of the Pudding Race,"—black pudding, and bouillabaisse; of this last we find him writing, "You remember Thackeray's ballad about it (I found it too good), I'm not surprised that it inspired his muse"—

> "This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
> A sort of soup or broth or brew,
> Or hotch-potch of all sorts of fishes,
> That Greenwich never could outdo;
> Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
> Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace;
> All these you eat at TERRÉ'S tavern,
> In that one dish of Bouillabaisse."

The fact was, that early in life his sense of taste was much impaired, and the more delicate shades of flavour he could not appreciate. Food had to be superlatively sweet or bitter to meet with his approval, just as he required his tobacco to be strong, and rewarded himself for any specially satisfactory work with the "dottles" which have before been mentioned.



SKETCHES OF CHARLES KEENE ON BOARD THE "WILLIAM AND MARY" (1860), BY MR. H. S. MARKS, R.A.

The year 1864 saw Keene's first, and last, appearance in the "Cornhill Magazine." In the July number for that year we find him providing two drawings to illustrate an unsigned story, "Brother Jacob," by George Eliot, a frontispiece, and an initial letter. The story is, on the whole, perhaps a trifle laboured and the wit elephantine, but the scene which has been chosen for illustration is conceived in the novelist's happiest manner, and the illustrator has certainly done justice to his subject. Indeed it would be hard to conceive of a more satisfactory wedding of pen and pencil. The idiot brother, Jacob,—whose idiocy by the way was not so intense but that he knew within a limited range how to choose the good and reject the evil,—with his broad right hand laid immovable on the guineas, and the wretched David who, with courage half returning, has left off praying in his craven heart, "Oh, save me this once, and I'll never get in danger again!" are, I venture to think, masterpieces both of the novelist and the artist. The family likeness between the sane and the insane faces in the drawing is marvellously convincing. The initial letter, too, is a good, though perhaps somewhat conventional, rendering of the story's conclusion.

This year (1864) found Keene also illustrating "The Legends of Number Nip" for Messrs. Macmillan and Co., translated by Mark Lemon from the German of Johann Karl Musæus, one of the earlier collectors of "*Volks Märchen.*" The most remarkable of these, and a very admirable pictorial

rendering it is, is that to "The Headless Rogue and the Countess," although it is noticeable that here the artist has not read his text quite carefully, and has

A RUSTIC.

put the impostor upon horseback, where he has no business to be.

The other five pictures, with the exception, perhaps, of that to "The Gnome and the Tailor," are

FIRST DESIGN FOR VIGNETTE TO MARK LEMON'S JEST BOOK

SAMPSON LOW MARSTON & Co LTD

HELIOG. & IMP. FERRECIER & Cie PARIS

hardly in Keene's best style. Another piece of work of a very different character is to be found in Mark Lemon's "Jest Book," published this same year, also by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., in the Golden Treasury Series. It is a very elaborate and beautiful design, bearing little evidence of being by the same hand as others of that period, and evidencing the marvellous facility with which Keene could turn his hand to an unfamiliar method.

This year, too, was first published in book form "Tracks for Tourists," by F. C. Burnand, which Keene had originally illustrated under the title of "How, When, and Where," in the pages of "Punch."

Of the illustrations, Mr. Burnand says they are some of the very best he ever did. He himself was much pleased with them, and frequently wanted me to do another series of the same kind.

The 1864 edition is out of print, but the papers and original illustrations have reappeared in the recent republication of Mr. Burnand's works, in the volume entitled "Very Much Abroad," London, 1890.

Keene, who was always ready to try his hand at anything, now turned his attention to "tempera" painting, and persuaded his friend Edwin Edwards to do the same, but, I fancy, with no lasting results.

The next year, certainly, there is the following item in the diary of the latter, dated September 2, 1865: "C. K. about to undertake some 'tempera'

painting of a mediæval subject for a summer-house of Birket Foster's at Witley," but this seems never to have been carried out, and I find no signs of his having proceeded with its practice in later years.

CHAPTER V.

1864—1868.

Keene as letter-writer.—"Parson Wilbur."—Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Edwards.—Nicknames.—Dunwich.—Letter, August 5, 1864.—Tigbourne Cottage.—Christmas Carols.—Letter, Jan. 26, 1865.—"Caudle Lectures."—"Punch" Pocket-book.—His Etchings.—The Junior Etching Club.—"The Etcher."—"London Society."—Letter, Sep. 12, 1867.—Letter, Sep. 13, 1867.—Letter, Sep. 20, 1867.—Drawing direct from Nature.—His method.—Anecdote from Mrs. Edwards.—"*La Chronique des Arts.*"—The Sausage Machine.—The Type-writer and Mr. Tuer.—"A Failure."—Mr. Heseltine's Porch.—Mr. Stewart.

WE have now arrived at the point where Keene must be introduced to the reader as a writer of letters. In the main a silent, uncommunicative man, retiring promptly into his shell in the presence of strangers, listening eagerly to the opinions passed by others but rarely expressing his own, it was a difficult matter, except for those most intimate with him in his every-day life, to get below the surface.

But far otherwise was it when he put pen to paper in corresponding with such a close and sympathetic friend as Mr. Joseph Crawhall.

For fully thirty years a regular correspondence

was carried on between these two, and it is mainly from this that the following selections have been made. A large number of other letters I have had the privilege of perusing, for example, those to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Edwards, Mr. J. M. Stewart, and Mr. Harral, but these were principally the intermittent notes of friend to friend, by chance parted for a week or month, and prompted by the requirements of the occasion, not letters deliberately sat down to and penned in lieu of personal intercourse. The correspondence with Mr. Crawhall was of so voluminous a character that the task has been difficult of making a sufficiently representative and yet not too abundant selection.

The biographer, enthusiastic over the character with which he is dealing, is always in danger of boring the casual and, perhaps, not enthusiastic reader. I hope it will be found that I have successfully resisted the temptation to over diffuseness, and, at the same time, have not unduly limited the output of what to the all-round *dilettante* and the thorough-going musician must, I think, prove a mine of delightful and chatty information.

"It was," says old Parson Wilbur, holding forth on the subject of letters, "it was to gratify the two great passions of asking and answering that epistolary correspondence was first invented." Then, as all who have read their "Biglow Papers" know, or ought to know, he goes on to state that, "first, there are those which are not letters at all" (which sounds something like "concerning snakes in Iceland, there

are no snakes in Iceland"); "that, secondly, there are letters interesting for the sake of the writer or the thing written; and that, thirdly, there are letters containing curious gossip," and so on, and so on.

Keene's letters have the double advantage of being qualified to take their places in both of these last categories, interesting and valuable as they are, alike as giving us an insight into the nice inquisitiveness of his mind, as well as for the scrupulous accuracy of the curious information with which they are filled.

In 1864 Keene was on the fullest terms of intimacy with Mr. Edwin Edwards and his wife, an intimacy which continued uninterruptedly while life lasted. He was a constant visitor at their house, and took the liveliest interest in the artistic work for which his friend had sacrificed a prominent legal position. In him and his wife he discovered a sympathetic appreciation, which was one of the greatest happinesses of the last half of his life. The best of good fellowship and reciprocal sincerity were characteristics of this delightful intercourse. To Keene, always fond of giving his friends pet names, Mr. Edwards was ever spoken of as "The Master," just as Edward Fitzgerald was "The Literate" and Mr. Stacy Marks "The Ornithologist." Of Mrs. Edwards, for whom he had the greatest admiration and affection, he shows his high appreciation, humorously alluding to her on one occasion to her husband as "your seven-twelfth."

Writing of his visits to them on the Suffolk coast,

he says: "I enjoy Dunwich so much, I can't help talking of next year directly I leave it." Here the Edwards' kept open house, and Keene constantly availed himself of the standing invitation to get a few days relaxation in their congenial company.[1] It was a terrible shock to him, some years later, when his friend was reported to be suffering from a much-dreaded disease. He would not believe it, and wrote with an impetuous optimism, "Curse the doctors! . . . What next! I believe it is doubted whether there is such a disease, and whether it is not an invention of man's common enemy, the Faculty!"[2]

The first complete letter, with the exception of the two of very early date given in the first chapter, which I have to present to my readers refers mainly to the tempera painting mentioned above. Keene rarely put any dates to his letters, and, where only discoverable from the postmarks on the envelopes, they shall be inserted in brackets.

To Edwin Edwards, Esq.

"55, Baker Street.

[*August* 5, 1864.]

"DEAR EDWARDS,

"I would fain have snapped my fingers at duty and my responsibilities and have joined you to-night,

[1] Of them Edward Fitzgerald wrote: "Edwards was comparatively a friend of late growth—he and his brave wife; these two, and their little Dunwich in summer, were among my pleasures, and will be, I doubt, among my regrets."—*Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald*, vol. i., p. 447.

[2] Mr. Edwards lived until September 15, 1879.

but have still a little conscience left. I must get forward with some 'Punch' work, and shall then be able to truant the easier. I saw a friend of mine from Witley yesterday, and he told me Stewart was looking out still for a lodging for me there, and had hopes of one soon, so perhaps I may go there for a week or so soon.

"I called on Telbin yesterday about the Tempera, and learnt a good deal about it. He says you can get colours in powder that have been already ground in spirits, and that this is the more convenient, as you can set your palette with these colours dry, whereas the colours you grind yourself, as they are wet, look darker on the palette than they will appear in the picture—on the other hand, they are more expensive, being sold by the ounce, etc. They are to be got at Brodie's in Long Acre, or any colourmen's except the swell ones. You can get canvas of various widths, six or eight feet some; you don't care for a join down the middle of your landscape, I suppose? You get a frame, nail the canvas on as tight as you can, and then size it—half size and half water—this tightens it still more. When it's dry you prime it with whitening, making a paste of this with water, and then adding 'double size,' *i.e.*, size merely melted. When this is dry, draw in with your charcoal stick, and *en avant!* If you buy the regular distemper colours, which of course are much cheaper than those mentioned above, you must grind them, and a small mill Telbin showed me cost £4 10*s*. If you were coming to town we could call

on old Telbin, and you could learn all you want to know in no time. However, I'll see about these colours for you if you like, and get whatever you want sent down, but keep all dark till you've done something, if you can.

"Yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. KEENE.

"If I were you I would find out old Wright—he might be of some service, and is a nice old fellow, I believe.

"I send you a bit of the sort of canvas."

This letter contains a very charming sketch of his friend employed upon a canvas about fifteen feet high, illustrating the manner in which certain necessary instruments should be used.

The year 1865 found Keene making what was, for him, a great departure. His friend Mr. Birket Foster, who had at this time built for himself a beautiful house at Witley, had removed thither from Tigbourne Cottage, close by, which he had previously occupied. This cottage Mr. Foster still rented, in order that he might make sure of the presence of an agreeable and congenial occupant, and nothing delighted him more than the opportunity of sub-letting it to Keene, thus securing his friend as a frequent neighbour. Here Keene did much of his work, running down to it as often as he could get out of town, and not failing to assert his unconventionalism by always passing his nights in a hammock.

Facsimile of Letter to Mr. Edwin Edwards, vide p. 94 et seq.

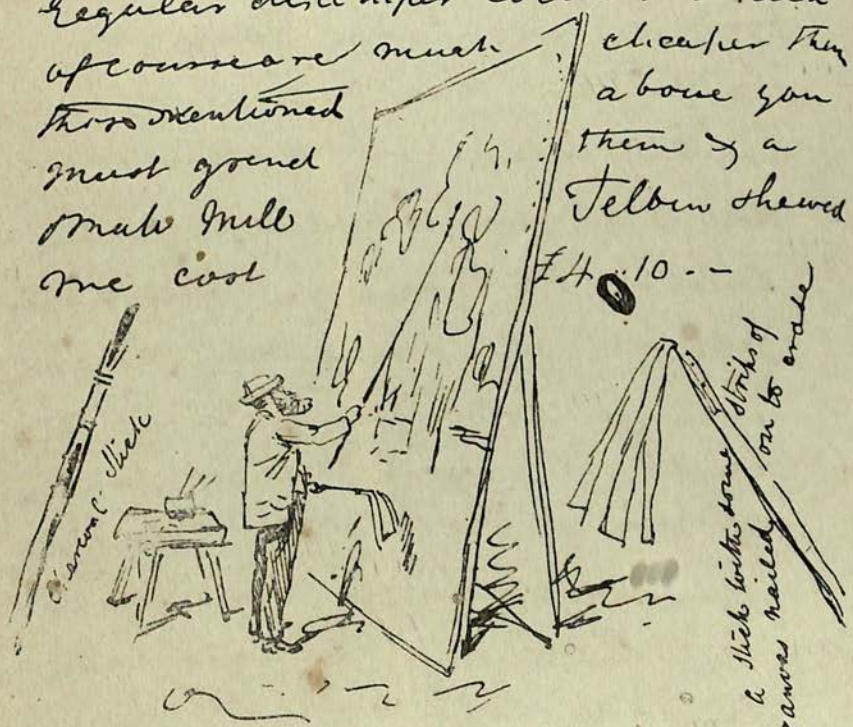
55 Baker St.

Dear Edwards

I would fain have snapped my fingers at duty, & my responsibilities & have joined you tonight but have still a little conscience left. I must get forward with some Punch Work & shall then be able to truant the easier, I saw a friend of mine from Witley yesterday & he told me Stewart was looking out still for a lodging for me there & had hopes of one soon, so perhaps I may go there for a week or so soon.

I called on Felton yesterday about the Temperas, & learnt a good deal about it. He says you can get colours in powder that have been already ground in spirits. What there is no more convenient as you can let your palette with these colours dry whereas the colours you grind yourself as they are wet look darker on the palette than they will appear on the picture on the other hand are more expensive, being sold by the ounce, &c. They are to be got at Brodies & in Long Acre or any colourmens except the Swell ones. You can get canvas of various widths, 6 or 8 feet long you dont care for a yard down the middle of your landscape I suppose. You get a frame

nail the canvass on as tight as
you can & then size it – half size
& half water – this tightens it still more
when it's dry you prime it with
whitening. making a paste of this with
water & then adding "double size
i e size merely melted. when this
is dry drawin with your charcoal
stick & 'en avant'! If you buy the
regular distemper colours which
of course are much cheaper than
those mentioned above you
must grind them & a
small mill Telbin shewed
me cost £4..10..



If you were coming to
Town we could call on old
Telbin & you could learn
all you want to know in
no time, however. I'll see
about these colours for you
if you like & get whatever
you want sent down but
keep all dark till you've
done something if you
can

Yours very truly
Charles S. Keene

If I were you I would find
out old Wright he might
be of some service & is a
nice old fellow I believe.

I send you a bit of ~~[illegible]~~ of canvas.

Of Witley he writes to Mrs. Edwards: "The stillness here after London is delicious. The only sound is the ring of the village blacksmith's hammer in the distance or the occasional *cluck* of a hen, and the wind roars through the trees of a night, which lulls me pleasantly to sleep."

Many a blue-jacket, who was a boy at the "King Edward's School" in that neighbourhood, will remember the long, lank figure of the artist, and his deep bass voice, as he joined them there one Christmas singing their midnight carols round the village, headed by the Chaplain with a lantern belted on him to read his part by—"a stout old priest with a Friar Tuck waddle and a trolling bass voice."

A picturesque group they must have been as they went from house to house, the boys all wrapped in their blankets, and the pure white snow as a background.

To Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"Tigbourne Cottage,
"Witley, Surrey.
"*Jan.* 26 [1865].

"DEAR MACDONALD,

"I won't fail to lecture your friend on his backsliding as a correspondent, and *that* quite as seriously as if I myself were a second Horace Walpole for readiness to scribble. This is a pleasant retreat to fly to for a day or two from the row and turmoil of London, and gives my friends too the opportunity of calling it my 'country house,' and the pleasure of

making me wince by hinting at the wealth that enables me to afford such a luxury!

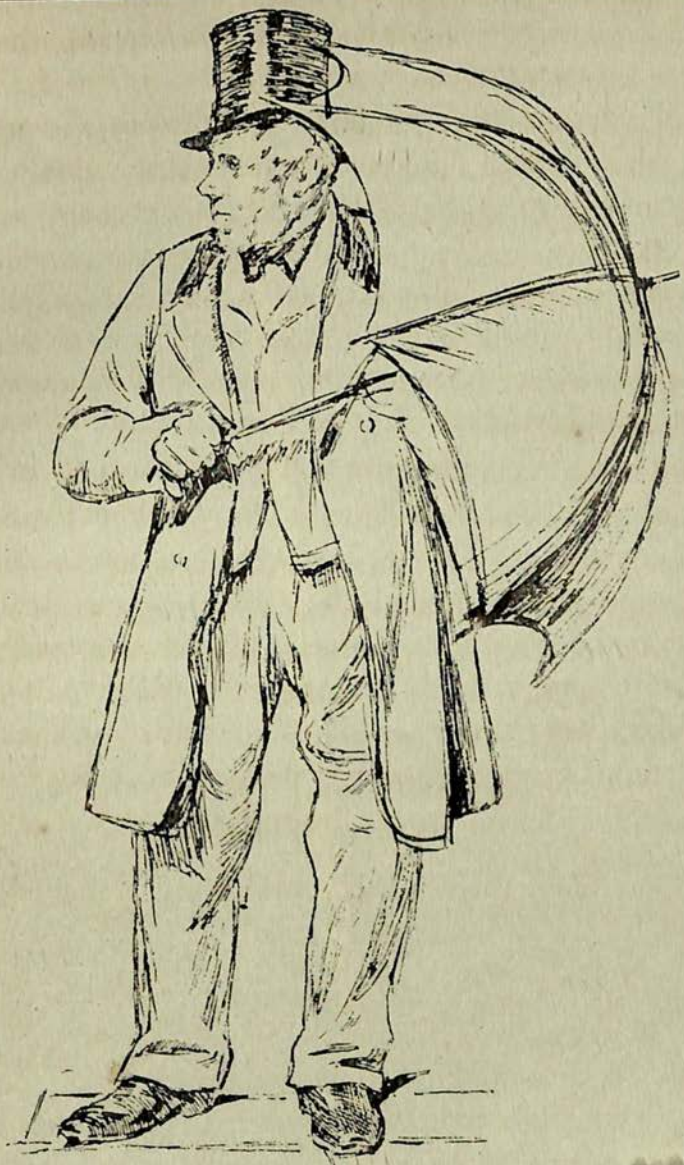
"It's a bosky-copsey country, very picturesque and English, with just a suggestion (compared to Scotland) of hills on the horizon (the Hog's Back), but from there being so many trees, when the glass does fall the rain comes down with a vengeance. Last night there was a furious gale, which kept everybody awake but me. My couch is a hammock, which wraps round me so comfortably, it's like 'poppies and mandragora.' We've a small aristocracy of artists too down here,—Birket Foster, Burton, Watson and Jones,—and amongst our surroundings there's a good deal of fun to be picked up. That reminds me of an extract from a catalogue of a country auction down here the other day. Among the books were these two lots:—

No. 20.—Mill on Liberty.
„ 21.—Do. on The Floss!

"They have their 'girds' at us too. I heard of a Belle of the nearest town remarking of the curious manners and customs of those artists, that she had actually seen them in Society in evening dress up to the waist, and a velveteen jerkin and any-coloured necktie a-top! * * * *

"Yours very sincerely,
"Charles S. Keene."

This same year saw the republication of Douglas Jerrold's "Caudle Lectures" by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans in book form, with illustrations by Charles



STUDY FOR FRONTISPIECE TO THE "CAUDLE LECTURES."

Keene. Surely of these it is unnecessary to speak. There is not a picture among them which portrays the poor old reprobate Caudle bearing up as best he

could against the terrible scolding Nemesis which awaited him at home throughout his married life, which one does not dwell upon with infinite pleasure, and, once passed, long to turn to again. Were it my purpose to criticise the work of Charles Keene in this place, twenty pages would be too cramped a space in which to give a proper consideration to these wonderful illustrations. They are so astonishingly convincing, and there is such a directness and absence of effort in the treatment, that it is difficult at first to realize them as works of art at all, and not to look upon them rather as some natural product, faultless because brought about by the hand of a perfect comprehension. There is in them a catching of Nature at her most humorous moments, without a particle of exaggeration, which is, when understood, perfectly astonishing. But I run the risk of being accused of exaggeration, and refer every lover of pictorial art to the careful study of the illustrations for himself.

The following year, 1866, witnessed Keene's first appearance with "Mrs. Professor Fogey's Reading Class: Subject—Wonders of the Deep," in the pages of "Punch's Pocket-Books," issued from 85, Fleet Street, for many years, but now abandoned. For a long time subsequently he annually designed the long, coloured folding frontispieces, the woodcuts scattered throughout the text being mainly executed by Tenniel and Linley Sambourne. Curious and interesting as are some of these coloured plates, they cannot, I think, be considered on the whole good

specimens of his work. Most of them deal with the never-failing war of the sexes, such as "Mr. Punch's School of Cookery," "Courtship and Conjugality," 1874; "The Androgynœceum Club," 1875; "The Modern Babylonian Marriage Market," 1876; and "The Autumnal (Matrimonial) Manœuvres," 1877: or the struggles of the weaker sex towards emancipation, such as "The Ladies' New Gallery," 1870; "Sweetness and Light, or Science in her Silver Slippers," 1873; and "Mr. Punch's Reading Party," 1878.[1] Some, doubtless, are very much better than others, and, if all were equal to "The Modern Babylonian Marriage Market," and "The Androgynœceum Club," we should be inclined to rank them as well worthy of his genius. Most, however, give one the idea of being but the tasks of a perfunctory and unsympathetic imagination.

On the other hand, the series of portraits of "Mr. Punch," with which the title-pages are adorned, are about as good as good can be, whether posing as Cupid holding the cord to the human pigeon-trap at the matrimonial Hurlingham, or as Sentry mounted guard over the pocket-book, or as armoured Knight pricking forth to tourney, or as Postilion tootling on his horn, or as splendid Flunkey ogling the lady whose fair shoulders he is privileged to cloak. These quaint figures show us Keene's whir sical fancy at its best, and compel us to accept them

[1] The original drawing for this was exhibited, with some other of Keene's sketches for "Punch," at the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Arts Association Exhibition that same year, Nos. 649 and 650.

as portraits. Before leaving the pocket-books it should be mentioned that most of these plates were etched by Keene upon the copper, some few, however, being drawn with pen and ink, and engraved upon the wood by Mr. Swain. These trifles, of course, are not to be ranked with Keene's more important etchings, which of late years attracted so much attention in Paris, and which led to his being placed by M. Beraldi among "Les graveurs du dix-neuvième siècle," as mentioned above. Writing of these in "L'Artiste" for May, 1891, M. Bracquemond says: "Par la liberté, l'ampleur de leur dessin et de leur exécution, ces graveurs doivent être classés parmi les eaux-fortes modernes du premier rang." Unfortunately they are not obtainable in the market. Indeed, with two exceptions, none of his serious etchings seem ever to have been given to the public. The first of these exceptions is an etching of a scene during the Plague, signed C. Keene, in "Passages from Modern English Poets, illustrated by the Junior Etching Club," published by Day and Son, lithographers to the Queen, 1862. It is a very fine plate, representing a Cavalier with cloak held close to face, stealing shuddering through the deserted streets, in those awful days when "Friends in the distance watched for friends; watched that they might not meet."

The second is a very beautiful and tender etching of Southwold Pier, which appeared in the March number, 1881, of "The Etcher," an Art magazine then edited by Mr. H. M. Cundall, but now extinct.

Keene never thought much of his capabilities as an etcher, and, as has been seen, was astonished, almost dismayed, that his name should be included amongst the etchers of the nineteenth century.

He looked upon his prosecution of the art as a pastime rather than as a serious occupation. Indeed so casually did he treat his plates that it is on record that at least one was spoilt in the biting-in by the pouring on of the turpentine in place of the acid! As to the printing of them, unlike most etchers, who think they alone can do full justice to their plates, he thought it not worth the bother, and would delegate this task to his friend Mrs. Edwards. Nor indeed could he have done much better, for, although an amateur, I think I am right in saying there is hardly a better printer than this lady to be found in London.

In this year too Keene was helping to illustrate the Christmas number of "London Society," for which publication he continued to work for several years. In the Christmas number for 1870 we find him using himself as a model in the initial "W" on p. 39, and in the half-page drawing, p. 45.

In September of the next year Keene, who had been staying with the Edwards at Cliff Cottage, Southwold, wrote as follows:—

To Mrs. Edwin Edwards.

"55, Baker Street.
"Thursday.
[*September* 12, 1867.]

"DEAR MRS. EDWARDS,

"Thank you for sending the letters; I got them

this morning. The face of Nature seemed to fall yesterday directly I had left Southwold; the horses toiled along as if they were dragging something very heavy, and the sky loured and the rain fell all in accord with my spirits as we crawled into Darsham. Here's an original distich to head a chapter of the Master's book on Suffolk: 'Lives there a man with heart so light, That Darsham couldn't daunt his sprite!' When the train came up I thought I was lucky in finding a carriage with a nice, gloomy, unconversational-looking man in it, and thought to enjoy a hard smoke and no talking all the journey, but at Saxmundham a lady got in with an old nurse and dreadfully intelligent child. In the whispered conversation between the mother and someone who came to see her off, I caught the words, 'as surly as the other.' I've no doubt this applied to me, and that they had been scowled away from the other carriages and had taken ours as a last resource. More ladies, till the compartment was full of 'em; and I found the gloomy man was an impostor, for he made himself agreeable and 'talked conversation.' I couldn't. This journey reminded me of a story I read the other day in 'Blackwood'; you'll find it in the June, July, and August numbers. You'll know it by its being a hard name, which I forget. I advise you to get it from your library. I thought the beginning, as much as I read of it, very good. Your bulletin, though short, was very interesting, and to-day, here, the morning is as glad and bright an one as we've had, and I've been

seeing you in my mind's eye. I've kept one of those pallid gingerbreads you gave me, and run a string through it and hung it up in my studio 'for remembrance.' I should like to have made one at the moonlight sketchings. I want the Master to worm out for me from Jeaffreson, who reviewed ——'s last poems in the 'Athenæum' a short time ago; he can say he wants the information for a friend (but don't mention my name). —— is an old friend of mine, and as the critique was a very flattering one she is naturally curious to know who wrote it, and for the same reason Jeaffreson may not object to say. The Master can bring up the subject of poetry, female poetry criticism, ——'s in particular, etc., etc. Tell Mrs. C—— I posted her letters carefully. *Entre nous*, get —— to sit to A. Garrod, he'll get some good photographs of her; and get him to do her head a good size, and without her hat as well as with, he won't have such a chance again of such a beauty; and tell E—— to mind he does not break those negatives. Commend me to —— with my kindest regards, and say I hope she will diligently finish her picture and etch a plate, for, if it's (not) too presumptuous, after overlooking her at work I hold her as rather a pupil. I'll write to the Master next week, but have only time now to save this post; but I must thank you again for your kindness to me, and so making my stay with you the pleasantest holiday I've had for a long time.

"Yours very sincerely,

"Charles S. Keene."

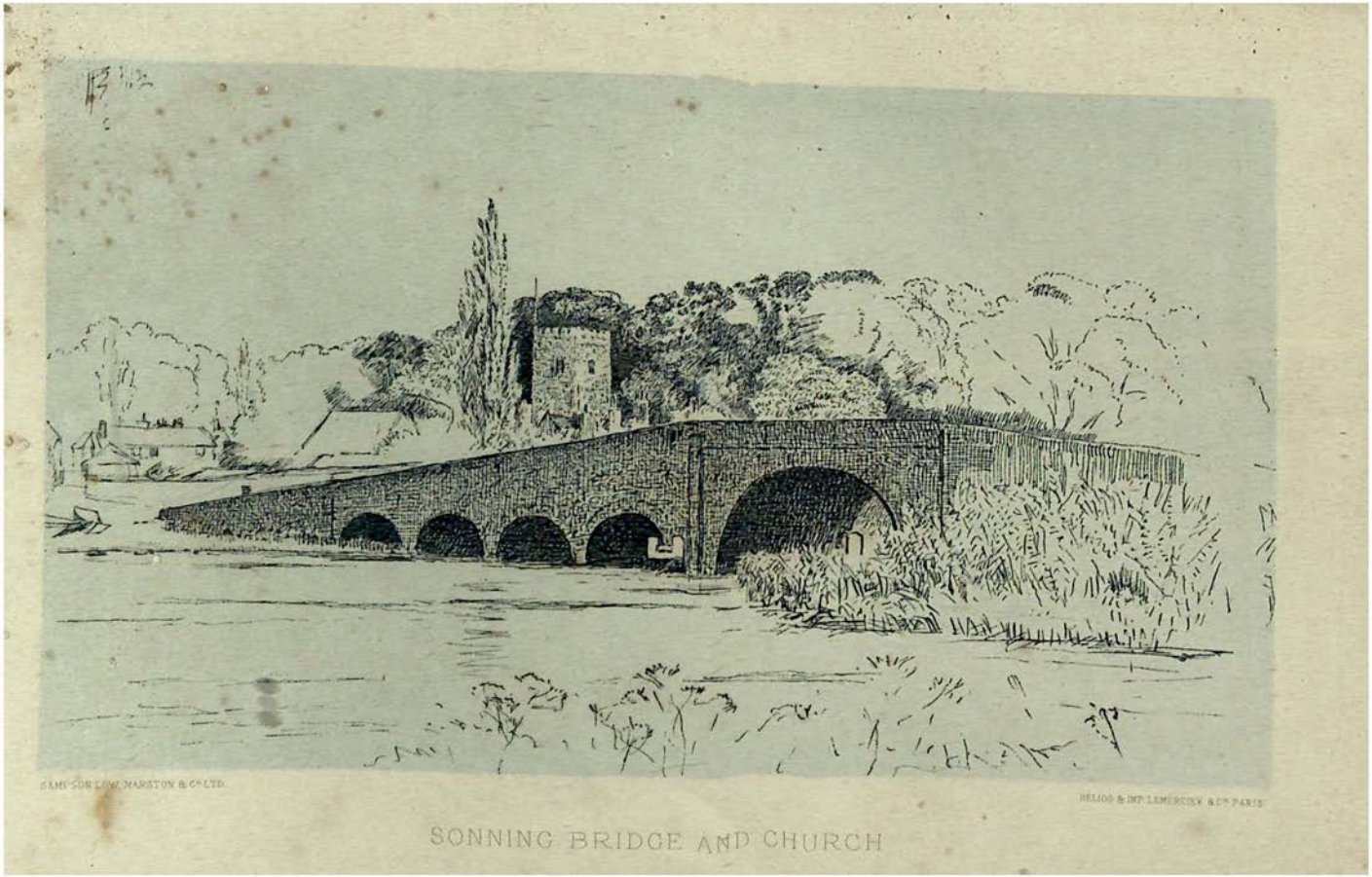
The "subject" mentioned in the following letter subsequently appeared in "Punch." The sketch, as given in the letter, is reproduced in facsimile on page 157. It will be found interesting to compare this with the woodcut of the finished picture on page 84 of "Our People." The "Shods" mentioned were certain wooden huts on the shore, used by Mr. Edwards and his friends as studios.

To Edwin Edwards, Esq.

"55, Baker Street.
"Thursday night.
[*September* 13, 1867.]

"DEAR EDWARDS,

"I had to finish my note to Mrs. Edwards in a hurry to save the post, and forgot two or three things. I return your pencil I took away inadvertently; and will you get Robert to take those leather leggings and leave them at Cobb's lodgings with C. Keene's compliments and thanks? They hang up in my bedroom. I've digested that subject you gave me—over leaf. Submit it to Jeaffreson, because he gave me very kindly a legend for it, but I've shortened it very much. Jot down any other subjects that strike you. London seems very dull and empty. I don't know yet whether I shall be able to do my Scotch trip, but shall if I can. The moon is shining brightly now, and I'm with you and —— in fancy, at the 'Shods.' For God's sake don't set 'em alight, they're combustible places I



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should think. If I can do anything for you or Mrs. C—— command me.

"Yours,

"CHARLES KEENE."

To Edwin Edwards, Esq.

"Ultima Thule,
"Aber-r-r-deen,
"Thursday.
[*September*, 20, 1867.]

"DEAR EDWARDS,

"I forget whether in that hurried note I sent you just before I started if I thanked you sufficiently for your jolly long letter, which I appreciate the more because I know how tired and somnolent your many hours of hard work in the open air must make you. I received your present of the basket of mushrooms just before I started. I suppose Mrs. C—— left it as I wasn't in at the time. I handed the contents to my housekeeper, except the specimen of Agaricus Procerus, which I hung up. I was rather nervous afterwards, thinking, in case she eat them all, and there being some maglignant ones amongst them, that I might be recalled to town on 'Crowner's Quest,' but was reassured yesterday on seeing the 'Times' newspaper. I had a very fatiguing journey up to Edinbro', as I had not the length of the carriage seat to myself, and can't sleep doubled up. I had not a very easy night's rest. It was a very fine sight coming into Newcastle about half-past four, just getting light; I think the finest grey picture I ever saw. I've never seen anything

like it ever painted, and for a day-dawn picture I don't think you'd find a more elig—(don't know how to spell it)—a more convenient place in Christendom.

"Got to Edinbro' about half-past eight; admired the *coup d'oieul* (*sic*) (that's a suspicious word), and got a wash and shave and breakfast, and then, with some difficulty, from not being acquainted with the Scottish language, found my way a few miles by rail to my friend; loafed and dined with him and came back to Edinbro'; walked about the city at dusk—then it was very fine and mysterious, certainly—and at nine o'clock at night started for this place, getting here dead beat at three a.m. My friends here, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, are most congenial people, and quite of our sort. I've been loafing about looking at this curious granite city. One thing about the place interests me particularly. They only build *sailing ships* here, and the hammering of the wooden bolts, instead of the iron (and they only build *wooden ships*), is most musical to my ear. It's a caller air here though, and I've not sketched much. I lack your example rather, I fancy. We are going a jaunt to Dunottar Castle on Saturday, and on Tuesday next I return to Edinbro' for a couple of days, and then I shall come back by boat, and if we pass the Suffolk coast in the daytime I shall look out for your poles with the best glass I can borrow in the ship, and wish I was ashore, I dare say.

"I hope you are getting on well with the Walberswick picture, and find my outlines 'right side up' still. And —— also, who had my valuable assistance

in that respect, will take advantage of it by turning out a 'liner' for next year's Exhibition. Persuade her to make an etching, and recollect my name's down for proofs.

"I send you a little 'lied' we must learn by heart, parodied from recollection, and as I know nothing of German, won't answer for the spelling of the words. You must learn the first part.

"I dined at Holland Park on Saturday; it appears all our music was sent from thence. Tell —— I mean to make myself quite perfect in that 'Bianca Lura' by the next time we meet. I'll send you those trios I spoke to you about, and when my 'liberty''s over and I settle down in town I'll diligently get up my guitar part in view of future concerts. Will you ask Mrs. Edwards to get Court to print me a very dark copy of that photo group in which ——'s face comes against the book, as unless it is printed very strongly the outline of the profile is lost. I hope this letter will reach you by Sunday, but I don't know how the post goes here; and I will drop you a line directly I get back, which will be about the end of next week. I'm just now going to the market in the 'Place,' to pick up some properties and mementoes of this northern capital, and shall bring something home for you. And with kindest regards to Mrs. Edwards—I hope she is better—

"I am, yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

Writing to Mr. Edwards this same month, he says:

"I have a subject for which I want a surtout coat, so I will make a study of your best." This will serve as a good text from which to say a few words as to one prevailing characteristic of Keene's method.

It was an unvarying rule with him, where in any way practicable, to draw direct from nature, or if not from nature, from the model. As we have seen above, in his Strand studio a prominent object was the large cheval glass, before which he would pose as his own model, and, after his death, large parcels of these studies, done chiefly upon the insides of old envelopes which he had treasured up for the purpose, were found amongst his papers. Any envelopes would not do, and he chiefly affected certain brown-coloured ones, which he received in correspondence with Mr. Swain.

Always on the look out for subjects for his pen which might prove useful, for many years he made a practice of carrying an exciseman's ink-bottle tied on to his waistcoat button, and a sketch-book in his pocket, so as to be ready to catch any passing incident, face, or expression. The length to which he would carry this conscientious determination of his to do his best, even in the drawing of the most trivial object, is well illustrated by the following story, told to me by Mrs. Edwards.

One day a lady friend, a lecturer upon hygienic costume, said to her, "I wonder whether Mr. Keene would draw me a picture of a down-trodden, high-heeled shoe, to illustrate my subject." Mrs. Edwards said she would see. Accordingly the next time he

came to Golden Square, where she then lived, she made the request.

"Very well," said Keene; "but I must have a high-heeled shoe to do it from."

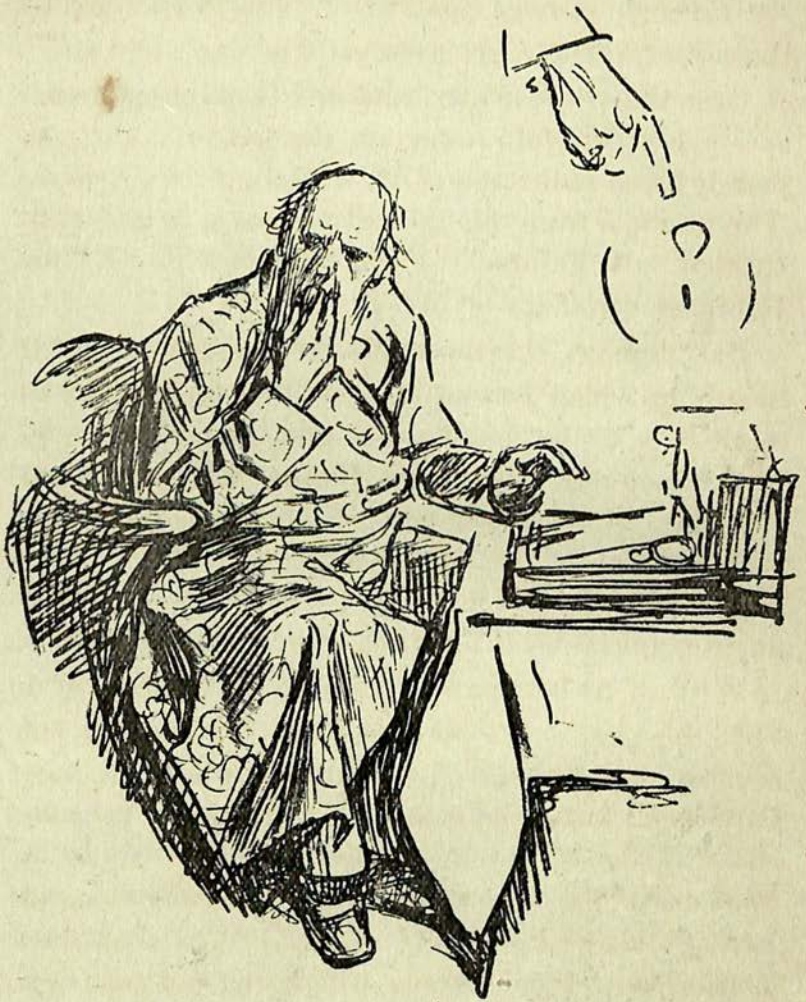
"Oh, you can do it well enough out of your head," said Mrs. Edwards; "and, besides that, I've not got such a thing in the house."

"Indeed," answered Keene, "I can do no such thing. Get me one of the servants' shoes. They probably wear high heels."

Nor would he consent to make the drawing until this was done, and an old boot duly placed in position on the piano, when he set to work and produced a most admirable *portrait* of it, which is now preserved as a great treasure by the lucky recipient.

Whether the writer in "*La Chronique des Arts*" is right in saying that he would often induce a hansom cabman to yield up his driving seat (I presume whilst on the rank) to avoid the inconvenience of making his studies of the streets amidst their jostling crowds, I cannot say, although it is easily believable; but certain it is that he was often to be found standing at street corners and shop-windows coolly and unconcernedly jotting down his pictorial notes. One day a friend found him, in broad daylight, in Regent Street, drawing from the pavement a new sausage machine, but recently invented. Not shirking publicity where, as in this case, he found it necessary to his work, he nevertheless gladly embraced the opportunity of being protected from

the vulgar gaze, and begged his friend to conceal him. This, by means of an umbrella, he was able



Vide LETTER TO MR. TUER AS TO TYPEWRITER.

to do, and under its welcome shelter Keene worked away until the study was completed.

Apropos to this scrupulous regard of his for accu-

racy of detail, we find him writing to Mr. Tuer: "Have you a figure of a type-writer, or can you give me a rough sketch, this view? I've been looking through the trade circular advts. and can't find one." A facsimile of the sketch enclosed is given opposite, surely a wonderful production, dashed off as it was merely as an indication of an accidental requirement. The woodcut from the finished picture is to be found, entitled "A Failure," on page 87 of "Punch" for February 25, 1888.

But, perhaps, the most charming example of the length to which he would carry this consistency of method is to be found in a photograph taken by Mr. Heseltine, with whom Keene was staying at the time, of the artist perched on the summit of a high step-ladder, for the purpose of getting a study of the porch of his host's house from the particular angle required for his picture.

Writing to his friend Mr. Stewart, September 1, 1878, he says: "I shall try and do that subject you suggested of the Cricket Match and Bull Terrier, but I don't know the game. As you're on the spot, and Charlie is a player, you know all about it. Send us a plan where the 'legs' and fielders stand. Perhaps Willie F—— will know." And then, in a postscript: "I only know where the batsmen and bowlers stand." Here follows a plan of wickets and batsmen and bowlers, *all wrong*.

These must suffice as examples of Keene's infinite capacity for taking pains. I cannot refrain, however, before bringing this chapter to a close, from quoting

some excellent advice given to the same friend, which incidentally shows the importance he attached to the general adoption of this painstaking method. "What do you mean," he writes, "that you have been working, but without success? Do you mean

SKETCH OF HIMSELF IN LIEU OF SIGNATURE TO A LETTER.

that you cannot get the price you ask? then sell it for less, till, by practice, you shall improve, and command a better price. Or do you only mean that you are not satisfied with your work? nobody ever was that I know, except J—— W——. Peg away! While you're at work you must be improving. . . . Do something from Nature indoors when you cannot get out, to keep your hand and eye in practice.

Don't get into the way of working too much at your drawings away from Nature."

On the opposite page is a portrait of himself, drawn in lieu of signature to a letter to Mr. Edwards, on November 23 of this year.[1]

[1] Amongst the numerous sketches of C. K. by himself in "Punch" may be mentioned those at the head of the Index of the first half-yearly volume of this year (1867); at commencement of vol. lvii., 1869; ditto, vol. lxxiii., 1877; in "Harmony," June 18, 1881; in "Walton's Complete Bungler," September 10, 1881, and in "Number One," February 11, 1888; and amongst the portraits of him by Mr. du Maurier, those on January 20, 1866, and October 5, 1867.

CHAPTER VI.

1869—1871.

Bagpipes.—Letter, Oct. 26, 1869.—Mr. J. Sands.—His Reminiscences of Keene.—Extracts from letter to Mr. Crawhall on Bagpipes.—The Practice-stick.—Breton Bagpipe.—Northumberland Pipe reeds.—The Beethoven of Bagpipers.—Dentistry and mouthpieces.—Enthusiastic Piper in Hyde Park.—Dr. Ellis, F.R.S.—Mr. A. J. Hipkins.—Experiments with Scheibler Tonometer.—The Stockhorn.—His godson a Piper.—Bagpipes at the Siamese Legation.—A Hoax.—Life at "Tig."—Letter, Jan. 9, 1869.

THE year 1869 was marked by the appearance of a new musical craze. It was in this year that Keene first took up, with his usual enthusiastic thoroughness, the study of an instrument, whose archaic origin and *caviare* quaintness were peculiarly attractive to a man of his fantastic turn.

As time went on, and he grew more and more practically familiar with them and studied their fascinating history, his love for the bagpipes amounted almost to a passion. His letters, as will be seen, teem with allusions to them, and are so informed with a genuine enthusiasm that they almost inspire

the reader, for the time being, with a similar zeal. Their origin; their varieties, from the powerful and elaborate Irish to the small and sweeter-toned Northumbrian; their different parts, the keys, pipe-reeds, drones, and chaunters; their different scales; their makers and the makers of their different parts; the music written for them, the marches, pibrochs, strathspeys, and reels, all come in for animated discussion and nice comparison.

The first mention of his new "craze" is to be found in the following letter, so breezy and delightful that it shall be given in full.

To Edwin Edwards, Esq.

"55, Baker Street.
[*October* 26, 1869.]

"DEAR MASTER,

"I have not had much to write about since you left, and not much leisure from work, but now I'm hard at the pocket-book etching, and, as I don't torture my eyes with this by gaslight, I take the pleasant opportunity of having a 'crack' with you. I hear you've had bad weather for out-door work, not bad enough to stop you though, I apprehend, but it must have been irksome to your pupils. I hope the ladies are all well. I'm sorry (selfishly) to hear you think of wintering again at the Land's End, so we loafers will miss our pleasant afternoon's half-hour in Piccadilly, but I fancy you are impatient to test your moveable studio. I've had no holiday since you left, haven't even been down to Tig.

This aggravated me somewhat as the summer waned, but I've got over it now. I haven't learnt a tune on my 'great bagpipes' yet (I forget whether you know of this new musical vagary of mine), but have made acquaintance with an eccentric old Scot who is an enthusiastic lover of that dulcet instrument, has a collection of them and fiddles and guitars, but the pipes and Banffshire tunes (!) before all. I was saying to him that, admiring the pipes as I did, perhaps from the threatening character of the instrument, it was better suited to 'the field,' in other words, 'out o' doors.' Oh! he said, he liked 'em in a small room, with the floor shaking under your feet and the windows rattling with the vibration. Again about pipes: MacCallum (he's back) tells me his father's piper, who makes them besides, has fabricated a set with very small drones, so that they sound like a nest of hornets buzzing an accompaniment! That must be very jolly. Don't forget to send me any pleasantry that may have come under your 'ken';—may help me in the Almanac: I heard of an artist subject the other day—a landscape painter at work out of doors; large canvas and palette, etc.; two countrymen looking on. Says one, 'He's a-paintin' two pictures at oncet! I likes the one he's got his thumb through the best!' I called on Mrs. C—— yesterday; Lucas and his little bride were there. —— is going to learn Persian of a learned Pundit. It appears that Persian poetry is very fine. The only specimen I could recollect was a translation of a love-song, beginning

'My heart is like a piece of meat put down to roast'! Old Lascarides said, although it sounds queer in translation it might be very beautiful in the original; so it might, but it isn't for the likes of me and my bagpipes to gird at anybody else in the pursuit of learning. Mrs. C—— is still on the look-out for a house; they talk about one at Kensington. Mills has thrown over strings and taken violently to the flute—wants to get up a quartette of four of 'em in my rooms! I'm indifferent hardy, but I fancy I should like to have an extra flannel shirt to sit in such a thorough draught![1] Won't you winter in London now? Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Edwards and the Paintresses.

"'Adichat.'

"Yours ever,

"C. K."

Some seven years before this Keene had made the acquaintance of Mr. J. Sands, subsequently the author of "King James's Wedding, and Other Rhymes," illustrated by C. K. This gentleman has kindly sent me some recollections of a friendship which lasted for many years. Dealing largely, as they do, with Keene's earliest devotion to the bagpipes, they will find fitting insertion here.

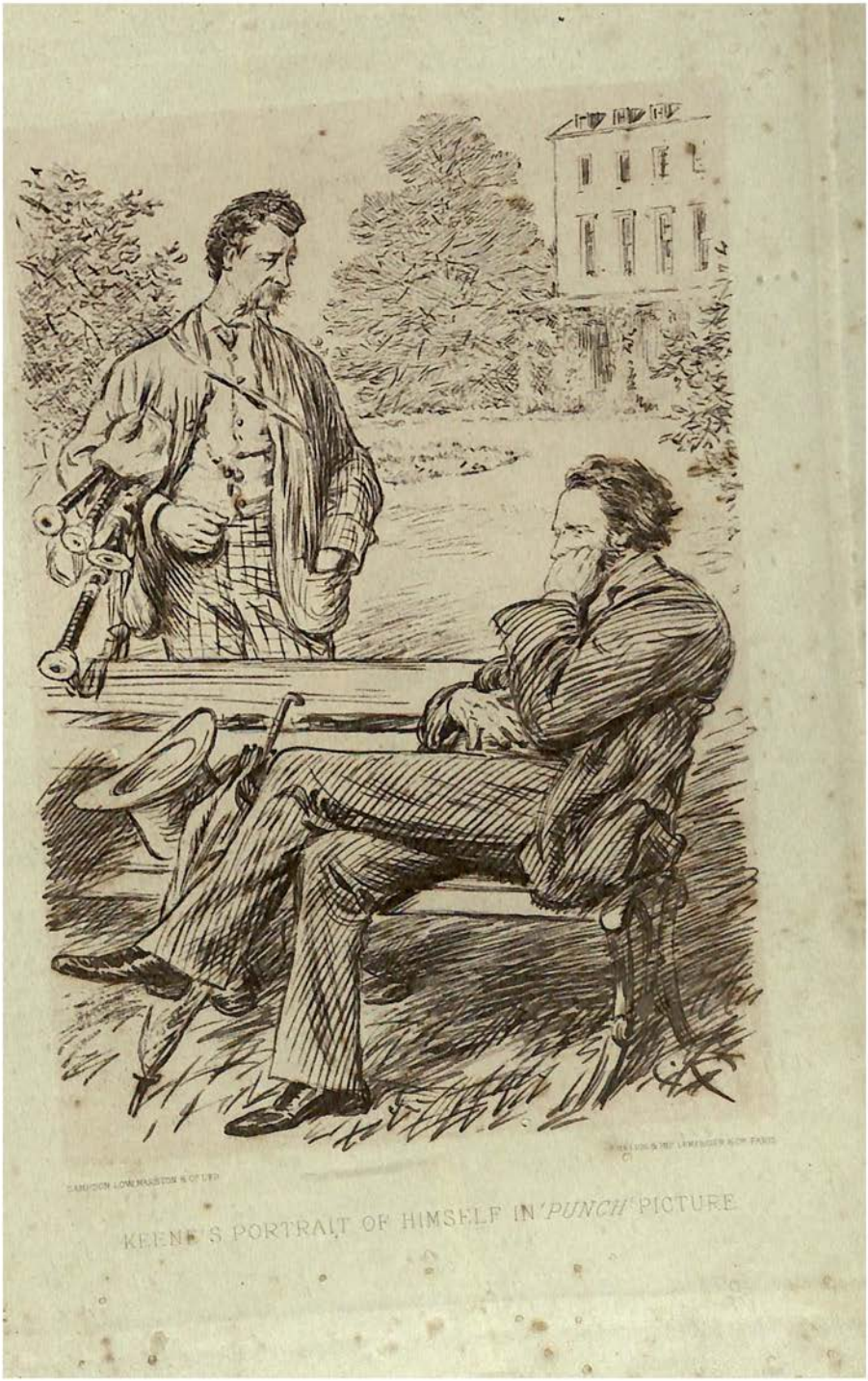
"In the winter of 1862," writes Mr. Sands, "I accompanied a friend to a dingy studio in a back court in Clipstone Street, where I was introduced to the tenant, Charles Keene. He was then in the noon of life and full of vigour. He was tall, and

[1] This afterwards took definite shape in a "Punch" picture.

walked with a stalwart step. He had a finely-formed head, covered with a crop of short jet-black curly hair. His face, if not classical, was striking. His eyebrows were thick and black, and his eyes were open, grey, and luminous.

"He had a trick, when telling a funny story, of winking the wrong way—of opening one eye instead of shutting it. His nostrils were large, and looked, when he was particularly animated, as if he were snorting. I never saw him in a rage, but can imagine that if he had been sufficiently provoked he would have been savage enough. The acquaintance thus commenced ripened into friendship, which endured until the close of his life—for he was very faithful and constant in his attachments. I then resided in Albany Street, Regent's Park, and he would call pretty often and invite me to a Bohemian party in his studio, which was not far distant. He himself was temperate to a fault, both in eating and drinking, but at such convivial meetings he would circulate the bottle, and be the gayest of the gay.

"He smoked incessantly, and generally sat clasping his ankles, with his feet on the chair. When I left London I met him frequently at the home of a mutual friend at Reigate, whither he went to spend the Sunday. On one occasion I was one of a party who paid him a visit at Witley, where he had a cottage, to which he would occasionally retreat to enjoy the country air and the society of Mr. Birket Foster and other artist friends. I remember we walked to Hazlemere, and that on our return Keene



KEENE'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF IN *'PUNCH'* PICTURE

and I took tea alone in his cottage. After tea he sat in shirt sleeves on the sill of the wide-open window, twanging a guitar and looking the picture of perfect happiness.

"When I left England for Scotland, and subsequently for South America, we fostered our friendship by frequent correspondence. A letter from him (sometimes accompanied by the gift of an antique tobacco-pipe) would make a sunshine to me in many a shady place. I think (but I have a wretched memory for dates) that it was in 1869 he paid his first visit to Scotland and to me. I was then residing in a cottage occupied by my mother, near Edinburgh. Keene was a good pedestrian, and we roamed over the district, on one occasion walking as far as Lauder, a distance of about twenty-four miles I should guess. He would take no refreshments by the way, and reproved me for expressing a desire for bread and cheese and a glass of ale. Shortly before this visit he had become a zealous convert to the bagpipes, a set of which he brought with him. I invited some artists with whom I was acquainted (amongst others the late G. Paul Chalmers) to meet him, and in the evening we all went to the garden and engaged in the vulgar game of pitch and toss. Keene threw his penny in a half-hearted sort of way, and that done, resumed the practice of his darling instrument.

"I think I see him now, a picturesque figure, standing under an apple-tree with the drones over his shoulder, whilst the group of gamblers kept

glancing at him with smiling faces. The same party, together with others (all Academicians), entertained him to dinner in an Edinburgh hotel and paid him every compliment, but not in their corporate capacity. Once that Keene's ears were opened to the wild beauty and grandeur of bagpipe music he determined to study it thoroughly. Every spare moment was devoted to the practice-chanter and great Highland pipes, or *Piob mhor*, and I am afraid the sudden and violent exercise to his lungs did not improve his health.

"I noticed that a writer in a weekly newspaper supposed that Keene had selected the bagpipes as his instrument from the facility with which it can be learned. There could not be a greater mistake. The bagpipes (as Keene was well aware) is a most difficult instrument to perform on properly. In the olden time, when there was a bagpipe college in Skye, the pupils required to spend seven years in acquiring the fingering of the *Piobaireachd;* and this was the class of music with which Keene was fascinated. He played a few marches, but reels were *caviare* to him. I am afraid that his passion for the bagpipes was the real reason of his being obliged to leave his studio in Baker Street, as well as the first he occupied in Chelsea. To economize time he made a dumb chanter from the leg of a chair, and would practise his fingers on it when on the top of an omnibus or when conversing with a friend. Through me he bought bagpipes of all sorts and sizes, and friends presented him with sets.

Mackay's and Macdonald's collections of pibrochs he also bought.

"Keene came again to see me in 1871, when I was residing in another cottage in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. I remember we walked into town on the centenary of Sir Walter Scott, and met a procession of circus performers, dressed to represent the characters in the novels, a spectacle which made Keene smile. There was no popular enthusiasm, such as blazed out on the centenary of Burns. At the end of the cottage in which I abode there was a little lawn, bounded by a wood, and there Keene would sit for half a summer day, dressed in knickerbockers and with head uncovered, playing the chanter. Whilst so engaged he was often interrupted by a little maiden named Alice, who handed him imaginary tea in beech leaves or inverted mushrooms, at which he did not seem to be at all annoyed. On the contrary, he would lay his chanter on the music-stand and enter into the childish game with the utmost gravity. 'A little more sugar, if you please, Alice; I have a sweet tooth. How very refreshing a cup of tea is, to be sure,' etc. I admired his good temper.

"On his third and last visit to me I remember we went together to Hawthornden, and saw Roslin Chapel and Castle, and made a trip to the house of a friend in Aberdeen. We spent a day at Dunnottar Castle. From that time, which was early in the seventies, until last year[1] I did not meet him.

[1] 1890.

On my return from a trip to Holland in June last I happened to be in London, and took the opportunity of going, along with a friend, to see him. He was sitting in his library, with his feet swollen and resting on a chair, and his face shockingly cadaverous—the whole man the wreck and shadow of his former self. He, however, insisted, our interview being over, on showing us to the door, where he stood for a few minutes waving his hand in what he evidently thought was a last adieu, as it proved to be.

"Although Keene attained to eminence as a humorous draughtsman, I do not think that humour was his bent. By nature he was earnest and thoughtful, and had fortune so directed he would have excelled as a historical painter. But his abilities were not limited to art. He would have made a name in literature if he had practised it with the same assiduity as he did drawing. He possessed the faculty of taking infinite pains, of grudging no labour, which is said to be the characteristic of genius. He read a great deal considering the little leisure at his disposal, and what he read he digested and remembered. As a friend I always found him eager to help me in my aims. For several little books I had written he did what he could to promote the circulation, and for the last effort of my pen he made drawings, spending a fortnight of his precious time in the work. In short, he did all he could to put a square peg into a round hole.

"J. Sands.

"Walls, Shetland."

The following extracts from a long letter to Mr. Crawhall, commenced on January 8, but bearing the postmark "March 3, 1876," will show the thoroughness with which he entered into the fascinating study of that instrument which "sings i' the nose":—

"Have you made any additions to your 'Peacock's'[1] collection and mastered the 'practice-stick'?[2] I found out a jolly tune the other day that I've got very fond of in Glen's[3] book, 'The Drover Boys.' I fancy, from its harping so much on the common chord of G, that it must be a Northumberland pipe tune. If you would like a beautiful, sad, slow march (funeral anthem for bagpipe), as grateful to the ear as that 'Battle of Killiecrankie' is savage, I will

[1] This, no doubt, refers to the now practically unprocurable collection of Northumbrian music known as Peacock's. A copy of this Mr. Crawhall had made the nucleus of a further collection of tunes in manuscript. Keene who, with Mr. Chappell and other musicians, had it in hand some time, also made considerable additions to it.

[2] Of this Mr. Crawhall writes: "Glen, in his 'Complete Tutor for the Great Highland Bagpipe,' tells us 'the practice-chanter is what the learner commences with. It is more difficult to blow than the bagpipes, from having no bag or reservoir to hold the wind, but it serves to give the fingering of the instrument without the loudness of the bagpipes, and is therefore better adapted for playing in a room.' It is, in fact, an instrument of the nature of a flageolet in form, and K. either made himself, or *had* made, a dummy model of solid wood, the holes about a quarter of an inch deep, which he carried in his pocket, in order to practise the fingering of tunes when on the street or elsewhere."

[3] "The Glens," says Sir George Grove, in the "Dictionary of Music," "are now chiefly noted for their bagpipes, of which they are the recognized best makers." 1879.

copy, and send you for the book, 'Lord Lovat's March. It's charming. How I should like to hear it played! By-the-by, one of the most comical airs I ever found is that 'Cow's Courant' in your book. I can hardly play it for laughing. There is one peculiarity about *our* instrument, that one would rather *hear* it played than perform oneself! at least I find it so. I have just had the opportunity of getting a Breton bagpipe ('Binion'). It is coming from Brest, made by one of the best artists of the department. I fancy it has only one drone. I have asked for a book of the tunes they play, but am doubtful if they have anything in that way." Here he breaks off for a few lines to refer to some commonplace topic, but cannot tear himself away for long from the fascinating subject. He goes on: "I suppose, now old R——'s gone, there's nobody to make Northumberland pipe reeds. If you know of anybody I wish you would let me know. I heard a beautiful player once in London, a friend of old R——'s from Newcastle, but forget his name. He spoke of several gentlemen pupils he had—a short, neatly-dressed, jolly-looking little man; I fancy I heard he was a shoemaker. I heard from Glen lately that there was a prospect of some old MS. pibrochs being published. I've lately learnt two fine ones, 'The Massacre of Glencoe' and 'Macintosh's Lament.' Do you know them? They are in Mackay's collection."

On another occasion he wrote: "I want to send you another 'wail,' the 'lament' of the great Mr. C——, the Beethoven of pipers. I came across it in

that novel of Black's, 'The Maid of Sker,' and I fancy I've read of its being forbidden to be played

A SHEPHERD.

in some campaign, it made the Highlanders so miserable."

In February, 1884, again: "I find since the dentist has been at my mouth that I cannot play the

great pipes comfortably with a stiff mouthpiece. Some day this year I must go up to Edinburgh and consult Glen. A piece of flexible tube on the mouthpiece will put it right, I fancy."

These are but examples of what we shall find scattered lavishly throughout the letters given later on *in extenso*. As may be imagined, his knowledge of the bagpipes led to Keene's being much appreciated by the country people on his constant visits to Scotland, and indeed it was mainly in the "land o' cakes" that he found he could practice uninterruptedly to his heart's content. As may be imagined, in London this pursuit did not meet with the appreciation he felt was its due, and there were limits even to his braving of public opinion.

On January 15, 1877, he writes to Mr. Crawhall: "I am afraid I am getting rusty with my big pipes (though I work with the practice-stick), but I'm in hopes of getting up to the Highlands this year, and then I'll have a spell at them. I met an amateur practising in Hyde Park the other night about eleven o'clock. I wish I had the cheek to do that."

Hating as he did notoriety of every kind, it is amusing to find, when his beloved pipes are in question, how with an almost childish glee he writes to Mr. Crawhall that his name has had the honour to be connected publicly with them. "Ellis,"[1] he writes, "(translator of Helmholtz, etc., member of the Dialectical Society, etc.) has been preparing a paper for the Royal Society on the scale of the

[1] Dr Alexander J. Ellis, B.A., F.R.S.

bagpipe and other ancient eastern instruments.[1] He says he has brought in my name! as having assisted him!"

Associated with Keene and Dr. Ellis in this experiment was Mr. A. J. Hipkins, whose name alone is sufficient guarantee for the value of any investigations made into the peculiarities of ancient and modern musical instruments. He has been good enough to provide me with the interesting quotation from the "Journal of the Society of Arts" here referred to. It is somewhat technical, and therefore I have thought best thrown into an Appendix.[2]

Of the occasion on which these instructive results were obtained Mr. Hipkins writes: "The 5th of August, 1884, I find, was the evening Keene and I dined with Ellis and had the bagpipe trial. This trial was made with a Scheibler tonometer of tuning forks, comprised in an octave, and tuned about four vibrations a second from each other. The said tonometer is now at South Kensington, in the Science Museum. If you will look in Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' vol. i., article 'Bagpipe,' written by the late Dr. W. H. Stone, you will find a description of C. Keene's Northumberland pipes, now in my pos-

[1] "The bagpipe appears on a coin of Nero, who, according to Suetonius, was himself a performer upon it. It is mentioned by Procopius as the instrument of war of the Roman infantry."—GROVE'S *Dictionary of Music.*

[2] See Appendix C.

session.[1] C. Keene contributed to the Music Loan Collection, comprised in the Inventions Exhibition

A VILLAGE HAMPDEN.

of 1885, the *stockhorn* (Lowland shepherd's pipe), which is also now mine."

It was about this time that Keene discovered that a godson "of mine has turned out a first-rate piper,

[1] These were a dying present from Keene to his friend.

and he skirled away the best part of the day (Sunday, too, and thorough Scotch mother and father!). I call him my pupil, but he found it out for himself." This gave him, as may be imagined, immense gratification.

The only further mention of this hobby of Keene's, in this place, shall be the following extract from an undated letter to Mr. Crawhall.

"I've had a letter from an official of the Siamese Legation! to the effect that H.A.H. the King of Siam had bought two sets of bagpipes, and wanted to know how his henchmen were to be taught; that they didn't know anything about them, etc., and that little Glen had referred them to me! and whether I'd call! This must have been a lark of little Glen's! I'll tell you how I have settled it after I've answered his letter!"

History, however, affords no account of any *dénouement*, but I am informed by Mr. Frederick Verney, Secretary of the Siamese Legation, that foundation for the preliminary statement as to the purchase there certainly was. "A Siamese band," he says, "of about a dozen musicians was sent to England during the Health Exhibition, and performed frequently in the Albert Hall and elsewhere on their own native instruments. While here two of them were taught by a sergeant-major in a Highland regiment how to play the bagpipes, and I am told they learnt to do so remarkably well. The amusing part of it is that Siamese musicians are accustomed to sitting down while playing, but

the sergeant-major would not allow this, and he cleared out a room in a neighbouring house and insisted on his pupils marching round and round while they were playing, the necessity for which they could never understand, but which their instructor considered absolutely essential."

During these years Keene was a constant visitor to "Tig," as he called the cottage at Witley. Here he found the quiet which suited him. Added to this, the society of the Birket Fosters at "The Hill," with whom he was on the closest terms of intimacy, was a source of unvarying delight. Here, also, many other friends from time to time would become near neighbours for the summer months, amongst whom may be mentioned Mr. J. P. Heseltine, who took a cottage near him in this year (1869), and Mr. Mills in 1871, besides Mr. J. M. Stewart, who became a resident there several years before his death. The following letter will give some idea of his zest for the amusements which the place afforded.

To Edwin Edwards, Esq.

"Tigbourne Cottage,
"Witley. near Godalming,
"New Year's Day, 1869.

"Dear Master,

"I greet you and the mistress very heartily, wishing you both many happy New Years, and I hope you've had a jolly Christmas; and in saying this to you I mean, principally, fine weather for painting. My joviality has been of a more vulgar

character, for instance, the pleasant sensation of not being very hard at work after several weeks of 'fag,' the being in the country, not seeing any newspapers and with no means of knowing what day of the week it is, and therewithal the regular festivities of the season carried on by my friends down here with an old-fashioned vehemence that carries you away and fatigues you very effectively. I got down here on the Monday before Christmas Day, and kept quiet and did a little work, and on Christmas Eve the guests came in a body down by the afternoon train, and we all dined at the Hill at six o'clock in the big room. The fiddle and 'arp came at the same time, and soon after dinner we set 'em to work, and danced till about three in the morning, including supper, which is a *sine qua non* at the Hill whatever time you dine. I had heard from the chaplain of the King Edward School that they were going to sing 'noels' on Christmas morning. The schoolmaster has coached up a quire from among the boys, and I volunteered as a bass, so I was up again at 5.30, and we started at six to sing carols under our friends' windows. Such a sluggard as I may be allowed to boast of this feat. It was pitch dark, so we had to read our parts by the light of our lanterns, and it was very picturesque. The boys, wrapped up in their bed-blankets, were in high spirits, and, ye gods! how they did sing! I shan't forget the sound of those sturdy young trebles in the still morning in a hurry; it was splendid! Everybody was delighted. It was said we were heard a mile

off. We had lots of music at the Hill; can't say much for the vocal, though we did our best. Little Walker with his flute, and Long Jones with his violin, and another friend of Foster's with his tenor—it was a perpetual 'consort of viols.' A general tuning was very effective, and then Cooper used to come out with 'apples, oranges, ginger-beer, bill of the play'—very excellent fooling; and so it went on—breakfast, lunch, dinner, dancing, supper, and then dancing again; a comic song between whiles, followed by a violin concerto. Cooper was very great. It was very funny one day; when the three instrumentalists were talking serious shop he took up the violin and played very slowly and laboriously and out of tune about half a page of the Kreutzer Sonata. On the Saturday we all dressed in costume, down to the children, and so to dinner and then dancing again; but now the fiddle and 'arp got the best of us; at twelve o'clock they looked at their watches, pleaded religious scruples, and gave in! Then there was a comparative lull for a few days, broken only by the fitful scrapings of Jones and Walters in some remote apartment. We flared up again last night, and hailed the New Year with the usual ceremonies, and to-day all the guests have departed, and I've come back to my hermitage here; and now leap year is gone, and I'm a bachelor still. By-the-by, the widow that chose me last New Year's Day was here again, but she didn't renew her offer! . . . I had an 'invite' to Gloucester Gardens for last night, a small party to see in the New Year.

When I was there the other day —— said she had not been doing anything the last two or three months, neither music nor painting nor anything new! Isn't it a pity! I went to see Jemmy's pictures the day before I came down. I tried to persuade him to let drive at 'em. I don't believe he'll finish 'em till he does, so I told him he may as well do it now. I hope he will. Tell me what you've done when you write. My housekeeper has made me drink some elder wine; couldn't refuse it, wish I'd more moral courage; and the 'culsh' has made me feel sleepy and bilious, so I shall say good-bye and turn into my hammock. You said you should stay at Penberth all December. You may have left now, so I shall enclose this to Heseltine to send on, as I think I shall stay here till over Sunday.

"'Adichat.'

"Ever yours sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

CHAPTER VII.

1872—1874.

Photography and wood-blocks.—How a "Punch" picture is produced.—Mr. Tenniel's practice.—"Formes."—"Overlays."—Keene's inks.—Perplexities of his translators.—Mr. Swain.—King James' sea-sickness.—Keene's hatred of pedantry.—11, Queen's Road West.—Mr. F. Wilfrid Lawson.—An ordinary working day.—Letter, October 3, 1873.—The Coquet.—Letter, November 11, 1873.—Letter, December 19, 1873.—Chodowiecki.—Menzel.—Letter, April 1874.—Letter, August 18, 1874.—Letter, *circa* 1874—The Stockhorn.

UP to December, 1872, Keene had always made his finished drawings on the wood, but now a system was introduced by which a drawing on paper, of whatever size, could be transferred, without the artist's aid, in facsimile on to a block of the required dimensions. This result was brought about by means of photography, and materially altered the conditions under which much subsequent work in black and white was done. This change had, as we shall see, a curious effect upon the reproductions in "Punch" of some of Keene's later drawings. As in the case of most discoveries, the new method was not at once universally employed; and,

although a large number of the "Punch" blocks were immediately treated in this manner, it was not until some years later that Keene ceased altogether to make his drawings directly on to the wood.

A short account of the processes through which, since this innovation, a drawing passes before it appears in the pages of "Punch" may here be found of some interest.

When a drawing on paper is received from the artist, it is at once sent on to the photographer, together with a wood-block of the necessary size, the drawings being generally made larger than required for the printed pages. The photographer then takes a negative of the drawing and prints it on to the block, the surface of which is specially prepared. These blocks are made in several pieces bolted together.

The block, with the print of the drawing upon it, is next sent on to the master engraver, who divides it into its several sections, giving each piece to a separate hand to cut. This is absolutely necessary, so as to get the work done within the appointed time.

For example, Mr. Tenniel, who even now generally makes his drawings directly on to the block, sends in his cartoon, as a rule, about eight o'clock on Friday night. This block has to be unscrewed, engraved, screwed together again, and then finished off by the master engraver's own hand by nine o'clock at the latest on Saturday night. This would obviously be impossible without a division of labour.

The finished block is then handed over to the

printer, who takes four or five "pulls," or "proofs," as the first impressions are called, for his "overlays," which latter shall be described later on. The block is then put into one of the "formes" with the type—for pictures and letterpress are all printed at the same time. These "formes" are two large iron frames, called the "inner" and the "outer," each of which takes eight pages of "Punch" type and woodcuts. They have to be ready to begin printing from the very first thing on Monday morning; otherwise the required number for the week's issue would not be in time for publication.

Now, as to the use of the "overlays." It is a rough-and-ready method of bringing out the relative "tones" of the different parts of the picture. From one of the "proofs" the printer cuts away all the light parts of the picture, from another he cuts away all the half-tones, as well as the light parts, and from a third he cuts away everything save the solid blacks.

These "overlays" are then pasted one upon another, and fixed on to that part of the cylinder of the printing machine which, when revolving over the "forme," falls immediately upon the block. By this means greater pressure is brought to bear upon that portion of the paper which is to receive the impression of the woodcut than upon that portion which is to receive the impression of the type, and still greater pressure upon that portion which is to receive the darker than upon that portion which is to receive the lighter parts of the picture.

FORWARDS.

Printed from the "Punch" electrotype. Compare with process block opposite, and *vide* Preface.

FORWARDS

Keene's drawings suffered more than most in their reproduction. Manufacturing, as he did to a large extent, his own inks of various shades, he was able to obtain effects which no ingenuity could compass in the uncompromising blackness of printers' ink. To obtain anything approaching an adequate reproduction of the different values and atmospheric effects, elaborate and costly processes would have been necessary, altogether out of the question in a weekly journal of the nature of "Punch." What, however, was impossible there, has, without stint of experiment or expense, been accomplished in these pages, and for the first time the public, which is unfamiliar with the original drawings, is enabled to get an approximate notion of the unique beauty of Keene's method.

In addition to his use of home-made inks, Keene worked largely with small pieces of pointed wood lashed on to penholders, manufactured in lieu of pens by himself. With these he was able to put exquisitely soft touches and obtain delicate shades of expression, which were the despair of the most finished wood-engravers.

Nor were these the only peculiarities that put those who were to translate his work to perplexity. About the surface upon which he worked he had notions altogether his own. Very many delightful effects were produced in the originals by means of some peculiarity in the paper, of one particular instance of which there will be more to say anon.

As Mr. Swain writes, "he had the strongest

aversion to drawing-paper or Bristol boards, preferring any scrap, even a half sheet of note-paper, with a rough grain and coloured by age. He would often put in a slight wash and then work over it with ink or chalk, and sometimes pencil. In fact, it was impossible for any one unacquainted with his method to ascertain the means by which he obtained these effects."

By the kindness of Mr. Buncle, of Arbroath, the publisher of Mr. Sand's "King James's Wedding," illustrated by Keene, and of which mention will be made further on, I was enabled to see some of the original drawings. For that of King James in the throes of desperate sea-sickness, the artist had chosen an ancient scrap of paper of the most telling greeny yellowness of hue, which heightened in an extraordinary manner the miserable look upon the monarch's face, who—

"Looking glum and green,
Sits with a basin resting on his knee."

This adventitious effect is, of course, inevitably missing in the reproduction.

"Draw a thing as you see it," was Keene's almost invariable answer to questions as to method. Art discussions of all sorts he tabooed, and laughed at the distinctions between landscape and portrait painters. "If a man can draw, he can draw anything," he would say. Pressed one day on a walk with other young artists as to how he would express up-hill and down-hill in a picture, he took his stick, and said, "If I want to draw up-hill, I draw it

like that," making a diagonal mark from bottom to top on the ground, "and if I want down-hill, like this," making a similar mark, only from top to bottom. Nothing would induce him to discuss methods seriously. What he could do he could do by means best known to himself, and nothing was to be gained by argument.

Without being in the slightest degree self-sufficient, he had a just and undemonstrative confidence in the rules of procedure by which his method was governed, and which he had evolved out of his own experience. He cared not to listen to the pedantry of others, and shrank from making what "The Rambler" calls "an unseasonable ostentation of learning" himself. That he carried this rule at times too far, and was apt somewhat unfairly to look upon legitimate interchange of opinions as necessarily a display of coxcombry, cannot be denied, but it was all part and parcel of the man's habitual hatred of every kind of boastfulness, and his suspicion that discussion spelt display.

In 1873 we find Keene again changing his quarters for 11, Queen's Road West, after nearly ten years over Messrs. Elliott and Fry's, in Baker Street. The new studio was part of a charming old house now no longer standing, having been pulled down some years later for the purpose of prolonging Tite Street into Tedworth Square.

Soon after Keene removed there, Mr. F. Wilfrid Lawson, the well-known artist, took the whole house, Keene continuing to occupy two of the rooms. Here

he massed together that extraordinary miscellaneous collection of properties the general effect of which nobody who ever saw them is ever likely to forget—old swords, iron gauntlets, a full-sized headless barrel of a wooden horse, and saddle for an equestrian sitter, a wardrobe of female dresses of archaic and most unbecoming patterns, coats and waistcoats of various rustic types, drawing-boards, books, and countless folios of prints collected ever since he was a boy, all heaped together in bewildering confusion.

Of one of his ordinary working days Mr. Mills gives me the following account: "He breakfasted about nine o'clock, his meal consisting generally of porridge, bacon (cooked to a cinder), fruit tart, and jam. He then walked to his studio, regardless of weather, never in the heaviest rain using an umbrella. When his studio was in Baker Street he usually dined at Pamphilon's, a restaurant near Oxford Circus. When at Chelsea he was wont, there being presumably no restaurant within reach, to cook his own dinner, consisting (so far as meat was concerned) of a stew concocted of beefsteak, potatoes, and onions, which he would leave to simmer in an earthen pot over a small gas-jet arrangement until about five o'clock (he ate no lunch); he would 'set-to,' eating his meal in a small kitchen near his room, and always reading during his repast. He invariably wound up with bread and jam. He drank nothing at dinner, but made himself some coffee afterwards. There he would remain until eleven or twelve, when he trudged home. On Saturday nights he frequently, if not

generally, dined at the Arts Club. On Sunday he dined either at that club or with his old friend Mr. J. P. Heseltine, of Queen's Gate, in either case coming to my house about ten o'clock for an hour's chat and smoke."

Such was Keene's everyday life, varied, as we have seen, by frequent visits to "Tig," and an occasional visit to his friends in Suffolk or the North.

From the former place he writes :—

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.[1]

"Tigbourne Cottage,
"Witley, Godalming, Surrey.
[*October* 3, 1873.]

"DEAR MR. CRAWHALL,

"On my return to town from a short trip a week or so ago I found your kind present of the little book of verses, which I shall value very much, and thank you very heartily for remembering me. I was very busy in London preparing to run down here for a few days to see the last of autumn, so put off answering till now that I can do it in leisure and in a congenial frame of mind. I've just been practising 'Wylam away' on my small pipes. I can only do this in a very make-shift fashion, by converting a small Scotch chanter into a Northumberland one by plugging up the end! as I'm waiting for a reed I ordered half a year ago of old Reid of North Shields, who is a very dilatory old boy, but a picturesque though, and his wife Holbein would

[1] With the commencement of his friendship, in 1872, with this gentleman, I shall deal in the next chapter.

have liked to paint! I send you a rough sketch for your scrap-book. I have put by another of a fishing subject for you, but could not lay my hand on it; it will turn up.

"Will you kindly transcribe for me the title-page, date, etc., of Oswald's collection of tunes that you recommended me to get, as I shall have a rummage for it among the old music-book shops in town.

"I boasted to a friend of mine the other day—he has a fine library of rare books—that I had a scarce and curious modern work, and of which I believed the British Museum did not possess a copy, and excited his bibliomania about it to the utmost, and produced your 'Book of Angling.' He acknowledged my triumph!

"Your friend Mr. Joseph Watson gave me a very pretty book, 'Coquetdale Fishing Songs,' with a very eloquent description of that river in the Introduction, demonstrating clearly what a charming region it must be to the artist and sportsman. Birket Foster and I have half promised ourselves to go there on pilgrimage some day, though I know it takes the sojournings and explorations of years to get such a love for a place as is evinced in this book and in some of the songs in 'The Garlands.' I've just been reading a very delightful book for the first time, 'Wilson's Prehistoric Annals of Scotland.' Do you know it? That's an amusing story in it of finding a prehistoric canoe at the bottom of a moss, miles away from the sea, with a hole in the bottom stopped with a *cork!* I should like to be a rich man,

that I might buy a virgin barrow and open it 'to my own cheek'!

"Apologizing for boring you with this babbling,

"I am,

"Yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. KEENE.

"J. Crawhall, Esq."

The Coquet mentioned in this and many subsequent letters is a very beautiful stream, rising in the Cheviot Hills, Roxburghshire, and falling into the sea opposite Coquet Island, off the coast of Northumberland.

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea.
[*November* 11, 1873.]

"DEAR MR. CRAWHALL,

"I have been looking forward for an opportunity of leisure to answer your last kind letter, but this is the busiest time of the year with me and an anxious, which has hindered me. I thank you very heartily for the vol. of 'Oswald,' which I received this morning, and I shall prize it very much, and the more as the gift of a fellow enthusiast. I find it is not often met with here. I hope I shall persuade you to get a practice-chanter[1] and 'go in' for playing these tunes; you get the character more truly on the

[1] The chanter is "the highest pipe of the bagpipes, from which the 'chaunt' or melody is produced, as opposed to the drones, which each speak only to a single note."—GROVE'S *Dictionary of Music.*

chanter than on the flute, from the difference of the gamut, and you have the great advantage of having already twiddled on the flute, which, not having done, was my drawback. On my side I'd some facility in reading and knowledge of time, being an old part-singer. Write to Messrs. Glen (344, North Bank Street, Edinburgh) for one of their 'best quality' practice-chanters, with head and some reeds. I transcribe from their card the prices :—

PRACTISING CHANTERS, Ebony or Cocoa Wood.

1.	Full-mounted Ivory or Electro Tip . .	7*s.* 6*d.*
2.	Ditto German Silver do. . .	5*s.* 6*d.* (very good).
3.	Second quality	4*s.* 6*d.*
4.	Head	4*s.* 0*d.*

Reeds, 6*d.* each.

And if you've mechanical fingers and like whittling with a penknife, it's an additional pleasure to make your own reeds.

"I know Johnson's S. M. Museum,[1] but you seldom find an edition perfect. I also know that Essex Harmony, and have a volume (which volume have you got?). If mine is not the same as yours, I shall be so glad to send it to you (I think it's in two vols.), as I have all the contents in Playford and other books of catches; used to practise them some time ago with some other artists; learnt a good many, particularly those mentioned in Shakespeare, 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' 'The wise men were but seven,' etc., etc. Some of the epigrams were

[1] "The Scots' Musical Museum," by James Johnson, 1787-1803, reprinted 1839, 6 vols.

good. You know that one of the last century, 'Have you read Sir John Hawkins' History, etc., etc.; Burney's History, Burney's History, Burney's History pleases me'! But now-a-days few people seem to care for these quaint old things, nor for the old English madrigals, which are as fine as anything in music—to my notions. If you go in for the chanter you should get Glen's collection of pipe tunes; these have the regular grace notes, or 'curls' as they are called in the old pipe primers. I have fragments of two of these, very curious; one was evidently for the stockenhorn; it is in the form of a dialogue between a traveller and a shepherd—very funny. These grace notes make all the difference, and are indispensable on the chanter, as you can't 'tongue' as on the flute, and they are very natural and easy. But let me know if you fall in with my suggestion. You can do it all by yourself, but there are one or two wrinkles I can put you up to. Have you an old song-book (with the music) called, I think, the Vocal Magazine? It has some rarish songs and tunes in it, published in Edinburgh. Do you know Sir John Hawkins' History of Music? I think it's a delightful book, that is, the last 2/3rds, as all that about the music of the Ancients is 'caviare.' Whether he knew or cared about music I don't know, but he writes merely as an antiquary, so there's no confounded dilettante criticism.

"I thank you very much for your offer of the chaplet of Coquetdale Songs, and as you knew him too, I would say I should think Birket Foster would

like a copy from you. I hope you won't mention being indebted if I may have the pleasure of sending you a rough sketch now and then, and

"I am,

"Yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

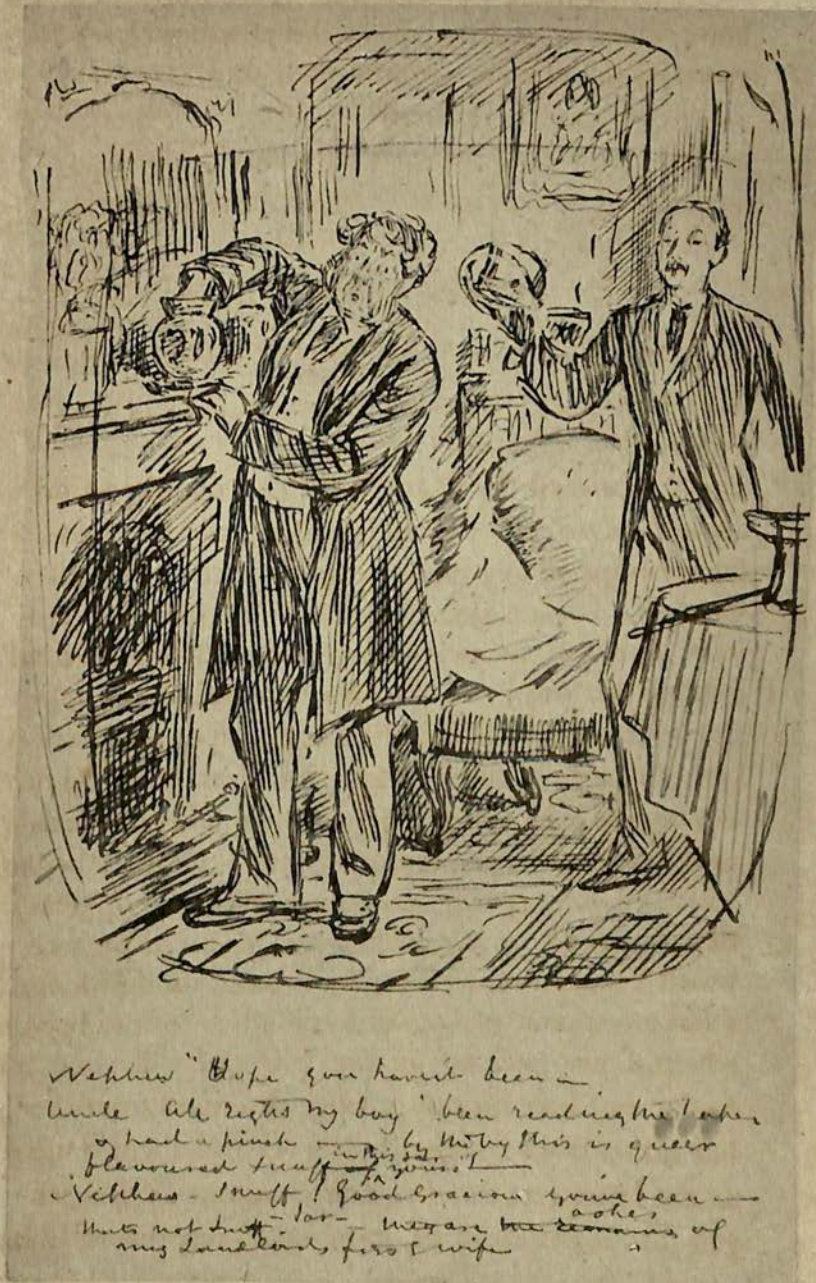
To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road, West,
"Chelsea.

[*December* 19, 1873.]

"DEAR MR. CRAWHALL,

"I finished my heavy work last night, and take advantage of my enfranchisement to write you a line. I hope you've made progress with the practice-chanter. I dare say, being used to the flute, you have found it awkward stopping with the second joint of the fingers of the lower hand, but resolutely get over this. I should find out a piper and have a few initiatory lessons. Play slowly at first, and lift the fingers high and bring 'em down like hammers—this, I believe, is the antique style. When I began I made a dummy bagpipe chanter (with large holes); that I carried in my pocket and fingered on every possible occasion, as I walked home at night, etc.! I have to thank you again for the loan of the books, which I am packing up for you and will send off to-day, but I would not practise the tunes from them, but rather from the pipe books (Glen's, for instance), as the latter has the grace notes marked; and when you have got hold of these, you can insert them


Nephew "Hope you haven't been
Uncle All right my boy 'been reading the Papers
& had a pinch — by Jove this is queer
flavoured tea!! —
Nephew - I muff! Good Gracious you've been —
that's not tea — for — that are the remains of
my Landlords first wife

STUDY FOR A "PUNCH" PICTURE.

yourself *ad. lib.* There are other pipe books I can give you the titles of—Macdonald's Pibrochs and McKay's ditto, etc., etc. Old Reid has at last sent the pipes to my friend, and my reeds, so now I'm going in for Northumberland tunes. The tunes I chose from your book MS. (by conning out the air to myself) are: 'Shew's the way to Wallington,' 'Wylam away,' 'Blackett of Wylam,' 'My love is newly listed,' 'The Black Cock o' Whickham,' 'Sir J. Fenwick' (two settings), 'Canny Newcassle,' 'Stanhope o' Weardale,' 'My petticoat's louse,' 'Yarmouth Lasses,' 'A Stagshaw Banker,' 'Niel Gow's Wife,' 'Over the Border,' 'Meggy's Foot,' 'Cuckold come out.' 'Buttered Peas,' . . . 'Cuddy clawed her,' 'Brickland,' 'Black and the Grey,' 'Holme's Fancy,' 'Bonny Pit Laddie,' 'All the night I lay wi' Johnny,' 'Cut and dry Dolly,' 'O'er the dyke,' 'Bobby Shaftoe,' 'Newmarket Races,' 'Jackey Layton,' 'Hen's March' (this in the Scotch pipe books called 'Brose and Butter'). . . . But I find I've missed a bar here and there, so I hope to see that edition of yours some day. What sort of a condition were those big Northumberland pipes you saw at Reid's for which he asked 30*s.*—very dirty? That set of Tommy Hair's are a 'caution' for that matter. Are the former as good as yours and the same sort? I'm thinking of getting Reid to send them up for me to look at. I've been looking through 'Wood's Songs of Scotland.' In the notes I see Oswald is often quoted as an authority for a tune, though he speaks of him as a 'noted impostor,' but the authority

he quotes mostly is 'Illustrations to Johnson's Musical Museum.' Is this the book you have? I gave Birket Foster the 'bookie' you sent him, and he asked me to give you his compliments and thanks; he was very pleased with it and the little blossoms in illustration. I send you in the parcel the odd volume of the Essex Harmony for your collection, but I fancy it is not the same edition as yours, as the etching is an interior, but it is quaint. As you are a print collector, do you know Chodowiecki's etchings?—a 'little master' I admire very much. A friend of mine, W. B. Scott, who was at Newcastle some time ago, has a mania in that direction. He lives near here in one of the most picturesque of the old Chelsea houses, and I very often have a 'crack' with him over his prints.

"I've been reading a very interesting book lately, 'Words and Places,' by the Rev. Isaac Taylor. Do you know it? It is not an attractive title, but I advise you to read it. I expect he's a learned fellow, as I see in the papers he has lately made a discovery about the ancient Etruscan language!

"I wish you a happy Christmas, and more anon.

"Yours very truly,

"Charles S. Keene."

For the Russian painter and engraver, Daniel Nicolas Chodowiecki, who died in 1801, Keene had a great admiration, and made a collection of his book illustrations. Writing to Mr. Crawhall on another occasion, he says: "The last good thing I picked up was an edition of 'Clarissa Harlowe' in French, in

ten vols., with two etchings of Chodowiecki's in each. I feel terribly tempted to sacrifice the book and cut 'em out. Do you know this artist's works? I consider him the most extraordinary demon of industry (and very excellent art of its sort) I ever knew of. He has to be discovered. I'd bet that four British R.A.'s out of seven would not know his name. I've collected an infinitesimal pinch of his handiwork. . . . Menzel, the great German artist who is being 'discovered' now, is a follower in his track."

An account of Keene's "little master," by Austin Dobson, is to be found in the July number of "The Magazine of Art," 1885.

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea.
[*March* 5, 1874.]

"DEAR MR. CRAWHALL,

"There was an advertisement in 'Notes and Queries' that Messrs. Blackwood had a few copies left of their edition of 'Johnson's Scots' Musical Museum,' which I had seen quoted and referred to in 'Wood's Songs of Scotland.' I got it, and have been very interested in it. Do you know the book? I should like to send you the first and fourth volumes to look at, as I think you would like to have it. The last volume is entirely notes referring to every tune in the book, and the first contains a list of all the editions of Scotch tunes known. I should think there would never be another edition, and so the book will be rare. I have turned down the pages in

several places for your attention. It's amusing how these Scots claim all the tunes, won't even leave us 'Old King Cole'! (see notes). Have you a tune in any of your books called 'Hey, bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack?' There is a tune I like very much in one of Glen's books (Miss Forbes's Farewell, I think). I find this is a modern composer, according to the notes in the Museum, but I fancy remembering an old friend who was deep in this sort of lore telling me the original of the tune was this, 'Hey, bonny lass,' etc. This air is mentioned in the above book, but I don't think it is given.

"I'm curious to know how you get on with the chanter, the more as I find you mention the tunes I take to myself. The Glens promise a better setting of 'Macpherson's Lament.' 'Bonny Strathmore' is one of my tunes. Try the 'Piper's March.' A friend of mine, an Irish artist, told me this tune was given him by an Irish piper as 'Brian Boru's March,' but I see on looking at your last letter you mention this tune; it comes well on the big pipes. I should like to send you my miniature pipes to try how you like them. They are in very good order, but you'll find the chanter weak, and disposed to get sharp as you play, and besides spoils your fingering for the larger size. I picked up McGibbon's collection of tunes the other day. It contains 'Jacky Laten' (*sic*), and I find this name in the Museum called 'Jack o' Latin,' and there are a list of names of Border tunes in this book (page turned down) that I don't remember in Peacock. I was bidding at the sale

"— BROTHER BRUSH"
SHIP-PAINTER. "NICE DRYING WEATHER FOR OUR BUSINESS AINT IT SIR?!"
SWELL AMATEUR. (DISCONCERTED) "YA--YA--AS"! (TAKES A DISLIKE TO THE PLACE.

STUDY FOR A "PUNCH" PICTURE.

(when I bought MacGibbon's collection) for another book, McGlashan's collection, but one of the London booksellers (Pickering) told me he wanted it particularly, so I dropped it. If I was an angler as well as a musical maniac how I should bore you! My Irish friend (who gave me the march) is a champion fly-fisher, tells me he can kill a 3-pound (or ¾ of a pound, I forget which) trout with a single woman's hair. Is this a fact?[1] He has often wanted me to go to the mouth of the Thames in mid-winter and lie on my belly in the marshes for hours before daybreak to shoot ducks! I hope you've had good sport with rod and creel this spring.

"My piper is coming to me soon, and I'll send you one or two of his reeds; they are the best I've ever seen and used.

"That really is an exhaustive book on Scotch music, and I think you would like it, if you don't know it, and isn't dear—four vols. £2 7*s.* 6*d.*

"Hoping I've not bored you,

"I am,

"Yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea,
"Sunday, 26th.
[*April*, 1874.]

"DEAR MR. CRAWHALL,

"I meant to have inflicted you with a letter in

[1] Keene was no sportsman, and his friend Hibernian.

your holiday, but am afraid I've let the time pass. I had a run into Surrey, but had to work in the day-time, and the weather was so fine, was out a good deal o' nights. The nightingale[1] was a day later. On the 14th I heard him first; his courier, the wry-neck, was squeaking all over the country when I got down. Do these latter birds come as far north as you? I hope you had a good time with rod and creel. I showed that bit of gut you sent me (which might have served for a first string for violoncello in Oberon's band) to my Irish fly-fishing friend, and think it made him uneasy for the rest of the day. I'm so much obliged for the loan of your book, and I've been copying away like mad at the new tunes, and find them very quaint and amusing. I'm very fond of the 'Bonnie Pit Laddie,' and the desperate tenacity that its key-note is held on to. I found another tune to-day, in which the composer 'lets go' of it and never catches it again; and another one, 'The Wearmouth Lads'—I think that's a perfect study for octaves and 11ths! How jolly those little bits of sea-songs are, 'The Weary Cutter' and 'Captain Bovey.' The finest sea-tune I know, though, is 'Admiral Benbow,' see third vol. Chappell's collection. I lent Chappell the copy from which he took this; picked it up at a stall in London; I've seen it in another old music-book since, though. That's the worst of these literary men, though—I never got my copy back! Some of the

[1] It became an understood thing that he should run down year by year to the Birket Fosters to welcome the first nightingale.

words of the song, though, are lost and badly replaced. I send you a pretty little piece of music that we used to make my sister's children sing when they were little, four tiny trebles in a row in unison. Are your olive branches young? Try it with them, and if it does not give you a pleasant goose-fleshy sensation and a lump in your throat 'it's a pity'! Have you any fancy in the canine way? I've had a little German Dachshund bitch[1] given to me, very well bred. You know the sort of dog, of course—head and tail like a beagle, long body and short legs. If she ever has a family, 'say the word'—quiet, affectionate little animal, always sniffing about for mice and such small deer; I fancy just the companion for an angler. She killed a tame pigeon of ours though, this week, when our backs were turned. That reminds me of a bulldog that a friend of mine had that killed every cat he came across, but he had been made to understand he was to spare the family mouser, and my friend says he often sees Tiger staring at her and *the water running out of his mouth!* I had a fit of extravagance this week—received a catalogue from an Edinburgh bookseller and bought 'Mackay's Pibrochs,' 'Kay's Etchings,' 'Chambers' Domestic Annals,' and Campbell's (or Cameron's) treatise on 'Highland Music, with Airs,' etc.; this last on spec.; I don't know the book. I

[1] This was the same dog of whose dead body he made his last sketch in 1890. She had two sons, "Bismarck" and "Punch"; the former was given to Mr. Dudley, the latter to Mr. Birket Foster.

was speaking the other day to a very old friend of mine about the Coquet, and it came out that he knew you—Captain Walter May. I knew him when he was a midshipman, before he went to the North Pole. He is a first-rate fellow, and an enthusiastic, hard-working artist. I should like very much to have that copy of Peacock. Kindly let me know what they want for it, and I will send you the 'argentum.'

"What do you think of the notes to the 'Scots' Musical Museum?' As you as a fisherman are a good deal in the woods and fields, are you a fungus eater? If not, begin with the Great Puff Ball. It is the finest of all and quite safe, as there's none other like it. Cut it in slices about a third of an inch thick, and fry with white of egg and bread crumbs, or how you like. We find them here about the end of May or June. I've learned about a dozen sorts, and uncommonly good they are. It's rather an interesting study, too, from the spice of danger in it.

"May I present the copy of 'Chaplets from Coquetside' you gave me (the extra one) to the library of the Arts Club that I belong to? I think it would be fitly placed, as the members would appreciate its artistic character. Hoping I've not bored you,

"I am,

"Yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea.

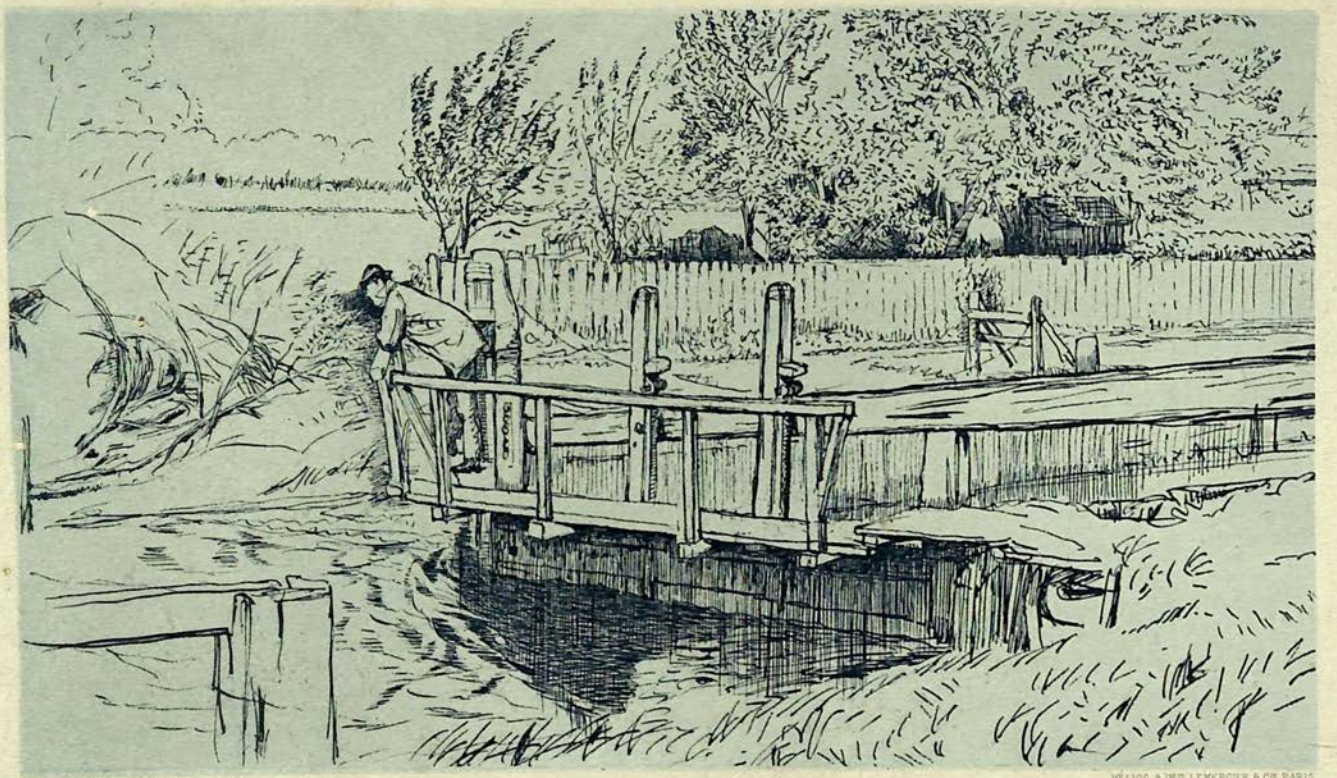
[*August* 18, 1874.]

"DEAR SIR,

"I recollect threatening you with a letter some time ago, as I was going into the country with visions of leisure and idleness, of which, somehow, I was disappointed and you were spared. My stay was short, and I had to rush back to London and turmoil. While there, however, I caught some trout with a landing-net, assisted by a friend with a rod (about a pound and a half each, and good eating). There was a good-sized pond there by a farm house, through the middle of which a stream ran. It was full of small perch, and my friend persuaded the farmer to let the water out for a day or two, and a man at Guildford, addicted to pisciculture, put some trout in in the summer of 1872, and this spring it was full. There was about six feet room to throw a fly (between trees!). I hear the late storm played havoc with them, as there was plenty of mud at the edge.

"I lent my Irish friend Doubleday's book describing the Coquet, and he made a descent there this summer. I've hardly seen him since, so don't know how he sped; perhaps you came across him.

"I thought you would like that sympathetic setting of old Herrick's 'Grace for a little child'; the tune is easy, and if you can wheedle some children



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HÉLIOG. & IMP. LEMERCIER & Cie PARIS

A LOCK

to sing it you will like it more. Do any of your youngsters sing in parts? I should like to send them a 'round' from 'Pammelia' that I affect very much. Since I wrote I've been for a few days to my native town, Ipswich, which I've hardly seen since my school days, and sauntered about marking the ravages that 'the advancement of the age' and railways, etc., etc., had made in the old place, and, I fancy, in rather an illiberal mood! I hope your music-book arrived safely; I packed it very carefully. I culled it very freely, and only left some Peacock to keep my appetite for a copy. My piper is making me some practice-reeds that I will send you. They are so good that you will go to work with a will. 'McRory's Breeches' is a good tune. How do you get on with the 'practice-stick'? I still find the difficulties interesting to thumb the high H as a demi-semi-quaver, and to rattle three or four grace notes in no time at all! I have just written to the dealer in Pilgrim Street; he wrote me about a guitar, he thinks of the time of James! It's only the old English guitar played in this century when the Spanish guitar ousted it. I've a fine specimen with a 9-peg head, dated 1760.

"More anon.

"Yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. KEENE.

"Many thanks for the illumination of the monks of Coquetside; it looks as if it was torn out of a missal!"

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea.
[*Circa* 1874.]

"DEAR MR. CRAWHALL,

"I thank you very much for the loan of the music-books. I suppose William Kell was a piper; almost all the tunes in his book are in G or D. I wonder who Oswald was; I fancy a Cockney musician, and wrote a good many of the 'favourite Scotch songs,' that seem to have been the fashion in the latter half of the last century; but I must try and get his book; it is a curious collection. I should not have expected to find one of Purcell's songs, and that one of his best, 'What shall I do to show,' etc., amongst them. There is an announcement, too, on the title-page, 'Where only is to be sold the Harp of Æolus. Those that have not the inventor's name on them are counterfeits'! There was an upright Æolian harp in the Exhibition at South Kensington looked older than this. The best book of Scotch music that I've got is that by Captain Simon Fraser, 1816. I don't think it is rare; I daresay you have it. Of course you have 'Bunting's Irish Melodies,' or know these lovely compositions. I wish I was sure of being able to play 'The Blackbird' on the Northumberland pipes before I die. If I was in Newcastle I'd certainly have a 'haggle' with that broker for

those pipes, though I've got two or three sets!—one very pretty ivory set, a present from Alexander Stevenson, of Tynemouth. I gave a set to a friend of mine, a Scot in Edinburgh, nearly a year ago, but sent them *en route* to old Reid to put some metal reeds in the drones, and there they are stuck! The Scot is 'lashed into madness' at intervals with impatience for them. If you should be near his shop it's worth visiting. I like the old boy very much, so don't scold him, but tell him I can't get on for want of an easy-going chanter reed. He's always mending those confounded umbrellas; that's the worst of your pluvious country. I often jog him up with a letter, but he never answers. He has a set of Low-country pipes of his father's make. I asked him if he would part with them the last time I wrote.

"I have seen the Edinburgh Museum, and long to see it again since I read Wilson's book, but I've not seen that of York. Talking of Berwick, do you know the country between there and Dunbar? It looks to me very enticing as I've seen it from the G. N. Railway on my way north. A forest on a hill and a stream at the foot for many miles on the sea side of the railway—I should have thought a good trout stream by the look and sound of it. I'm glad to hear you have the antiquarian madness as well as for music, as I have the dementia very strong myself, and it reassures me in thus boring you with my rigmarole. I picked up a Lowland shepherd's pipe, a stockhorn I think it's called, the other day. The only other one I've seen belongs to Drummond the

painter, of Edinburgh. Do you know him? When you are there you should see his sketches (for the last thirty years) he has made of the old closes of the town, a wonderful collection beautifully done. The city ought to secure this; and not let it be snapped up by some American ultimately. I am a practical antiquary in one way. Being anything but a 'Good Templar' in the matter of tobacco, I always smoke antient tobacco-pipes, of which I've a good many, enough to last my life, and to give away to any who will use them, of small capacity but large bore. Have you any of them?—generally with a device on the heel. Unfortunately as I use them I break them sometimes. I had one that was fished out of the well of Dunottar Castle, evidently left by some of Cromwell's men when he garrisoned it. The best were made at Amesbury, in Wiltshire, with this mark.[1] I've two of these. I believe the clay pipe was invented and first made in Great Britain. You've drawn your quern thus—that's upside down, isn't it? I suppose they ground the grain with a stone in the hollow, and the flour dropped through the hole in the centre.

"J. D. Watson, the painter, told me the other day he met a gentleman in Wales who had a collection of Welsh MSS. of the tenth century!!! I think he said (that's modest for Wales). One was an essay, or something of that sort, on music, with drawings, and amongst these some bagpipes! I won't believe it till I see it. He said he would

[1] A hand.

write for some tracings. But I won't bore you any more. I hope you'll excuse all this, and

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

AN OUTSIDE CAR.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS HUMOURIST.

Exhibition at Fine Art Society, 1891.—A revelation.—Not a great humourist.—A great artist.—Comparison with Rowlandson, etc.—As *raconteur*.—Quaintness.—Mr. Birket Foster.—A good listener.—Mr. Robert Dudley.—Dancing in black gloves.—As an actor.—His humour good-humoured.—One exception.—The Clergy.—Good stories.—Story of two curates.—Story of British farmer.—Story of Aberdonian.—Story of Mr. Oscar Wilde and Mr. Whistler.—Story of well-brought up child.—Earthworm joke.—Captain Robley, 91st Highlanders.—Appeal for subjects.—Story of Archdeacon Bouverie.—Mr. Farrar Ranson's story.—Mr. Stacey Marks' portrait by Keene in "Punch."—Story of Scotchman and asparagus.—Story of bereaved husband.—Story of "spirits forward."—The schoolboy's suggestion.—Mr. Henry Silver.—Mr. Andrew Tuer.—Value of original drawings.—Keene's carelessness.—A misunderstanding.—Correspondence thereon.—A Bargain.—Fine quality of friendship.—Editorial risks.—A "Chestnut."—"The Family Herald."—Correspondence thereon.—An editorial shift.—"Cause and Effect."—Mr. Joseph Crawhall.—Keene's indebtedness to him.—Description of his surroundings.—A generous controversy.—The "Albums."—Mr. Crawhall's portrait in "Punch."—Acknowledgments of help.—A revolver as wedding present.—Mr. Crawhall's father.—The printer's devil.—"Editorial sapience." "Comminatory."—"'Andicapped."—Keene's humour.

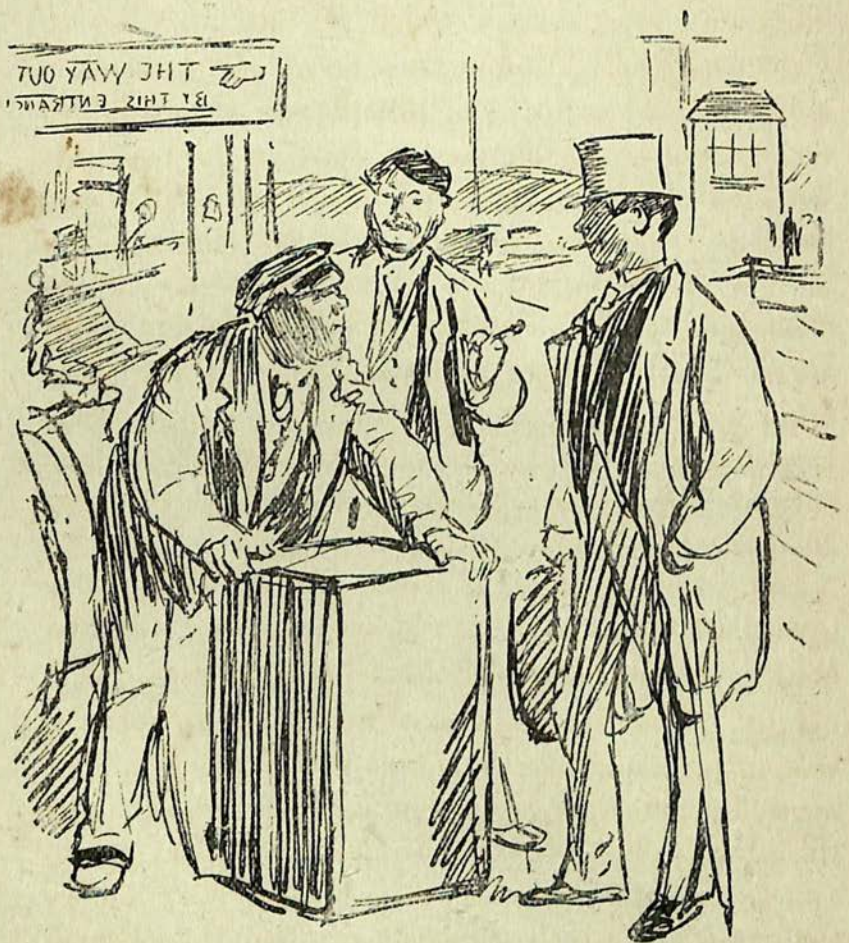
MENTION has been made in the last chapter of the commencement of Keene's friendship with Mr. Joseph Crawhall. The remarkable nature of what may be properly called their collaboration sub-

sequently in the pages of "Punch," never before publicly recognized, renders this a fitting place to consider the claims of Charles Keene to be regarded as a humourist.

There can be little doubt that the majority of persons who visited the exhibition of his works at the galleries of the Fine Art Society in 1891, a few months after his death, found more enjoyment in the perusal of the legends attached to the drawings than in the drawings themselves. That was probably owing to the fact that C. K.'s name was, from circumstances, so inseparably connected with "Punch," that the public went with the intention of being amused by a "funny" man, not with the expectation of being delighted by the masterpieces of the greatest artist in black and white that England has ever produced.

To those who then first saw the original drawings, and knew what drawing meant, the exhibition was a revelation. To those who carefully considered the "legends" and only incidentally glanced at their pictorial illustration—and these were the majority—it seemed but a troublesome way of looking at back numbers of "Punch." These latter came away with the conviction that C. K. was really a very funny man, but they would have been terribly indignant had they realized in how large a proportion of cases he was merely the illustrator of letterpress not his own. They would have considered him little short of an impostor had they known that he was the systematic purveyor of other people's jokes.

It cannot be doubted that, from the particulars which are about to appear, Keene's reputation as an original humourist will suffer. On the other hand,



The finished picture appeared in "Punch," with the following legend:—

MORE "REVENGE FOR THE UNION."

SAXON TOURIST (*at Irish Railway Station*): "What time does the half-past eleven train start, Paddy?"

PORTER. "At thrutty minutes to twilve—sharrup, sor!"

[*Tourist retires up discomfited.*

his extraordinary powers as an illustrator will for the first time meet with due appreciation. He was the

last person in the world to set himself up as a comic man, and certainly he was the last person in the world to wish that credit should be given him in his biography for qualities which he did not possess. Indeed we shall find him later on evincing considerable distress lest his chief collaborator should fail to receive the credit due for his share in the business. Not that it is to be understood that Keene was lacking in humorous perception of the most delicate kind, and indeed was an original humourist of no mean quality, but, I believe, it will more and more appear that he cannot be ranked amongst the *great* original humourists of the world. To parody what Lowell said of Pope, "Measured by any high standard of humour he will be found wanting; tried by any test of art he is unrivalled!"

But, when we say that Keene was not one of the great humourists of the world, we must be careful to hold to the received definition of humour as "that quality of the imagination which gives to ideas a wild or fantastic turn, and tends to excite laughter or mirth by ludicrous images or representations." In this sense, in which Rowlandson, Gillray, Cruickshank, and Leech were humourists, C. K. was not; but in the sense in which Shakespeare and Thackeray, Balsac and Cervantes were humourists—that is, in seizing upon Nature truthfully and without exaggeration when she was in a humorous mood, he ranks with the greatest. In other words, his is pure comedy without a touch of buffoonery. Indeed, where he attempts to be farcical he almost invariably

fails. Nature made Keene an artist, circumstances a humorous one.

In the first place to deal with his humour apart from his art.

Although at times he could tell a story passably well, it can hardly be claimed for him that he was a *raconteur* of anything approaching the first water. Indeed his friends are almost unanimous in declaring that his narrations were too long drawn out, and that as often as not he would stop abruptly ere ever the point was reached. Not that his stories ever failed in their primary object of adding to the gaiety of the occasion and raising a laugh, for he had a peculiar way of drawing up the under eyelid, as a bird does the white film from below, which was quite *sui generis*, and quite irresistibly funny. It was as though the grand climax of the story had been reached, which was frequently far from the case, but the signal was good enough in itself, and rarely failed to bring down the house.

There was, too, a certain grave humour in him, as Mr. Aldis Wright expresses it to me, that rendered him greatly attractive to such men as Edward Fitzgerald—and we must remember that Fitzgerald was a man who appreciated the majesty of simplicity far above what Pope calls "the quaintness of wit."

Keene was never the man to keep a table in a roar, but he possessed a certain nice fancifulness of diction agreeable to those who possessed an exact taste. Referring to this quality, Mr. Birket Foster, writing of his visits to Witley, says: "He used to

tell us stories at night as no one but he could tell them." To which may be added a sentence from a letter from Mr. Robert Dudley: "He was a man whose very peculiarities were of so simple and quaint a character as to render it very difficult to convey, in words only, the pith of many a characteristic 'bit.'"

I also find the following entry in Mr. Edwin Edwards' diary for February 28, 1863, at the very beginning of an acquaintance which was destined to ripen into the closest friendship: "C. Keene seems full of pleasant fun and humour. Tells a story well."

The fact was he was a shy man and destitute of the pushing quality essential to the professed story-teller, and it was only when he found himself with some of "our sort," as he would call those who were congenial, that he was able in any way to do himself justice. As a rule, indeed, he was a much better listener than talker. Good-humoured and genial as he almost invariably was—a cheerful man rather than a gay, as the "Spectator" says in a sympathetic article—he always evinced a genuine and generous appreciation for the humour of others, never failing to apprehend the most delicate shade or gradation of fancy. Indeed, so difficult does he find it to realize that others do not see the humorous side of things as he does, that, tolerant as he is of most human failings, he complains with an almost laughable vehemence in one of his letters of what he considers to be the density and stupidity of one

of his employers, who writes asking him to explain a joke. "I have written," he says, "explaining the situation with sarcastic elaboration."

In this connection I cannot do better than insert another interesting note, supplied to me by his friend Mr. Robert Dudley.

"This quick sense of humour was strongly tinged with a peculiarly quaint simplicity of character. Perhaps this simplicity preserved to him to the last the breezy freshness of humorous perception. To say that C. K. was 'unconventional' would be only half descriptive of his character. He was unconsciously unconventional, not intentionally so, and always seemed to me to be exceedingly surprised when by any chance he found he was not exactly in the groove cut out by the general track, sometimes amusingly so. To give an instance (one amongst many that would occur to those who knew him intimately): he once, talking to my wife, told her his reason for wearing black kid gloves when dancing (he was in younger days very fond of dancing—'such a splendid exercise of the muscles'). 'I always wear black kid gloves because they don't show the soiling and last much longer; much more economical, you know.' 'Well, but,' said my wife, 'you ought to consider also the ladies' dresses. I am afraid your black gloves occasionally leave their traces on delicate materials.' 'Good gracious,' he said, 'I never thought of that.' The comic side of the subject, I need not say, presented itself to him, and found vent in a 'Punch' 'bit' of a back view of a

CHARLES KEENE
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co LTD

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young lady whose dress had been so marked with the black hand of a warm partner. But he gave up the black kids for the future.

"Keene's sense of humour was largely appreciative, but its expression was almost wholly artistic (technically artistic, I mean). No amount of hard drilling would have made him even a tolerable amateur actor. Of course with his quickness and brightness of perception he could fully seize any humorous point; and, more than that, he was indeed particularly open to strong emotional sympathies of a serious character. I have known him, not unfrequently, to be genuinely moved to tears by a dramatic representation, although a public theatre possessed so little attraction for him that his presence there was a very rare event. He told me once that he scarcely ever went to a theatre.

"At the house of a mutual friend in London—a large New Year's Eve party—I once persuaded Keene to take part in a rather carefully-prepared charade, at the time believing that his peculiar humour would appear in some dry comic development, but, instead of being one of the providers, he immediately became one of the recipients of the humour, and quite led the laughter of 'the house,' excusing himself afterwards for having entirely dropped his 'character' by saying, 'You see, I was occupied in observing the piece, and got interested in the plot; hope it didn't make much difference.'"

One thing, however, was particularly noticeable about his conversation, as well as about his work.

He was never unkindly in his fun. His humour was essentially good-humoured. He never fell into the habit of raising a laugh at the expense of individuals. It was this quality, probably, which prevented him from ever making his mark as a political cartoonist. Indeed, the marvellous facility with which he could catch a likeness charged with a fleeting expression, would have made him *facile princeps* in that class of work.

Nobody enjoyed more than he did having a laugh at the weaknesses, the foibles, the littlenesses which were peculiar to classes of persons. His drunken elder of the kirk, his stuck-up slavey, his sanctimonious parson, his snobbish *parvenu*, his sham sentimentalist, his brutal cabman, each was a type, and as a type he held him up to ridicule with exquisite enjoyment of his discomfiture. But he found little or no pleasure in the gibbeting of an enemy, the fleering or flouting at a fellow-creature. It was this consideration for the individual that made him write to Mr. Crawhall that he was about to do a subject of his, that of a newly-dubbed knight's wife, whose elevation "wouldn't make no difference in her manners," but that he was afraid of hurting the feelings of a certain person who was likely to take it as personal; "so," he continues, "I shall save the story for the new electorate, and utilize it in the case of some working man M.P. (Radical)."

One exception to this rule, however, will occur to those who knew Keene in his earlier "Punch" days, For some reason or other, probably not owing to

any definite disagreement, but rather because the natures of the two men were generally antagonistic, he had a strong objection to one of his former colleagues, and for some time whenever he wished to portray a singularly silly or pompous individual, the "Punch" figure would bear a strong family likeness, to say the least, to this natty and precise gentleman.

Even with the classes at which he poked his fun he was mostly very tender and kindly. Perhaps, indeed, the only order of persons to whom he ever showed anything approaching spitefulness were clergymen of the Church of England. Upon them it cannot, I think, be denied he was unduly severe, and, indeed, on more than one occasion went out of his way to raise an unkind and unfair laugh at their expense. As an example may be mentioned the picture entitled "Nemesis" in "Punch" for July 31, 1880, in which a clergyman with a rubicund nose is represented as bringing to his wife, who is nursing a young baby, a feeding-bottle. "No, William," she says, "I will not have him brought up on the 'bottle'! Look at your own nose, dear!" And the animus is the more apparent when we find that in the original suggestion, provided by Mr. Crawhall, the husband is represented as a layman. But when we have said this we have, I believe, said all. And of what other in the whole range of satiric art can it be maintained that he never, with perhaps the one exception given above, wilfully raised an unkind laugh at the expense of an individual, and that his worst malignity was

the treatment, with some undue harshness, of a class which is surely strong enough in the consciousness of its general integrity to withstand many a harder buffet?

Always delighted with a story with a neat point to it, his letters teem with the formula "I heard a good story to-day." For example: "Said a High Church and athletic curate to Low Church ditto, 'Wonderful things Grace does!' 'Ah,' said the latter (surprised at the serious observation from his volatile friend), 'Terue, my friend, terue.' First Curate: 'Only fancy, y'know, ninety-two and not out!!'"

And again, "Got a story to-day of a British farmer on board a steamer, suffering a good deal from the rolling, saying to a friend, 'This capt'n don't understand his business. Dang it, why don't he keep in the furrows?'"

And again, "A story last night of an Aberdonian, making a morning call, was asked if he would tak' a dram. He soberly declined; 'twas too airly the day; besides, he'd had a gill a'ready!'"

And again, "They say Oscar has cut his hair since he was turned off. On the morning of his wedding he received a telegram from Whistler, 'Sorry . will . not . be . at . the . ceremony . don't . wait.'"

And again, "I heard a good story of a (well-brought-up) child, who was seen to secretly purloin and pocket an orange from the laid-out dinner-table, but was seen afterwards to enter the empty

room and secretly again return it to the dish, and exclaim triumphantly, "Sold again, Satan!'"

In common with all "Punch" artists, jokes to illustrate were sent to him from all quarters, jokes usable and jokes unusable. Writing to Mrs. Edwards, he says, "A friend sends me a joke for 'Punch.' Scene: Churchyard with gravestone of angler. Two earthworms coming up. First earthworm: 'Delicious flavour, this old angler.' Second worm: 'Ah! he killed thousands of us in his day! but we're taking it out of him now!!' I'm afraid it won't do!"

On December 20, 1873, he writes to Mr. Macdonald: "These drawings in 'Punch' you see marked R, are from sketches sent me by a very obliging correspondent, a Captain Robley, in the 91st Highlanders; he sketches very well, and sends me lots of suggestions, and, as he naturally likes to see his name to some of them (that don't touch Government up too much), I'm glad to make him that acknowledgment. You see a mess-table makes a very good 'preserve' for 'Punch' subjects. I don't follow his drawings very much, but they are very useful in military subjects, as it gives me the regulation number of buttons, etc. I shall try and get a holiday in Midsummer. If I go north next year, I want to see the long northern nights.

"All those stories you sent me are capital. . . ."

At times, however, the supply would run short, and he would send an appeal *ad misericordiam*. "Leech is out of town," he writes, in July, 1864, to

his friend Edwin Edwards, "and the 'Punch' people are very exigent. Try and think of a subject for me!"

We shall also find him in his letters, quoted elsewhere *in extenso*, making further appeals for suggestions.

Mr. Aldis Wright writes: "I once, in 1881 or 1882, went with them (Edward Fitzgerald and Charles Keene), to stay for a day or two with George Crabbe, in Norfolk, at Merton Rectory, and, while there, I told him the story which I had heard from Archdeacon Groome, of the visit of Archdeacon Bouverie to a parish in which part of the churchyard was cultivated as a wheat-field. Keene afterwards put this into 'Punch.'"

One or two other individual instances may here be mentioned before giving an account of the regular systematic supplies which are hinted at above. The subject for the cut on November 28, 1885, page 262, was supplied to him by Mr. Farrar Ranson, the late Mayor of Norwich. That on August 3, 1889, page 51, entitled "Marry come up," represents an incident that was given to him by, and actually happened to, Mr. Stacy Marks, in the Zoological, although Keene, for some reason, chose to lay the *venue* in the Botanical, Gardens. This picture is also interesting as containing a portrait sketch of the Royal Academician. The original now hangs—a valued possession—in Mr. Marks' house.

The story of the canny Scotchman who had never seen asparagus before, and began eating the white

PORTRAIT OF MR. STACY MARKS, R.A., IN "PUNCH."

ends, and, when remonstrated with by his friend, replied, "Ye dinna ken, I prefurr it!" was sent to him by Mr. Clayton's daughter-in-law.

Many a good subject, too, was supplied to him by his old and valued friend, Mr. Edwin Edwards. In fact, there were very few of Keene's friends, and they were legion, who did not cherish, and no doubt improve upon, any quaint passing experience or telling anecdote, for the stimulating of his marvellous pencil.

Mr. Dudley, dealing with this subject, writes to me: "It would be almost unnecessary to say that Keene's special work brought him constantly suggestive 'bits,'—some facts, others fancies, from friends and from unknown correspondents. Many of these prompted some of the admirable and charming pictures of life, now, alas! no longer seen with the old familiar signature CK. Frequently, no doubt, these suggestions were never carried out. I do not know whether Keene kept any sort of note-book of such for the purpose of jotting down any he thought sufficiently suited to his purpose. If he did so, the collection should be an interesting one—perhaps something of the kind may be now in your possession. He would often mention these communications. One he told us, many years ago, was not, I think, used by him for the reason I will note, but it is possible that he adapted it in some way, although I do not remember having seen it in shape. To give it in Keene's way:

"'MORNING OF FUNERAL.

"'*Bereaved Husband* (*taking aside Sympathetic*

Undertaker). Oh, Mr. ——, I see you have put me in the first carriage.

"'*S. Und.* Certainly, sir; the special relationship to the deceased, etc.

"'*B. Hus.* Yes, yes—of course; but—ah—I see you have placed Mrs. Jones (mother-in-law) in the first carriage also.

"'*S. Und.* Yes, sir; you see the personal relationship to the deceased, etc.

"'*B. Hus.* Ah! just so. Well, can't I go in one of the other carriages?

"'*S. Und.* Why, of course, sir, if such is your decision; but if I might remark, it would be very irregular—you see, sir, personal relationship, etc.

"'*B. Hus.* Ah! well, if the arrangement cannot conveniently be altered, it must stand as you have it; *but there! it will completely spoil my day!*'

"Keene's reason for not putting it into shape, he told me at the time, was that Mark Lemon (the then editor of 'Punch') thought it would be considered rather too hard upon the mothers-in-law! K—— did not mention whether the original 'suggestion' was given as a 'fact' or a 'fancy.'

"Another may have been worked into shape, but I am not sure:—

"'*Lady, entering large and crowded univer-al establishment* (*say in Westbourne Grove*), *quietly, to obsequious Shop Walker.* Oh—I—where should I go to give an order for some cognac?'

"'*Shop Walker.* Cognac brandy, madam; cer-

tainly, madam. (*Then in stentorian tones, and waving his hand on high*)—Spirits! forward!'"

One poor boy, who gave a suggestion which immediately passed away from Keene's memory, was made the victim of a very heartless joke. Some little time after the story had been told him, Keene received a letter from the youth thanking him in the most extravagant terms for generosity which he did "not in the least expect and was very far from deserving." Keene was naturally amazed, as the suggestion had been forgotten almost as soon as made, and he had certainly had no communication whatever with its author. A little later, however, the matter becomes intelligible, and he writes: "That R—— mystery is cleared up. He writes to explain that he told a friend the joke he had given me for 'Punch' (which I had forgotten all about), and, as it did not appear, his friend wrote him a letter, as if from the 'Punch' office, expressing regret, etc., and enclosing him a five-pound note on some extinct bank! We have seen how completely he was taken in. I've written to him recommending him to punch his friend's head the first opportunity!"

The part which Mr. Henry Silver played as a quickener of C. K.'s ready pen in the early years of his "Punch" connection is dealt with elsewhere.

It now becomes necessary to treat more particularly of the systematic supply of subjects by two of his oldest and most intimate friends, Mr. Joseph Crawhall and Mr. Andrew Tuer, that of the former extending continuously over the last fifteen or sixteen

years of his "Punch" career, and that of the latter, more or less uninterruptedly, over the last twenty.

I shall deal with the latter first, as being in one remarkable particular, at least, a less complete method of suggestion than that of Mr. Crawhall.

Some twenty years ago Mr. Tuer started a methodical system of acquiring subjects, stories, and quaint bits for illustration by his friend in "Punch," understanding from Keene that in return for these hints and suggestions he should receive the original drawings or studies as they were done with. This course was pursued over a period of several years, Mr. Tuer, who was a great admirer of his friend's art, not hesitating to accept drawings which, as far as he then knew, had no particular market value.

After a time, however, Keene began to be aware that these productions were not things to be scattered broadcast, and were likely eventually to prove, as indeed they have done, of considerable pecuniary value.

Hitherto his carelessness about them had been extraordinary. These precious works of art used to lie about higgledy-piggledy in the general confusion of his studio, to be had by any chance visitor who chose to ask for them, when of a sudden it flashed upon him that he might with equal wisdom litter the place with uncounted bank-notes.

Evidently unconscious of any definite understanding with Mr. Tuer, he failed in the early part of 1884 to send an original sketch to his friend as heretofore had been his custom. In February of

that year Mr. Tuer wrote to ask him for it, believing, as he did, that the practice was the outcome of an exact arrangement.

On the 15th of February, to his great distress—for he at once feared that Keene must have considered him grasping and extortionate—he received the following letter:—

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*Feb.* 14, 1884.]

"DEAR TUER,

"Let us have an understanding. These original drawings are my poor 'stock-in-trade'—my capital—my copyrights, etc. Do you wish to purchase this sketch as a matter of business? If you want a replica of this in particular I'll make one and give it you with pleasure in this case, but I can't undertake to do it always. I bought a relic of old Bewick at the sale—John's walking-stick that T. B. always used after his brother's death. The books went at an inordinate price.

"Yours,
"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To this Mr. Tuer replied as follows:—

"20, Notting Hill Square, W.
[*Feb.* 15, 1884.]

"Your letter was a shock indeed, my dear Keene, but I am glad it was written. Your good opinion is worth more to me than all the drawings you ever did put together, and it's a sad thing that this miserable misunderstanding should have been going

"A TREACHEROUS CONFEDERATE."

on for years. I always understood—how I got it into my stupid old head I do not know—that you considered an original contribution that you could accept for 'Punch' as a *quid pro quo* for your original sketch. I don't think that I was even aware at first that you ever disposed of your drawings. I simply felt proud to possess *your* drawings of *my* little jokes. On looking over the sketches that I have, I find that I supplied matter for all except three—one you gave me, one you gave my wife, and the other I took as a matter of business. 'Let us have an understanding,' you say, and I earnestly say AMEN to that; so do, please put me right, for I am all at sea and dispirited. I am not dispirited about getting no more sketches. I would return what I have, but I know you would bundle them back by next post.

"Very faithfully yours,

"AND. W. TUER."

To this Keene replied:—

"239, King's Road, Chelsea.

[*Feb.* 16, 1884.]

"DEAR TUER,

"I was sure I had only to tell you of this present little embarrassment (there has been none between us hitherto, believe me) to make it clear to you. I have given away no end of these drawings, and shall do, I daresay, and would like to give them all, but, in fact, I have sold a great many to friends, and this is the most imperative reason for my looking at them as of any value; besides, I have never insured

my life, as I ought to have done, and have been brought to take heed of them on this account; so I hope you won't think me greedy or selfish in speaking out to you on the matter openly. I have not got back the drawing of the Groom and the Doctor yet. You ought to see them before you take them, and I'll forward them to you if you like, and I ask five guineas each if you take them, and am,

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

Thus ended a correspondence which, seeing that the intercourse of these two was never for a moment strained thereby, shows the fine quality of a friendship which lasted uninterruptedly until the artist's death.

From that time five pounds was the recognized price of the drawings, although Keene continued to send from time to time sketches and "inchoate scraps," as he called them, as contributions to his friend's commonplace books. What Shakespeare makes Hotspur say might well have come from C. K.'s lips:—

"I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

In the latter part of this year an incident occurred which will be interesting as illustrating the pitfalls into which the providers of *original* jokes run the risk at times of falling, and the editorial shifts to which recourse must sometimes be had.

On November 24, 1884, Mr. Tuer wrote :—

"20, Notting Hill Square, W.

"DEAR KEENE,

"Here is a double-barrelled one for you! See over.

"V. truly yours,

"AND. W. TUER."

DOUBLE PICTURE.

Host instructing Gardener, who is called upon to wait table at a Dinner-party.	Dinner-party. — John goes round with two decanters.
"'Now, John, you quite understand; there will be best sherry and best claret at dessert, and common sherry and inferior claret at dinner.'	'Common sherry or inferior claret, sir?'"

The story had been told to Mr. Tuer by a friend, whom he had rigorously cross-examined as to its originality, and who assured him that "the circumstance had happened to one of his own acquaintances." On December 4th, and before Keene had acknowledged receipt of the joke, Mr. Tuer's attention was drawn to the following paragraph in the current number of the "Family Herald." His feelings of consternation and dismay may better be imagined than described :—

"'They did not very often give dinner-parties,' says a sporting contemporary, 'and never gave large ones, but at the little *réunions* to which they did invite their friends they liked everything of the best. So, on the afternoon of one of their choice

little feasts, the host summoned his boy in buttons, and said: "Now, John, you must be very careful how you hand round the wine." "Yes, sir." "These bottles with the black seal are the best, and these with the red seal the inferior sherry. The best sherry is for after dinner; the inferior sherry you will hand round with the hock, after the soup. You understand—hock and the inferior sherry after soup?" "Yes, sir, perfectly," said the boy in buttons. And the evening came and the guests came, and everything was progressing admirably till the boy went round the table asking of every guest, "Hock or inferior sherry?" Everybody took hock.'"

Here was a joke that he had put Keene to the trouble of illustrating, and it turned out to be a "chestnut." However, there was nothing left but to make a clean breast of the matter, and to rank himself with Pope's creations, who—

"Own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent."

He accordingly wrote:—

"20, Notting Hill Square, W.
[4 *Dec.*, 1884.]

"DEAR KEENE,

"To my annoyance and consternation that double-shotted picture anecdote—or, rather, something like it—about 'common sherry or inferior claret,' appears in this week's 'Family Herald,' but where the deuce they managed to pick it up I have not the ghost of an idea.

"V. truly yours,
"AND. W. TUER."

In the meantime Keene had written, delighted with the situation, and saying that a subject had been made of the suggestion.

Mr. Tuer thereupon wrote as follows :—

"20, Notting Hill Square, W.
[5 *December*, 1884.]

"DEAR KEENE,

"Our letters must have crossed. Not knowing what course you will now pursue in regard to the double picture—'Common sherry or inferior claret, sir?'—I only wish to say that should it be withdrawn I will, of course, still purchase the sketch. There is one thing to be said, and that is, that the story as given in the 'Family Herald' is not, to my mind, by any means so good as that sent to you by

"Yours ffly,
"AND. W. TUER."

However, the drawings were too good to be wasted, and on January 24, 1885, they appeared with the following "legends":—

"CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"*Host* (*to Coachman, who is turned on as Butler on grand occasions*). I want you to see that all my guests enjoy themselves, Coggledab. Don't let them have to ask for anything. Be particularly attentive to my dear aunt, Mrs. Dumbledock.

Coggledab (*in a stage whisper, during a lull in the conversation, to Mrs. Dumbledock, who has recently joined the Blue Ribbon Army*). 'Ollands, whiskey, or cog-nack, mum? You can't be 'nj'yin' of yourself. *You're not drinkin'!*

[*Mrs. Dumbledock alters her Will the next day.*]"

Having thus dealt with the collaboration of Keene and Mr. Tuer, we now come to the far more elaborate association of Keene with his most intimate friend, Mr. Joseph Crawhall, whose name is familiar to all those who interest themselves in old songs and ballads, and whose masterpieces of quaint humour in "The Compleatest Angling Book," "Chap-book Chaplets," etc., etc., have met with such wide appreciation.

With Mr. Crawhall, Keene, as will appear elsewhere from the correspondence, was on terms of the fullest intimacy, and had a variety of tastes in common. Their friendship was known by the artist's relations to have existed for many years, but it will be news to most to learn to what extent the pages of "Punch," which are embellished by the pen of C. K., are indebted to the keen wit and sympathetic assistance of the author of "Border Notes and Mixty-Maxty."

Prior to making Charles Keene's acquaintance, Mr. Crawhall, ever a great lover of things quaint, grotesque, and jocular, had been in the habit of jotting down any telling incident he might hear of or observe, illustrating it at leisure in colours for his own amusement. This he had done for many years, little guessing what honour and publicity was reserved for these rough drawings in the future.

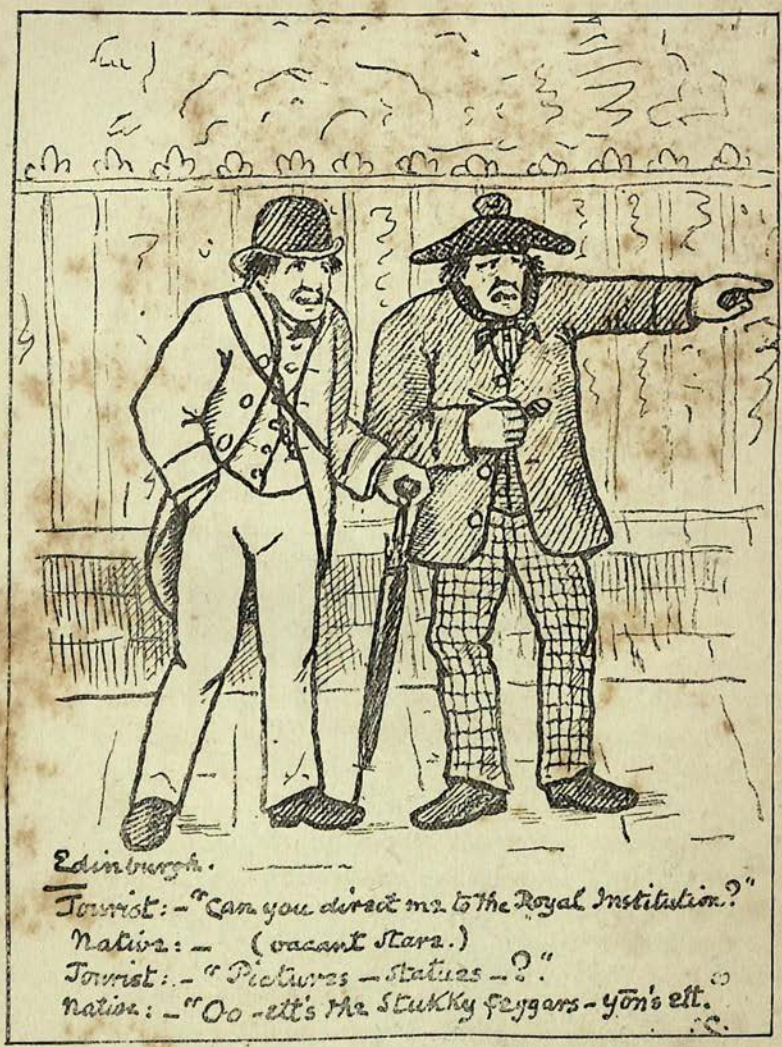
As good fortune would have it, about the year 1872 a Mr. Henry Shield, a mutual friend of Keene and Mr. Crawhall, saw these drawings, and at once

realized to what excellent use C. K. could, if he were given the opportunity, put them. Mr. Crawhall gladly acceded to the proposal that an introduction should be brought about for this purpose, and—Keene being in Newcastle at the time—that friendship then commenced which, to say the least of it, was to prove the greatest possible boon to his biographer. Wanting it, it is doubtful if we should ever have known Charles Keene as a letter-writer in any measure out of the common.

The following account of Mr. Crawhall's surroundings, from a letter written by Keene to Mr. Stewart in 1877, will be of interest:—

"You'd have liked his house, crammed full of curios, and of the best. On his walls the rarest prints and etchings, etc.—and he knows all about them, too—a few pictures and drawings, several oil pictures of Blacklock's, and no end of books, armour, arms, and any amount of Pots and Plates of his own painting. The china he goes in for is almost exclusively English, especially Bow and Chelsea. This is my fancy. I did not see a bit of blue. . . . Crawhall has a lot of autograph letters. He generally frames one along with the portrait. . . . C. is a great smoker, and gets up every morning at four, comes down and has a pipe and does an hour's work (painting), and then goes to bed again! and enjoys his breakfast with the rest at the usual time (this is original, I think)."

Keene was delighted with Mr. Crawhall's quaint collection of original pictures, and the latter, as time



A "SUGGESTION" BY MR. CRAWHALL FOR A "PUNCH" SUBJECT.

See opposite—"A MODERN ATHENIAN."

From "Punch," November 10, 1877.

A MODERN ATHENIAN.

SOUTHERN TOURIST (*in Edinburgh*): "Can you direct me to the Royal Institution?"

NATIVE (*vacant stare*): "What est?"

TOURIST (*giving a clue*): "Pictures, you know—statues—and——"

NATIVE (*after much thought*): "Oo—et's the stukky feggars ye mean!"—(*pointing*)—"Yon's et!"

went on, placed them freely and unreservedly[1] at his disposal, without expectation of, or indeed desire for, any return or recompense. This, however, was not Keene's view of the matter. He was not one to take without giving, and he gracefully "rewarded" (I use Mr. Crawhall's own expression) his friend by presenting him with a series of sketches, which it must, I think, be the great pride of Mr. Crawhall's life to possess. Indeed to such an extent did C. K. carry this system of "reward" that after a time his friend began to be embarrassed, and told him that if he insisted upon continuing this too generous practice there would be a risk of their falling out, "for," said Mr. Crawhall, "you don't know the value of your work. The reward is too great, and our happy connection must cease if you put me under these obligations."

The custom thus ceased, but Keene would rarely miss an opportunity of sending a sketch when there was any plausible ground for doing so, generally accompanying it with some shame-faced excuse. For example, writing on August 8, 1883, he says: "I send you a sketch for your gallery. You must bear with me and accord me this pleasure and privilege, especially as I make such free use of the albums."

The generous nature of this contest sufficiently speaks for itself, but I cannot refrain from adding

[1] This was in 1877, for we find him writing to Stewart in October of that year: "I've heard from Crawhall. He says I may have any sketches out of those books of his I like."

the following charming extract from a letter bearing the postmark July 10, 1880 :—

"I want you to do me a great favour, to let me give up 'Ahasuerus.'[1] I can't tell you how strongly I have felt your rare generosity and unselfishness in letting me browse so freely in your pastures. Consider how much I've been beholden to you already. . . . If we consider it seriously it won't do for it to come out in your book after it has appeared in 'Punch.' . . . It's a capital subject (I'm certain you evolved it from your own humorous consciousness), and you ought to have the benefit of it 'fresh,' so make me comfortable by a line that you agree."

The number of these suggestions culled from the albums was certainly not less than two hundred and fifty, and may have been considerably greater, but no complete record has been kept. Through the kindness of Mr. Crawhall, however, I am enabled to give a list of more than two hundred, which will, I think, prove interesting to those who have leisure to study C. K.'s "Punch" work.[2]

The first outcome of this delightful partnership was a charming instance of one of the "great unpaid" committing himself instead of the prisoner. "Prisoner," he says, "you're discharged for this time with a caution, but, if we see you here again, you'll get twice as much!!" This appeared under the heading "A Narrow Escape," on September 6, 1873.

[1] The picture was finished and ready at any time to be sent in.

[2] See Appendix B.

The last was called "At the Zoo," and will be found in "Punch" for April 5, 1890.

Only once during these seventeen years did Mr. Crawhall's portrait appear. This was on March 11, 1882, in the cut entitled "Lapsus Linguæ."[1] In it Keene has represented his friend as the "Pater."

For the first year or two of their intimacy the collaboration would seem to have been only occasional, but towards the end of 1876 we find a letter which would appear to have been the immediate forerunner of what, in the middle of 1877, developed into a systematic co-operation. "Dear Mr. Crawhall," it runs, "many thanks for the loan of the sketch-books. I enjoyed them again and again with renewed chucklings, but what a mouth-watering larder to lay open to a ravenous joke-seeker! Mayn't I have one for 'Punch'? If I don't have a prohibitory postcard (which I hope you won't hesitate to send me if you've the slightest objection), I can't choose but make free!"

A few quotations here from Keene's subsequent letters, referring to the obligations he felt himself under to his fellow-labourer will not be out of place. He was almost morbidly afraid lest more credit should be given him ultimately by the public than was his due. He was the last person in the world to subscribe to "those grand laws of the universe," as expounded by George Eliot's Euphorion in "The Wasp Credited with Honey,"[2] "in the light of which Mine and Thine disappear and are resolved into

[1] *See* opposite. [2] "Impressions of Theophrastus Such."

From "Punch," March 11, 1882.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

PATER. "Now, look here, my boy; I can't have these late hours. When I was your age my father wouldn't let me stay out after dark."

FILIUS. "Humph! Nice sort o' father you must have had, I should say."

PATER (*waxing*). "Deuced sight better than you have, you young——"

[*Checks himself, and exit*

Everybody's or Nobody's, and one man's particular obligations to another melt untraceably into the obligations of the earth to the solar system in general."

Writing on July 24, 1880, he says: "I wish I could manifest the obligations I am under to you in the help you've so generously afforded me in 'Punch.' . . . Let us draw up a form of 'affidavy' on my part to insert in your 'Albums.'"

On March 27 of the same year he had written: "I want to draw up a solemn 'affidavy' to insert in your book of 'Quips.' It ought to be in Latin (canine), '*Cognoscite omnes homines his præsentibus*,' etc., to the effect that 'Punch' and I are indebted to you for these originals, so that posterity may not make a mistake. . . . In the last book I think you have surpassed yourself, but some that I liked best I'm afraid they wouldn't have. That's a screamer of the tradesman recommending his revolver as a bridal present."

Again, in August, 1885: "Don't think I've confiscated the Albums. I may make a final cull for next 'Almanack,' and then return them with a formal affidavit of my obligation to them."

And again, on August 6, 1887: "I've done that little incident you suggested of the couple who went for a day in the country, when Joan got a little ruffled at Darby's leaving her to take the tickets. They'll spoil it in the engraving, but you shall have the drawing. It's scaring to think what I should have done without the Albums. I had marked down

a lot to save for the Almanack, but alas! I'm drawing upon this capital."

These may stand as fair examples of the acknowledgments of personal indebtedness which he was constantly making to his friend. Others will be found in the correspondence.

Whilst on the subject of the sources from which C. K. drew his inspirations, it will be interesting to note that the ideas for his two last sporting pictures were taken from an extremely rare book, written and illustrated in lithography by Mr. Crawhall's father in 1827. The book was called "Grouse Shooting made Quite Easy to Every Capacity, by Geoffrey Gorcock." The "Punch" pictures were headed "Mems. for the Moors," and appeared respectively on September 7 and September 21, 1889. Mr. Crawhall, senior, besides being a great sportsman, was clever both with pen and pencil, and had learned the art of lithography from Alois Senefelder, the inventor of that method.

And here another note may be made for the use of those who value their "Punches," and above all the C. K. cuts in them. It is only a wonder that the following prototype of the philological incident of 1886—of which we shall treat anon—did not bring a hornet's nest about the ears of the Fleet Street staff.

On November 8, 1879, appeared a cut headed "VOLUMES," with this legend attached:—

"*Amateur Composer.* Heard my new song?

"*Candid Friend* (*with a perceptible shudder*). Oh Lor! I hope so!!"

The word "last" before "new song" had been omitted, and the whole point of the thing was lost.

This, of course, was only a printer's error, but there were other occasions upon which Keene had bitterly to complain of the way in which his legends were deliberately cut about, and their epigrammatic poignancy lost.

This "editorial sapience," as he called it, made him very indignant. His own misfortunes of the kind he bore philosophically enough, but there is a *sæva indignatio* in some of his letters when dealing with the outrages perpetrated upon the work of his collaborator which we are not prepared for.

He must, indeed, have felt deeply the mangling of his friend's keen wit to bring his kindly pen to write with such bitter sarcasm.

In "Punch's Almanack for 1880" (published December 12, 1879) there is a grand picture bearing the title "Comminatory." The legend runs:—

"*Scotch Field Preacher.* Ah see ye ahint the stanes there, laddies! Smocken—E—h! But ye may smock—an' ye may smock" (*crescendo*) "an' ye may smock, but ye'll smock gey an' sairer whaur y're gaun tae."

Now, "gey an' sairer" is not Scotch. A Scotchman will say, "My head's gey sair"—*i.e.*, "very sore"—or, "my head's gey sairer than yours"; but to say "gey an' sairer" is to say "very and sorer," which is nonsense.

The original words of the preacher had run—"Ah twig ye ahint the stanes there, laddies—smockin—

but ye may smock—an' ye may smock—an' ye may smock—but ye'll smock faur sairer whaur ye're gaun tae."

On this subject Keene wrote to Mr. Crawhall on December 15th: "When I saw the Almanack I was in a great rage that they had altered your legend in the drawing of the Scotch preacher, and wrote instanter to the sapient editor. I enclose copy. I'll never forgive him."

This was when Tom Taylor still reigned at 85, Fleet Street. It was a perilous thing to tamper with the work of so conscientious a labourer as C. K., unless there was full knowledge to prompt the correction.

The periodical providers of jokes and good stories must needs have good memories. There is always the risk attaching to subjects obtained as original from outside sources that they may turn out to be "chestnuts." Happily for Keene his mind retained a point once he had heard it. An example may be quoted. Writing on July 5, 1886, to Mr. Crawhall, he says: "Your story (how history repeats itself!) of the twins, and the youngster's asking which his father means to keep, is a great antiquity (Leech did it in 'Punch' years ago), in spite of which I often have had stray suggestions of it ever since."

Of course it must be distinctly understood that it was only a certain proportion of Keene's subjects that were not of his own invention. A large number, no doubt, were the outcome of his own observation and experience. "Here's a subject," he writes to

Mr. Crawhall on September 29, 1888—"Here's a subject I've just done, thought it 'out of my own head':—

"'ANDICAPPED.—*Jail Bird* (*having just picked landlord's pocket*). Amerikin watch! Shabby old 'umbug; and 'im a man o' property, too! Ugh! What 'ith downright fraud like this 'ere an' co-ercion an' what not, a poor man ha'n't got a chance!"

But that his imagination in this direction was not extraordinarily fertile is, I think, evident. Once, however, his sense of humour was set in motion—once his mind seized upon a conceit or a fancy, his quick artistic sympathy came into play, and his imagination knew instinctively its essential, pictorial requirements. In a word, his imagination was of the very highest order, but it was graphic, not literary.

To sum up, then, Keene's humour was the humour of observation rather than the humour of invention. An acute observer of Nature, an eager spectator of the passing expressions and moods of his fellow-creatures, an impressionist of the finest quality, given a subject which he could fully appreciate, and he would picture it with an unerring certainty, an uncompromising realism.

"Our People" is not a mere picture-book. Opening its pages is like opening a series of windows and finding Nature herself informed and animated by her best spirit of unexaggerated fun. Where Keene attempted to be more humorous than his mistress—and this was always against the grain—he signally failed. In no sense could he rival the antics and

extravagances of Rowlandson, Gillray, and Cruikshank.

> "An hideous figure of their foes they drew,
> Nor lines, nor looks, nor shades, nor colours true,
> And this grotesque design expos'd to public view."

Of him it may be said he drew his inspiration from Nature, and was content not to "improve" upon what she chose to manifest to him.

CHAPTER IX.

1874—1878.

Trip abroad.—Letter, Christmas Day, 1874.—His love of animals.—The Royston Crow.—A surgical operation.—The *cacoethes colligendi*.—Flint implements.—A characteristic note.—Fifteen shillings for an arrow-head.—A take-in.—A theorbo.—A "curling-pin."—De Loutherbourg.—Letter, April 23, 1875.—Letter, August 21, 1875.—A chess-player.—Problems.—Letter, May 1876.—A disagreeable occurrence.—Loss of Tigbourne Cottage.—Visits to Mr. Birket Foster.—The Macdonalds of Kepplestone.—"Fly Leaves."—Letter, July 13, 1877.—Mr. Stacy Marks' prophecy.—Letter, August 6, 1877.—Lawn tennis.—Letter, August 27, 1877.—Bagpipe contest.—Letter, October 6, 1877.—Letter, November 9, 1877.—Member of "The Anti-Restoration Society."—Hatred of "quacksalvers."—Letter, undated.—Letter, March 30, 1878.—Mr. Crawhall's "Pots."—An unfortunate mistake.—Letter, May 24, 1878.—A Book-reader as well as Book-collector.—A Tory amongst Whigs.—Mr. Anstey-Guthrie.—A pet scheme.—Letter, August 16, 1878.—Letter, August 20, 1878.—Keene as Cartoonist.—Letter, September 28, 1878.—Letter, November 2, 1878.—Letter, December 16, 1878.

IN 1875 Keene went abroad to "Trier, in Rhenish Prussia—Saarbruck—Bingen—down the Viney Rhine—Cologne, and through Holland, Rotterdam, and so home."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"Tigbourne Cottage,
"Witley, Godalming,
"Surrey.
"Christmas Day[1] [1874].

"DEAR MR. CRAWHALL,

". . . Mr. G. Grove, formerly manager of the Crystal Palace, a learned musical amateur, is writing a Dictionary of Music (I think) and Dr. Stone, a London amateur, is doing the Reed instruments. He called on me to borrow a set of pipes, was much interested in the Northumberland set and borrowed them too to be drawn for the work—by the same token spoilt my best reed by putting it in his mouth as if it was a common hautboy! I also lent him my MS. book, my copies from yours, and appreciate more fully your kindness in lending me yours, for I'm in a stew about it, lest it should accidentally come to grief. Dr. S—— is an enthusiast, plays the bassoon and double ditto, and is an authority with the profession on the Reed family; says he could make a Northumberland chanter reed. I challenged him to do it! I'm writing to old Reid to make me 10*s.* worth.

"I'm sorry to say I've not been practising the pipes much this winter; cold weather isn't conducive to much suppleness in the finger-joints, and I've a

[1] This letter, though begun on Christmas Day, was not finished till Jan. 30th, 1875, Keene having in the interval paid a visit to London.

big old Spanish guitar that's an 'Amati' for sweetness, and I'm seduced in my fireside leisure to twang mellifluous chords thereon to some Lied of Weber's rather than the 'breathing chanter!' There was a music sale at Puttick and Simpson's this week, and I see among the instruments was 'a clavecin in black and gold case in excellent preservation.' I should have liked to have seen this! Don't forget to tell me of the treasures you pick up. Next to getting them yourself, or perhaps better, it is very interesting to me. There was a sale in Godalming the other day of some properties of the late —— Inskipp, the painter. It seems he was a great Piscator, and I brought off a 'lot' of a salmon rod, two bait cans, as big as slop-pails, two enormous landing-nets (do for a good-sized shark), and a Brobdignagian fishing-basket, about two or three feet wide, for fourteen shillings! the cheapest lot in the sale, I was told. Hook, the painter, disregarded the Tenth Commandment openly in respect of this basket; part of it was a little broken from wear. 'For God's sake, don't get it mended!' he implored. He is borrowing it, and it will be immortalized on his canvas, I've no doubt! I heard a good story the other day, if it's not old, of an English swell on his first visit to Scotland. At his first sight of a plate of porridge, on coming down to breakfast at his hotel, rings the bell violently for the waiter, points to the viand and indignantly asks, 'I say, waiter, what beast has done this?' I've had a Royston crow sent me, who has lost a leg in a rat-trap, just above the heel, so the poor bird is very

STUDY OF TREES.

helpless. We think of fitting him with a wooden leg in this way,[1] but I'm afraid he'd be bothered in perching. I keep him at my studio, have cut his wing and let him out every day in the garden, saving his life often from the cats. I think they would find him a 'Tartar,' taking him for a pigeon, no doubt, if he had both his legs. It's touching to see how he keeps by the wall so that he can lean against it, and his efforts to clean his wing and tail feathers, and preserve his balance, is painful to see! My friend P. Morris, who has the other studio in the house with me, is even more zoological than I. He has got four fallow hinds and threatens a buck. His idea now is to sink an old bath in the middle of our garden, fill it with a few buckets of water, and have a swan! and some ducks! 'The reflections in the water would be so jolly!' I've the greatest difficulty in choking him off! They are going to send me up an unmaimed carrion crow from Norfolk. There is a good deal of character in the corvines. I had a jackdaw that was a Hotspur of birds for choler; quite tame and good-tempered with all the family; if a stranger appeared he would turn to a shapeless black lump from all his feathers being on end, and, unable to caw from choking, he would tumble to the intruder and send his beak right through his boot. What is the bird on your crest, a chough? Can you tell me what would be a fair price to give for a decent copy of 'Bewick's Birds'? I rather like a book to look as if it had seen service. I've got the 'quad-

[1] Here comes a sketch of a wooden bird's-leg.

rupeds,' certainly a 'used copy.' I was 'taken' with a marginal note in it, scrawled in a girl's hand in pencil over the print of the Opossums,—'nasty disgusting animals!' but the impressions are good enough. What an artist he was! I send you the pastoral round from 'Pammelia'; you may accompany your choir in the third line on the penny whistle; it's very pretty! Excuse its being a 'used copy.' I'm looking forward to a visit to the Highlands this year to see A. Stevenson, of Tynemouth, whom you know. He has asked me before, but I've never been able to go. One reason was that I've a friend in Edinburgh who would have been dreadfully riled at my going North and not spending the best part of the time with him, but he tells me he is going to St. Kilda (!) this year, so that gives me a chance. I have not time for both. I shall take my pipes, in the hopes of finding a lonely glen to practise in; that's the worst of the instrument; grateful as its acid nasal tone is to my own ear, I'm of a compunctious disposition and I'm always more comfortable in playing out of earshot! What I sigh for is a tract of lonely sea-shore on a hard sand. Gardiner, in his 'Music of Nature' (have you the book?) says the roar of the sea is in F, but all's one for that. I'm afraid you must be pretty well bored by this time with all this, so I'll 'knock off.' I dare not read what I've written. Perhaps I've repeated myself. Against your Quern, my last antique I have to show is a tinder-box, flint and steel, and an original ha'porth of brimstone matches, given me

the other day;—thought of sending it to South Kensington. Item, a chipped flint, evidently for an arrow-head, picked up in a sandy common in Surrey. And the promise of a lot of ancient pipes from a friend, the city architect, who is digging up about Billingsgate Market. I hear there is another book of pipe music coming out by Ross, the Queen's piper. I want to show my transcript of your book of tunes to Tom Chappell, the author of the English collection. I think he'd be surprised, that is, if you would not mind. Hoping you'll excuse me for this 'bald, disjointed chat,'

"I am,

"Yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

Keene had a great love for animals of all kinds. In the days of the Strand Studio he had induced the rats, with which the old house was infested, to come every day to regular meals, and the "Royston Crow," mentioned in the preceding letter, was well known to visitors at the Queen's Road Studio.

On a visit to Mr. Charles Edwards, at Bridgham Hall, Norfolk, father of his friend Edwin Edwards, he had prevailed upon the bailiff to catch him a carrion crow for a pet. Unfortunately in the process its leg was broken, which necessitated amputation and the construction of the "surgical aid" here mentioned. In the early part of the above letter, which has not been quoted, dealing, as it does, mainly with matters of private interest, Keene speaks of a friend who "was when he lived in

London an omnivorous collector of knick-knackets, and has a most magpieish assortment," "which," he might have added, "also am I."

He himself had the *cacoethes colligendi* strong upon him through life. From flint implements to book-plates; from old musical instruments to cookery-books—of which he had a large collection priced from one penny upwards,—all that was curious and antique was fish for his net. Of the first-named he became a most enthusiastic collector after having formed a nucleus from those brought together by a gentleman who had been forced to sell. The following is a characteristic note on this subject to his friend Stewart, to whom he had previously written, saying that he had lost a flint and was sure he had handed it to him.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea.

"DEAR JACK,

"*Gaudeamus!*

"I've found the chip from Dartmoor! and my pleasure is only spoilt by the regret of having fancied I had handed it over to you.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

On another occasion he writes to Mr. Crawhall: "I've had a gnawing sorrow on my mind the last week or so—lost one of my best flints! Such is life!' And again: 'Was at a sale at Sotheby's this week, bought a few flints, nothing particular, but prices very high. Canon G.[1] was rather shocked at my having

[1] Canon Greenwell.

given fifteen shillings for an arrow-head, but flints have risen so much apparently that I am reconciled. I'll show this arrow-head against any in Christendy."

Again: "I met J. E. the other night (flint implements) and had a long chat with him and liked him very much. He must have a fine collection; seems to go in for everything; and he is constantly finding flints, but then he knows where to look for them. I hope some day to see his treasures." Again: "I found a letter from Lord R. and called on him this morning. There were a couple of boxes full of scrapers. I picked out about thirty from those found in Suffolk and Norfolk and forty from Yorkshire. He gave me two specimens from Cissbury Hill, in Sussex, one from Maidenhall Drift in Suffolk, and a small axe from Peru, and three arrow-heads from America, a very nice lot altogether. He has a magnificent collection, but he keeps them mostly in Edinburgh. He said he had none from Surrey, and I told him I would send him some."

On one occasion he was amusingly "gulled," with what indignation may be imagined. "I was 'sold' the other day," he writes to Mr. Crawhall. "I saw advertised two books, 'The Caves of South Devon, etc.,' and 'A Critical Examination of the Flints from Brixham Cavern.' I rushed and bought 'em the first opportunity, and found they came from a Religious Society, established by a sort of Pograms and Hot-Gospellers, and were written to prove that the flints were all shaped accidentally by wobbling about in Noah's Flood, etc., etc.!"

And this of his precious paleo-liths, to which he had devoted a chest of drawers, stowing away his clothes in brown paper parcels underneath! All through his letters we find allusions to curiosities he had either just succeeded in or just missed picking up. For example: "I picked up a pretty old Psalter since I wrote last. 'The whole Booke of David's Psalms both in Prose and Meeter, with apt Notes to sing them withall, etc., 1635.' Diamond-headed notes, no bars, but the tunes, as I can spell them out, very quaint and grim. I can hear them sung by a sort of prick-eared baritones through their noses in a conventicle, and see their steeple-crowned hats and Geneva cloaks hanging on the walls." Again: "Tell me," he writes to a friend, "when you write, of any additions to your collection of antiquities you may have made. I heard of a friend, an artist, who bought an old theorbo,[1] from five to six feet high, at Christie's last week, for five pounds. I'm rather glad I did not know of it, as I might have been tempted to lavish my money on it! for of the collecting of books and instruments there is no end."

Again: "I've got a real 'tirling-pin,' and have fixed it to my bedroom door. I bought it out of a heap of old iron in Aberdeen Market. This is parlous news that you have 'broken out' into old

[1] A large double-necked lute with two sets of tuning-pegs, the lower set holding the strings, which lie over the fretted finger-board, while the upper set are attached to the bass strings, or so-called diapasons, which are used as open notes. For further particulars, see Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. iv. p. 100.

furniture. I've had a catalogue of a sale coming off in Belfast, from a friend there. I've asked him to bid for a lot or two for me, *e.g.*, '16. Three religious silver medals, two silver heart-shaped do., silver fibula, with inscription: "Ave Maria Gratia plena."

"'18. Curious wooden nutcrackers.

"'32. Seventeen clay and other old pipes; three brass and one iron do.

"'60. Fifteen flint arrow-heads, from 1¼ to 3 inches long.

"'61. Three flint spear-heads, 4, 5, and 6 inches long, and eight javelin or arrow-heads, 2½ to 3 inches long.' There are lots of 'Querns'[1] and other curious things in bronze. 'Objects associated with the Rebellion of '98, and coins and medals.' It's well you had not this catalogue. The consequences would have been frightful." The "tirling-pin" mentioned above, which he set great store by, he presented to his friend Mr. Hipkins shortly before his death. It is a corrugated piece of iron, which, smartly scraped with a small ring attached, gives most ample and startling warning of a visitor at the door.

And yet one more quotation on this subject. "I have picked up the third de Loutherbourg I was in search of,—'The Battle of the Nile,' so my wall at home will have quite a last century, 'Glorious British Navy,' air about it. These, with two or three others of the period, the Bewick litho (trotting-horse), you gave me, a drawing of Rowlandson's, and some etchings of Chodowiecki's, will stamp me a genuine

[1] Hand-mills for grinding grain.

æsthetic. These engravings—they are about 36 inches wide, pure line-engraving—I gave about seven pounds for, and don't think they are dear, though I've had no experience in this line."

With these enough has been said to show what an omnivorous collector he was. We shall have further opportunities of observing the eclectic nature of his passion in the letters given *in extenso*.

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea.
[*April* 23, 1875.]

"DEAR MR. CRAWHALL,

"I'm afraid to think how long it is since you so kindly sent me the madrigals. My first impulse was to write off to you my thanks immediately, but I was not ripe for a real letter then, and it would have been a mere perfunctory one, which I hate, so I rashly put it off, thinking to send you one of my gossipy despatches in a few days! And now it's——but I mustn't think how long it was ago. Only I assure you I shall prize the volumes very much. I had one or two of the set, and yours make a valuable addition, and those old-world documents you kindly sent me have determined me to make a scrap-book for the like sort. I've been unusually busy lately, as I'm thinking of going to Treves with a friend, about the middle of May (I've seen the Black Forest in spring, and want to see it again), so in such case, I'm obliged to get forward with my work—not an easy matter. I suppose you've already been on Coquet side

with rod and creel. I've hailed the advent of spring with skirling on the pipes, my fingers having thawed, and uncommonly exhilarating it is! It takes two or three days to get them into good playing order. I bought a very good set of half-size pipes the other day and find 'em very easy to handle now, but had a great trouble in fitting the reeds. I fancy that's why you don't persevere with them, your not being able to get them in tune. I was sorry to hear of poor old Reid's death. Who's to make chanter reeds now? Does his Rembrandtish old wife carry on the business? I think, if I were you, I would secure that dulcimer, if I could get it cheap. I have never heard of 'a Pastorella,'—I don't know about the fiddle; I believe the German makers are not much valued: £15 seems a good price. Don't recollect the name of 'Aubon Jaip' in Mittenwald, as one of the great makers. A friend of mine brought an instrument from the Tyrol, really in principle a viol, but played on now. You place it on a table or on your knee with the finger-board *from you, fretted*, which you finger with left hand, and play with a bow, drawing it across under the left arm. I shall try and get one. I should like to hear a six-part madrigal played with viols! I don't know whether I shall get a holiday run into Scotland this year; if I do I shall certai ily try and have a day at Newcastle, for the pleasure of seeing you. I had an invitation from Alexander Stevenson, but he has unfortunately gone and married, so I suppose that has lapsed; but I've had another from F. Powell, the water-colour painter, to go

a cruise in his yacht on the 'Clyde'; whether I shall be able to manage it or no, I can't say. My friend in Edinburgh, a man of a Robinson Crusoeish turn of mind, is going to St. Kilda. He is going over in the Factor's boat, and trusts to chance and a passing ship to get back again! He lately sent me two articles for my collection,—a flint arrow-head, picked up by his brother in Illinois, and a tooth from a stone coffin from Bute! He thought the latter uncommonly interesting, so you see he is one of us. He tells me a friend of his, a lawyer in Edinburgh, gave him a letter written by a Highland chief in the seventeenth century. I think I shall try and get this from him for my new scrap-book. My old carrion crow is alive and flourishing, but I'm afraid lousy. I'm going to get some 'Staves acre,' 'Stavis Agria'—in English, lice-bane, *vide* Gerard—and mix it with sand, wherein he may dust himself, and I've had the promise of a raven in two directions. I saw the other day some lovely bird skins from Australia, sent to a friend of mine, a painter, one especially, a kingfisher, the same size as ours but of sadder colour, but quite exquisite. There was a Scotch doctor died in London the other day, and I see part of his library is to be sold. He was a Celtic scholar and an enthusiast for the pipes and Highland music. He may have had a copy of Peacock. If there's anything interesting I'll send you the catalogue. I told you I had a call from an amateur bassoon player (Dr. Stone), who was writing an article on the Reed instruments for a forthcoming Dictionary of Music

by G. Grove. I lent him a pipe-chanter and a set of Northumberland pipes, and my MS. book of tunes (he was much interested in the latter, thanks to you for your book). He has returned them and says he has done 'the bagpipe.' He seemed to fancy he had got to the bottom of it, and I'm very curious to see what he says. I'll forward it to you when I get it. I went down to Witley on the 12th, purposely to hear the nightingales; they have arrived for the last four years on the 13th, at about 11 p.m. This year they had not come on the 15th! and I had to come to town the next morning—a backwardness unknown to the oldest inhabitant. A friend heard the wryneck in his garden at Hammersmith last Sunday.

"*May 8th.*—Another reason my letter has been so long delayed is explained by the enclosed packet. I wanted to get an old friend of mine to make me some sketches from your book plate, and he is getting old and his eyesight is failing him, so we have to manage in a gingerly way to get anything from him. I had shown him your 'Book of Angling,' when I first had it, at which he was delighted. I thought you had a fancy for heraldry, from your having inserted some coats of Border families in your MS. music book, and M—— is a master of the craft, and an artist therein, as I think you will see. I don't know anything about it, but that an old 'armorial bearing' is a pretty 'gay' (a Suffolk word signifying 'picture'). I have also sent you a few specimens to show you how they look engraved, and,

if you would like one engraved, I know the man who cut those of Foster Moncrieff and Heseltine, and would get it done for you. They are photographed on to the wood. That one of S. W. Lawley is curious. I picked it up somewhere and found it was by a friend and pupil of M——'s. The design was rather tortured, but the fine crest showed the master! I have not picked up anything in the curious line lately. I saw a fine old harpsichord lately at Puttick and Simpson's. It had been in a previous sale knocked down for £20, but not taken away and was put up again, but it was nearly as big as a small grand piano, and I don't know what it fetched; it was in a black and gold case. I had a most outrageous leaden pilgrim's token sent me the other day—a barefaced 'Flint Jack,'—for my collection of Facetiæ Antiquæ, but that requires a long explanation. A friend of mine with a genius for elaborate (innocent) practical jokes, had an idea of cultivating the acquaintance of some real antiquaries, and of quietly giving out that he had a taste that way, and then gradually alluding to his own collection (which was really to be of the most artful shams), and at last to have the pleasure of displaying it to some amiable connoisseur, and to watch the expression of his face as he discovers how frightfully his friend has been 'done,' and to see the struggle in his mind as to whether and how he shall break it to him!! I've been helping to collect these, and some of the items I think would amuse you, but

A SCAVENGER.

IN THE CITY.

they require to be seen! stuck on cards, etc., and labelled *à la* 'South Kensington'! *E.g.*, I found the enclosed sketch in the flyleaf of an old MS. book. I shall mount it, labelled, 'Portrait of Guido Faukes, sketched by one of the Jury!' Send me this back. If you are not bored by this fooling I'll tell you of some of my other treasures in my next.

"So adieu for the present, and

"I am, yours very truly,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"Tigbourne Cottage,
"Witley.
August 21st [1875].

"DEAR MR. CRAWHALL,

"I got your jolly letter the day before and the Treason Mugg (Safe) on the day I started down here. I can't sufficiently thank you for both. The Pot is simply superb and will stand 'primus' among the Facetiæ. Though I admire it so, it seems past a joke, especially when I think of your trouble. The 'trumps' too, are a most acceptable collection; and the one you notice with the cunning smith's work ornament is very commendable Who makes them? I should like to think they were fabricated by the Northumberland gypsies that I've been reading about in W. Allen's Life (I picked the book up from a stall the other day, I dare say you know it), but I suppose, like most things now, they are made by the million in a factory! I was thinking the other day, reading

Cobbett's 'Rural Rides' (I have been picking up his works lately, and shall try and get them all, they are very amusing), how that vituperative old Briton would have cussed and swore if he had lived in these days of railways and machinery, and (over) bitter beer! Have you his works? I have his 'Rural Rides,' 'The Northern Tour' and 'Cottage Economy.' I want to get his 'English Gardener' and 'Tour in France' and 'History of Reformation,' etc.; don't care so much for his purely political tracts; you get plenty of that in all his books. I can't tame my Royston crow. When I first had him I used to catch and cage him every night—he has his liberty altogether now, but he always gives me a 'wide berth.' I shall not cut his wing again, but give him his chance if it grows again, as he's plenty of 'nous' to get his living. I place food for him of a night, as he's an early breakfaster, and I find what he doesn't eat he hides and makes a light supper and a drink just before turning in at sundown. I've got into feud with the neighbours about him, having snared some of their cats, who had designs on him. I think they would have devoured him long ago, but he gives the most awful caw when they come near him, which disconcerts them. I should like to have the Lochiel raven, but I'm afraid you would have trouble about it, and that's absurd to ask such a price for the Rothbury bird, except for his conversational powers. We can get young ravens from Cornwall in Leadenhall Market, for a guinea, so say the word if you'd like a southerner.

"*August 25th.*

"Your card about the raven was sent on to me here. I hope you won't be at any trouble about it, though I should like to have the bird. It is worth the higher price for the fancy (it being a long-lived animal) that its grandfather might have heard the 'Camerons' Gathering' in '45, but it would be an awful long journey for the beastie. What sort of a house was it at Fassiferne (?)—ancient? and the surroundings—impressive? I've never seen the Highlands of Scotland, but I'm never tired of reading their story, and I'm interested in the race, as my oldest and nearest friend, and the finest disposition of any man I ever knew, is of Highland blood—a Stewart from Rannoch. I hope you practise on the pipe. Recollect that, if you master the practice-stick it will only take you a fortnight or three weeks, when you are in a convenient place, to attain to the bliss of being able to pour out your soul on the 'Piob mohr!' I enclose you the tune I promised you; it is of the same marked character as 'Macpherson's Lament,' but, I think, stranger. I could not play it for some time for laughing! Get it on your pipe before letting it be tried on the piano; it's very easy to play. I told you a friend of mine was going to St. Kilda. He was there two months and escaped at last in a yacht that touched there for a few minutes! (no harbour), but he was delighted with the place and people; believes he could live there for ten pounds a year, and talks of publishing his account of it with sketches he made there. Mrs. Birket

Foster told me she had received a hamper of game from Alec Stevenson, who has taken his bride to their Highland home. A friend of ours who lives down here has gone up to shoot with him. By the bye, you may know him—Captain Nelson, R.N.—as he was stationed on the Tyne for some time; commanded a gunboat, I think. He is of the family (Norfolk) of the great admiral, and a very nice fellow he is. . . .

"Chelsea, *Sept. 2nd.*

"I've just received the little Is. Wa. muglet, for which I thank you heartily, and feel my nascent passion for original pot-painting much aggravated. I've already got a grey mug like that Flanders ware, on which I shall try my hand, and hope to make you a return in kind. Young Willie Foster (Birket Foster's son) I found had been painting (blue) some plates very successfully, but his burning was not so successful as yours, as there was a roughness on the surface. Do you paint yours on the already glazed ware or previously to the glaze? But I'll find all that out. I hope you won't think me heedless that I have not written before, thanking you for the Treason mug, etc., but I thought I should have got this off before, and I'd always rather write a long letter than a short one, as you can chatter more freely, and it is an excuse for carelessness! The little mug was most securely packed. I had to perform a Cæsarean operation and cut it out of the Australian case with a pair of shears. I've got back to town for good now, I think, but it's very dull—

everybody away, the club shut up, and the days shortening. My Irish friend was in Northumberland lately, at Warkworth, I think. He asked me to inquire how it was that the Coquet trout were not very good to eat—tasteless, he thought. Those in the pond down at Witley are delicious; there are some there four and five pounds weight! I suppose it's the food.

"I wonder if you or any of yours are chess players? I send you a cunning problem. White has the move, and if he makes the right one, whatever Black does, W. mates in his next move. I've drawn the men plainly. It's the best in two moves I ever saw.

"I can't keep the letter another day; so good-bye, and many thanks again for the art treasures, and

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

Keene was enthusiastic over chess as over everything that he took up, but, inasmuch as he required not unusually a quarter of an hour for a move, he was not much sought after as an antagonist, so he perforce fell back upon the solitary working out of problems.

"I shall see M—— to-day," he writes. "I sent him some problems I had solved the other day, and he replied with some others. I send you one. I pore over these two moves and find them out without setting the men upon a board. It is amusing!"

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"*May*, 1876. "Arts Club,
"(Rec[d]. *Nov.* 26.) "Hanover Square, W.

"DEAR MR. CRAWHALL,

"I can't thank you sufficiently for so kindly interesting yourself in helping my old friend, but I'm sure if you knew him you would take to him as we all do.

"Your mugs and plates are the envy of my friends, and I've decorated my studio walls with the latter. I shall be so delighted if I can do something decent in the same way. I send you a little book with this for your library. I think I told you of my Scotch friend who was going to St. Kilda; this book is the result. I really believe he will go and live there, and marry one of the fisher girls! but I doubt whether he'll improve these Celts by civilizing them, teaching them to be industrious, and to take to trading and making money, accomplishments he has never succeeded in teaching himself, by the bye! but I think he writes and describes pleasantly and impersonally (the latter quality is rare nowadays), and this seems to me what he is fitted for—to wander and describe remote and uncomfortable places. I asked him if there was any tradition among these people of that story about Lady Grange, who was carried there about some hundred years ago, but he had not thought of asking them. He has got his boat subscribed for, and is taking her there this spring.

"I went some time ago to see a friend, an artist, who lives in a remote village in Essex, Castle Hedingham, where, by the bye, is a splendid Norman Keep (was a castle of the De Veres) with all the floors except top (Oliver Cromwell of course) carefully preserved and the windows wired. How I should like to live in it! My friend offered me a quern that a man had dug up in a wood close by. It was made of a coarse sort of pudding stone, but enormously heavy, so I did not 'rise' at it, which I'm rather ashamed of. It was something like this.[1] I suppose the hole at the side was for the stick to turn it with. There was a piece of the lower stone, upon which it was turned, with it, but I suppose this need not be very old? This was the most rural and remote place for an artist that I've seen, and filled me with envy! It had been a farm-house, and he had added on a studio, a sort of baronial hall with rafters, etc.; but, being in the house, the women folk invaded it and disturbed him, and so he gave it up to them, and it makes a charming morning room. I promised him an old shirt of mail I have to hang up in it, along with the old pictures, and add to the illusion. His studio now is in the corner of an old barn, more removed from the house!

"So much depends upon the point of view. This remoteness and rural quiet was such a grateful background to his life of work, but his wife found it rather dull! We were much amused, as I was describing a seaside village I knew of in Suffolk, and where I was

[1] Here is a rough sketch of the stone.

recommending him to go, as the place and people were picturesque, etc. My point of view was, that it was rather inaccessible and not much known to summer visitors. His wife wanted to know if there was a band there![1] I thought of you one day in the village. We went into a shop, and I noticed a case full of old china and some white plates, answering the description of those you wanted, but the master was out and his wife said they were a hobby of his, and he did not wish to sell them. I fancy my taste is much the same as yours in the china way. I'm very fond of the old English, but I've never 'gone in' for it. The expense always frighted me; there seemed no bottom to it if you once began. Have you any of those maritime punch-bowls? I don't know what ware it is, but they have generally some particular ship painted on them and a verse or two about it; I've noticed

AN OSTLER.

[1] *Vide* p. 87, "Our People."

them in seaports. In Aberdeen I saw one or two fine ones, and should think they are well known in Newcastle. I suppose they were made for some ship in the old punch-drinking days. I have a gray drinking-mug that (I) shall try and do something on if feasible; I shall learn this from my friend de Morgan. Blue Japanese seems the fashionable ware for the connoisseurs here. I confess I'm rather tired of it. I used to be down in Surrey a good deal once; I had a share of a cottage and, one day at Haselmere, I bought a couple of very quaint plates with very roughly-painted Easternish figures. At that time there was a talk amongst us that there was formerly a pottery at Chiddingfold, a very small village close by. It was said to be mentioned in Drayton's 'Polyolbion' (don't believe it). At any rate, I gave them to Birket Foster, and said most likely they were of this antient manufacture. Another friend heard this, who was shortly after in Aked's (a celebrated dealer) shop, and the latter showed him a plate like these and he did not know what ware it was. Our friend enlightened him and the plate was immediately ticketed in the window 'Chiddingfold, very rare!!'

"I knew an old 'curio' once who had a craze for musical instruments, swords, and particularly anything mounted with shagreen! and I caught a taste for the latter, and anything in a shagreen case always 'pulls me up.' A curious coincidence happened. I had a friend who was an inventor in the matter of drums! He invented the silent drum and patented another that collapsed in some way; three of these

were made, he had one and gave me one, and I found my friend, the shagreen curio—whose acquaintance I made years afterwards—had the third! After his death I bought at his sale some knives in cases, an antique dirk, and some etui cases, but the Jews will run you up for these things! How I hate to see their portentous noses in a sale-room, don't you?

"I don't know young Bromley much, have only met him once or twice. Was he angling up at the Coquet? My Irish friend who fished in your river one summer (I think he met your brother there at the same sport) has been this year at some village on the Cornish coast, painting and fishing. He tells me he used to catch pollack (I'm not sure of the spelling) from a boat with a big feather for a fly. Whackers, three or four pounds weight, sometimes two at once; they soon began to spoil his rod, so he made a rough one of pine that did just as well, and he seems to have had good sport. I should like to have seen those Bewick relics. I very often have disputation with my friend Boyce, the water-colour painter (you know his work I daresay, if not, I wish you did); he is an ardent Bewickian, but I maintain that Bewick was a greater artist than wood-engraver, and that he worked in and was hampered by an ungrateful material, that he could have done more with copper; and I believe I place him higher than Boyce does. We have not beaten the old masters of wood-engraving in my opinion, but have tried to do too much with it and failed.

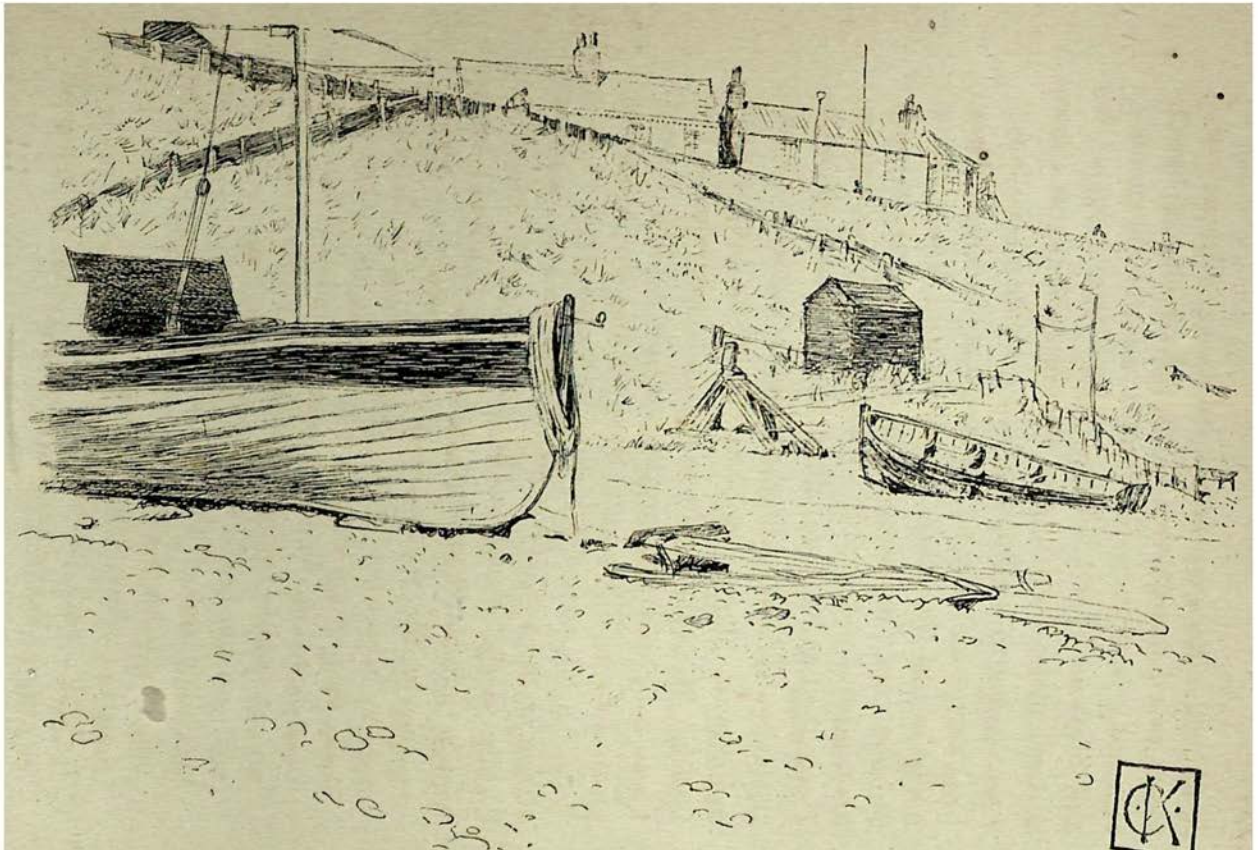
"Do you know Reidel's designs for the Todtentanz

and 'Death the Friend' and 'Death the Avenger'? That's the sort of wood-engraving (modern) that I like. I don't think I've seen the photos you speak of from the old engravers. I never collected many steel-plate impressions, too expensive for me. I've got a good many Stothards that I used to fancy very much and some by one Chodowiecki. Stothard used to draw for magazines without putting his name to the designs, and I used to like getting hold of these. There's no mistaking his 'fist!' and there are several prints that I remember as a boy that I'm always on the look-out for, but have never seen since; they are either by Wheatley or Morland. I had a wonderful little design of Chodowiecki's, from which Leslie cribbed his figure of the Duenna in the picture of 'Sancho before the Duchess,' but I've lost it; some friend has bagged it no doubt.

"*October* 1.—What must you think of me for a correspondent! I've been going to write to you often, but then these portions of letter have not been to hand, stowed away in some sketch-book or folio, and then this summer has been a very busy and interesting one to me from a very violent new 'craze' I've taken, about which I've so often been wanting to talk to you and now it has all accumulated, and I've so much to say that throwing it at you all at once rather appals me. My only hope is that, from a dim recollection in a letter of yours, your mentioning a certain 'stane' that you had picked up, and knowing you have a lot of querns, you will be able to bear with me. When I was laid up with my broken shin I read a lot of

geological books, my first aquaintance with that lore. From that I came down to the 'Antiquity of Man,' etc., etc., and then to Evans' 'Flint Implements' and Stevens' 'Flint Chips,' and *hoc genus omne.* I seemed to be born again! and just about this time I was going to the Suffolk coast for a week's holiday! I broke my journey at a country town where there was a sale of the effects of a man with whom I'd an acquaintance (an antiquary of course!) and amongst his treasures were some 'owd ston's'! Some of these I managed to bag, and about eight or nine splendid arrow-heads from Icklingham and thereabouts. I had to forego a splendid stone axe that they gave out the Ipswich Museum meant to run up to five pounds, but I was delighted with my acquisition. Then I went on to Dunwich (once in Saxon times the capital of East Anglia, seat of a bishop, etc, etc., which is now all under the sea, and a little village only left without a shop in the place). The country round about is healthy and warreny, and, by George, I couldn't keep my eyes off the ground. I think I helped to 'scrab' at every rabbit-hole in the country side, and a farmer there showed me where a magnificent flint gouge had been picked up. This implement I find is well known, and the son of the farmer, in whose possession it was, told me his heart was nearly broken when it was wheedled out of the old gentleman by an ardent collector, Col. Lane Fox! This is enough at this time, but, bless your soul, more anon!

"I'd a very pleasant visit at Dunwich. This is a charming, lonely place. I used to take my pipes to



A SEASIDE.

the beach about 10 p.m. when the populace were asleep, and skirl away by the sad sea waves for an hour or so. It was awfully hot weather and I found the best thing to do was to walk briskly and sweat it out. I had one burst of sixteen miles one day with a youthful athlete, and when we got back heard to our surprise it had been the hottest day of the summer. Three miles off down the beach was a small seaside place, where my friend H. S. Marks was staying with his family, so we had society whenever we liked for the walking. I scratched on some copper-plates in the cool of the evening. I've not bitten them yet, but, if they turn out anything, I'll send you some proofs. Whilst here, I fed my flame with a book, 'Ten Years' Diggings.' I am reminded how, when I was a boy, we knew an old gentleman who seemed to have only one idea, and that was this or that 'Noble Barrow' that he had seen or dug. We used to think him great fun. I wish he had not died. After being there ten days and just beginning to enjoy the country, I had to come back to London to work!—such is life! The only other holiday I have had this year was about ten days I spent with poor Stewart at Witley, Surrey, and here I begin again! Godalming is the nearest town (four miles) to this Surrey village, and it's the place we walk to for exercise or shopping. There is an old tradesman in the town, a seed and corn merchant, upon whom Jack Stewart and I generally call. He is a man of no learning, was a sailor in his youth, has prospered in his business, which I suppose goes on of itself, and now seems to spend all his time

in stuffing birds and animals. He has large warehouses lined with cases of every English bird—paints the backgrounds himself! and not badly, and hanging from the rafters, and shelved, muskets, swords, bows, arrows, stuffed alligators, fossils, books, harpoons, etc., etc. The most magpieish collector living he must be I should think. Stewart and I were hitherto interested in his birds and mediæval gimcracks, but, when we went this time, full of our new craze, found to our surprize he had been collecting pre-historic 'Chucky stanes' for years! and showed us a splendid lot! From his avocation he knows all the farmers and bucolicals over the country, shows 'em his types, and the country boys bring him bushels of flints. He showed us baskets full of rejected, but he told us he paid the boys for all, so as not to discourage them, and was very satisfied with the percentage of genuine ones he got by this means. He has a silver spoon, some flint flakes and what he says is a 'petrified human eye!' he got himself from a tomb in South America when he was a seaman. He told us of a friend of his in Goldalming who had been picking up 'stanes' for years in the neighbourhood (they abound round about if you look sharp), and who was going to emigrate and he thought would part with his collection. My heart leapt!—in short, I got them for £3 10s.—about 300 Stewart tells me, for he managed the transaction for me, and I've not seen them yet, out Stewart says they are the real article and the scraper types are very fine! While we were at Stafford's on this occasion a farmer brought him the half of a

beautiful polished flint chisel he had found on the surface of a stubble field not a mile from Stewart's house. Apropos of all this I thought of a subject the other day for 'Punch,' but too grim, of an Enthusiastic Pre-historical Antiquary boring an invalid friend about his specimens. '*Invalid Friend* (gloomily) : I wish to goodness I could give you the stone in my bladder!'

"*November.*—Is it possible? November, and page 15! and I've not done yet. I received your kind remembrance in the shape of the Newcastle paper with the lecture in the midst of my hard work, and I could not bear to send you a short note with such a long bill due. The love of music (and the pipes) is part of my life. That, 'chucky stanes' will never cure me of. I should like to have heard that lecture. It touched me nearly where he spoke of one going into a shop and asking for a reed! I could have spared many a greater man than poor old James Reid. I am reedless. If you hear where I can get some let me know. I send you a Scotch slow march I'm very fond of, 'Lord Lovat's March.' I wonder whether it was played at the obsequies of that old Highland 'rip'? I also send you a *jeu d'esprit* of Miles Foster's (Birket's eldest son), a good musician and a humorous (any Londoner will recognize the imitation), if they are worth a place in your pretty music-book. Birket Foster was in the North this autumn. I was very nearly going with him but for the 'daily bread' exigency. He went to your house to call on you but found it shut up.

What jolly long holidays you get! If ever I should get months of leisure and liberty, I wonder if I shall have the pluck to set about what I would if I had them now—to draw horses and riders from life, to make bagpipe reeds, and to find a place where I could play the great pipes for six weeks without being heard and finally conquer them. I've lots more to say, but shall see how you are after this enormous dose. I'm reading your friend Dr. Bruce's 'Wallet-book of the Roman Wall,' but has he not written a larger book on the same subject? A friend got it for me from the London Library. Tell me all about where you've been and what you've seen, and excuse my long neglect (which shan't occur again) and its inevitable consequence, this swollen epistle.

"Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

About this time we come upon what may be said, I think, to be the only really disagreeable occurrence with which it is necessary, in considering Keene's life, to deal, and certainly much shall not here be said about a matter which at the time produced a considerable amount of ill-feeling. Keene had gone abroad with a friend to the south of France. As bad fortune would have it, just at the same time "Tigbourne Cottage"—which, it will be remembered, was rented by Mr. Foster and sub-let by him to Keene—came into the market for sale. A brother artist, with whom Keene had for some time shared the cottage, took the opportunity of buying it, as Keene considered,

FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY SIR GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A.

In the possession of Mrs. Alexander Macdonald.

From the "Magazine of Art," by permission.

behind his back. With or without reason, Keene held that his former friend had taken unworthy advantage of his absence, and forthwith broke with him. He would never go near the place again, and developed an almost morbid dislike for the man who, he considered, had not acted straightforwardly. It was characteristic of him never to trust again where he believed he had once been deceived. As upright a man as ever stepped himself, in some things he may have been somewhat narrow-minded, and he found it hard to believe that what failed to conform with that which appeared to him to be rectitude of conduct could be prompted by just motives. Subsequently his visits to Witley were as a guest at the house of Mr. Birket Foster or Mr. J. M. Stewart.

The succeeding year, 1877, he paid the first of what proved to be a most enjoyable series of visits to his friends, the Macdonalds, of Kepplestone, Aberdeen. These were continued until 1884, in the December of which year Mr. Macdonald died. Of these visits he wrote regretfully, a year before his own death, "I've had no holidays like those since then."

The following MS. was evidently written up from time to time as a sort of journal as he moved from place to place.

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"Fly Leaves.

[*July* 13, 1877.]

"I had a very jolly trip to South Wales at Easter time. I went with a friend, who is brother-in-law

and agent to a Welsh squire and landowner down there. We started by the night train and got to our station just this side of Haverfordwest a little after 6 a.m. We had a carriage to ourselves, and I slept as in a bed. We took a trap at the station and drove nine miles to our little pub. (the Green Bridge), Pendive, Caermarthen Bay, called so from a little stream running into a hole in the limestone rock just below the house, and coming out again on the sea-shore a mile beyond. This was the most luxurious little hostelry I was ever in. The landlord was a little bragging Welshman, and had been coachman to the squire for many years and 'whip' to hounds in his youth, and his wife had been a maid in the same family. My friend, who was the most frequent 'traveller' putting up there (barring the neighbouring farmers who dropped in for a glass), had by degrees made it the model inn on the estate. The little rooms were papered by Morris and Co. (W. Morris, the poet!), and baths in the bedrooms. We got here about 7.30 and found a capital breakfast, to which, after a wash, we did justice. I think the sort of country would have pleased you—a series of hills, heaths swarming with rabbits, with gorges between, 'dingles' they call them, with streams at the bottom running into the sea about a mile off. 'Plenty of watter here, sir, whatever!' the little landlord said to me. Any earnest piscator might make this a paradise for anglers by stocking the streams, and a little care. In the Tawe, close by, the lordly salmon disports; but they seemed to me to take the

trout too small—very nice to eat but too near in size to a sardine. I went about with my friend on his visits to the farmers, now walking and then driving in the bailiff's trap. The latter was a tall Devonshire man, with the dialect strong, though he'd been in Wales the best part of his life! But I took to these Welsh Britons very much. There was one splendid old fellow, a quarryman and stonemason, who lived in the merest hovel on the beach under the rocks, who made the gravestones for that country side and composed the verses thereon himself—those for children inspired his best lines—and an enthusiast on the violoncello! He told me a long story about a fiddle he had that had been left by one of the French prisoners (who on landing at Milford were taken and lodged for the night in Haverford-west church). We drove one day down the coast to the 'Coggan' cave that I wanted to see. It was on the face of a cliff, and to me, unused to giddy heights and precipices, seemed of rather uneasy access. We had to creep in on our bellies, but I felt a thrill of pleasure in being for the first time in a hyæna's den! The cave is of great extent *laterally*, for in most of it you can't stand upright, and the stalagmite floor is broken through in one or two places, and we set to work grubbing. The earth is full of bones, and we soon got a basketful. The practical Devonshire bailiff suggested to the farmers (one or two came in with us) that they should get some of this mould and put it on their land, but they did not seem to heed him. The country about here

must have been populous in early times—no end of 'dolmens' and barrows. One of these farmers showed us a place on one of his fields where last year his ploughmen came upon a long line of interments—stone chambers with skeletons enclosed. They dug them up and laid the long slabs flat and went on with their operations. We saw the surface of the field strewn with the fragments of these bones. How Canon Greenwell would have objurgated at this recital! You might tell his Reverence, if he ever goes so far for change of air, of this little 'Green Bridge' hotel. Young Garrod, F.R.S., Professor of Zoology, has my bones, and is going to label them for me. He thought at first glance they were bones of hyæna, bear, and horse. These hyænas must have been awfully powerful beasts, from the thickness of the bones they had split. It's interesting to see the marks of their teeth as they had gnawed them! On one of our rides we strolled into a country churchyard, and, on one of the stones of a flight of steps to a raised part, we found some Ogham writing. We told the parson, who from the cut of his coat and hat looked a little 'high,' and he was quite excited with surprise and delight—'would have it taken up to-morrow!' We broke our journey back at Gloucester, went to service at the cathedral (not such a good quire as Durham) and looked in at the curio shop in the city, and 'so home.' I regretted I did not take my great pipes with me; I could have made good practice at the 'Green Bridge.' I've promised to take them the next time; they'd sound

well in a dingle! I'm working hard at 'Macpherson's Lament,' have taken to it the more since you mentioned it. When I spoke of it to Munro, my preceptor, he remembered it as a Gaelic song, and began wagging his head and humming it; 'it was pleasant to see!'

"*May* 19*th*, Witley.

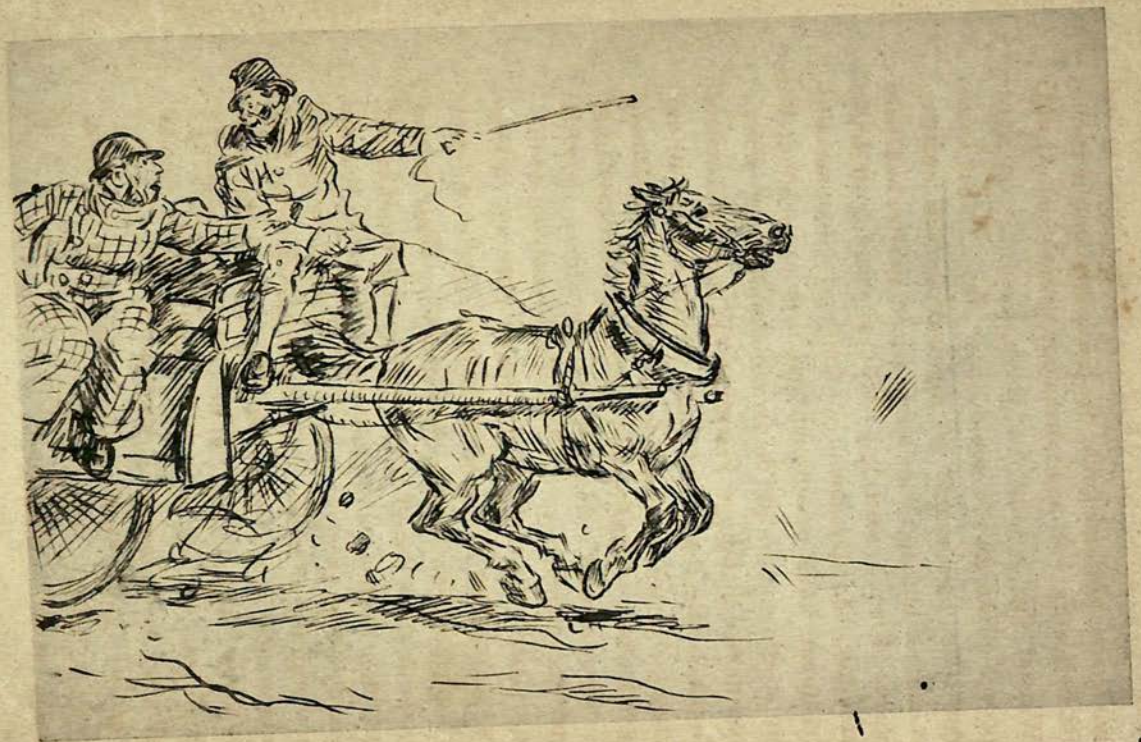
"I've run down here for a few days to stay with Stewart, but I have to work all day, which is rather trying with the glint of the spring verdure catching my eye through the window, but the hope of getting ahead, so as to take a week or two at the end of June to go and see Stevenson, if he is in Argyleshire, will keep me to it. So you've taken to your old haunts by Coquet this year, but I hope you'll fill a sketch-book all the same. It was not that I did not appreciate the quips and cranks in those you lent me that I did not crib more profusely from the mine. If you don't mind, I should like to cut and come again. Many thanks for thinking of me in sending me Dr. Bruce's portrait. I shall mount it as frontispiece in his book of the Wall. I picked up a whacking great folio scrap-book the other day that I shall take great pleasure in filling, but it's a weighty tome!

"*June* 22*nd*.

"What glorious weather we've had here lately, I hope you've been equally lucky, but Stewart tells me it's not good for trout-fishing till evening. He said he killed about eight or ten the other evening at our pond at Witley, from a pound to a pound and a half each!

"I often fancy when I'm there how amused you'd be, who are used to the rocky rushing streams of the North, but the trouts therein are not to be despised. I saw Stevenson the other day and was to have met him at dinner at his brother's, but he was unwell and did not come, and when I called on him the next day he had gone back to Tynemouth. I'm in hopes of getting away for my holiday in about three weeks. I shall first go to Aberdeen by boat and stay a week with a friend there, and from there make my way across country to Argyleshire, stay with Stevenson a week or so, and then back. I'm afraid I shall be in a hurry back, or else I should like to break my journey at Newcastle and have a day with you and see the Coquet. If I can get away and have time, I will. Let me know at what time you will be in London this autumn, when you bring your lad to the university. Have you settled on his domicile? When I mentioned about this to my friend Haydon,[1] he asked me if I thought he was a studious lad (Haydon has a son who goes to King's College), as he would like to take and board him, and the two boys could study together of an evening. He lives in a beautiful house in the grounds at Bethlehem Hospital, Southwark (but quite detached). I fancy he would be very comfortable there, but you will judge best. I also have a friend who lives in Gower Street, close to University College, an artist, Davis Cooper, the son of old Abraham Cooper,

[1] The late Mr. G. H. Haydon, Steward of the Bethlehem Hospital, Lambeth Road.



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

R.A. I know he has often pupils who live in his house, but perhaps while the lad is studying it would be better he was apart from art distraction. J. D. Watson was a pupil of Davis Cooper, and most people in the artistic world know him. But if I can help you beforehand in any way in this matter, command me, and I mean to be in town when you come, 'whate'er betide.' My two fishing friends, Haydon, the Devonshire man, and Stannus, the Irishman, have never met, and they are coming to my studio some night next week, and a rare 'fishy' evening we shall have, I expect. 'When Greek meets Greek.' We shall drink your health in some prime whisky that was sent me from Aberdeen, Christmas 1876! which is not finished yet. A similar case from the same district that came this Christmas, 1877,[1] I have not opened yet! Chelsea is rather an out-of-the-way place, and I have not many evening callers. I've just heard an American story. Some one met a large party of Americans journeying West across the prairies to found a colony, several families, all ages, men, women, and children, but amongst them a very old man, 'ninety odd.' The stranger expostulated with the pilgrims: 'Whatever did you bring him for on such a journey, poor old fellow! on the brink of the grave? What good can he be in a new colony?' 'Waal, yes, he can, stranger,' they replied; 'guess we'll start the cemetery with him!!'

"*Item*: Conundrum invented the other day by a

[1] There seems to be some confusion of dates here difficult to reconcile, but not of importance.

friend, supposed to be asked by one 'half seas over. —'Whish of the English Kingsh make, the best chiropodist?' *Ans*: 'Will'am Corn Currer!'

[*July 13th.*]
"Hawkwell, Essex.

"Ran down here for a day or two with two other artists on a visit to the Rector. A quiet little place when they are not practising with the Woolwich Infant at Shoeburyness, six miles off, when I think the parson has to open his windows for fear they should be smashed. Two or three gunners were here last night, and whist set in fiercely. Just before I started, I had a telegram from Alec Stevenson, and I think I shall start for the North next week as soon as I can, so I must make an end of this voluminous letter.

"We had the evening with the two anglers. They went at it tooth and nail for an hour or so till I proposed a diversion, and we sat down to 'Spoil five.' Haydon gave the Irishman his killing minnow, his own invention and manufacture (out of a stair-rod I think). The former has started for Brittany and the latter, I believe, fishes this year in the home circuit. Haydon hopes he may meet you when you come to town. I think I shall start for the North next Thursday or Friday (19th or 20th). Shall make my way to 'Alexr. Stevenson, Auchineilan by Lochgilphead, Argyleshire,' shall be there a week or ten days, and then 'Alexr. Macdonald, Kepplestone, Aberdeen,' for another week, and so home by steamer. If you should be coming to town directly drop me a

card. When you come, will you bring the packet of music? It will solace me in the empty season in London. I had a present of a beautiful little leaf-shaped flint from a friend who found it at Reigate. I called the other night on an old friend of mine, the most ardent 'trouter' I know on this side 'Coquet,' G. H. Haydon. You ought to know him. He is a great admirer of yours. 'The Fisher's Garland' is his most cherished book—I lent him the 'Book of Angling.' I'll show you some day his letter and criticism on returning it. He's a very good amateur artist and collector like you and I. It was a curious coincidence,—he showed me a little idol in his cabinet, being a presentment of his satanic majesty in an attitude of exhortation fashioned out of a horse's vertebra! and the next morning came your little present. Haydon, when a youth, went to Australia to make his fortune, and first explored the country between Gipp's Land and Melbourne before the latter 'was,' (I saw this mentioned in a 'History of the Colony' I was reading), and during this journey he lost a little twopenny diary in the bush, and thought no more about it (this was in 183—something, I believe). About a year ago somebody sent him the little book with a series of memoranda such as—'Found by the blacks who gave it to ——, who died, and it came into the possession of So-and-so, etc., etc.,' enclosed with two prints from the Australian 'Illustrated' of Melbourne in 183— from a sketch by Mr. Haydon (he left lots of sketches in the colony), and one of Melbourne in 1876! He has this curious

relic and its credentials framed in his sanctum. He told me he met an old gentleman from the North the other day at dinner (his name was Harvey, I think), who said he knew you. He told me he has the finest trout-fishing in England in a two hours' railway journey from his chair; I fancy it's in Hampshire. He had Westwood's little book that you gave me in his book-case. I enclose for your scrap-book a *jeu d'esprit*, by my friend H. S. Marks, A.R.A., a parody on a popular ballad. He sings it when there are no R.A.'s present. He does not want it to appear in print, so don't let any 'chiel' take notes of it.

"The village post is just going off, so I must break off without finishing this sheet. I'll make notes in my travels. With kindest regards to Mrs. Crawhall and your daughters,

"I am,

"Yours ever sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

THE ACADEMY ELECTION, 1877.

To the tune of "THE TWO OBADIAHS."

I.

Said a young Academician to an old Academician,
"An election, sir, is coming on to-night."
Said the old Academician to the young Academician,
"That fact I had forgotten almost quite.
Yet sorry should I be were I absent from the fray,
So when I've wrapped up warmly will be off to the R.A.,
And we'll take a cab together for which I will let you pay."
Said the young Academician, "I am on!"

2.

Said the old Academician to the young Academician,
"Can you tell me now about the likely men?"
Said the young Academician to the old Academician,
"I should think there must at least be eight or ten.
There's Fildes, J. Archer, Holl, Riviere, John Brett, and Marcus Stone,
Peter Graham, Morris, Prinsep, all of them well known:
Young Ouless, too, for portraiture some aptitude has shown.
Said the old Academician, "So he has!"

3 (*In the Cab*).

Said the young Academician to the old Academician,
"Let me whisper in your ear my little plan."
Said the old Academician to the young Academician,
After cogitating deeply, "I'm your man!
But supposing on the Ballot now they should our man reject,
May I ask do you imagine, or should rather say expect,
With a Sculptor they'll come over us or p'rhaps an Architect?"
Said the young Academician, "That be d——d!"

4 (*In the Council-room*).

Said the old Academician to the young Academician,
"A very good assemblage here to-night!"
Said the young Academician to the old Academician,
"Let us hope, old man, the voting will go right."
The papers then were handed round, to every man who came,
But our ancient friend forgot to sign his highly honoured name;
His vote was lost, his paper torn, to his dismay and shame.
The young Academician spoke of eyes!!

5 (*After the Election*).

Said the old Academician to the young Academician,
"Well, I think upon the whole, we may be glad."
Said the young Academician to the old Academician,
"Yes, I told you Walter Ouless was the lad.
For he's not the boy to be puffed up by aught that people say,
But he'll take his honours quietly, and you'll never see the day
When he will shirk his work because we've made him A.R.A."
Said the old Academician, "Dear, dear me!"

6.

Said the old Academician to the young Academician,
"I should like to hear your views on Peter Graham!"
Said the young Academician to the old Academician,
"That he wasn't in before's a burning shame!
Though I wouldn't hint for worlds the Academy's not right,
Yet Peter on the Ballot's been ten times before to-night;
So I for one shake hands with him, he's made a gallant fight."
"Said the old Academician, "So I think."

7.

Said the old Academician to the young Academician,
"Now tell me what you think of Marcus Stone?"
Said the young Academician to the old Academician,
"That that's an act of justice all will own.
For seventeen years, or thereabouts, on the line his work you've shown,
Perspective, Drawing, both correct, his colour good in tone,
So let's drink the healths of Ouless, Peter Graham, and Marcus Stone."
Said the old Academician, "We will drink!"

8 (*Moral*).

There are old Academicians, there are young Academicians,
There are middle-aged Associates as well;
But the old Academicians so much like their warm positions,
That they never will retire. What a sell!
Yet we could mention one or two who've had an innings fair,
Who now with grace might well vacate the Academic chair.
Then quickly with Associates their loss we might repair,
Say the old Academicians, "Not so green!"

I have Mr. Stacy Marks' permission to print what, at that time, he preferred should not be made public. Time has proved verse 7 to be curiously prophetic, every one of the "likely men," excepting Archer, therein mentioned, having since been gathered into "the Academic Fold."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"A. Macdonald's,
"Kepplestone,
"Aberdeen.

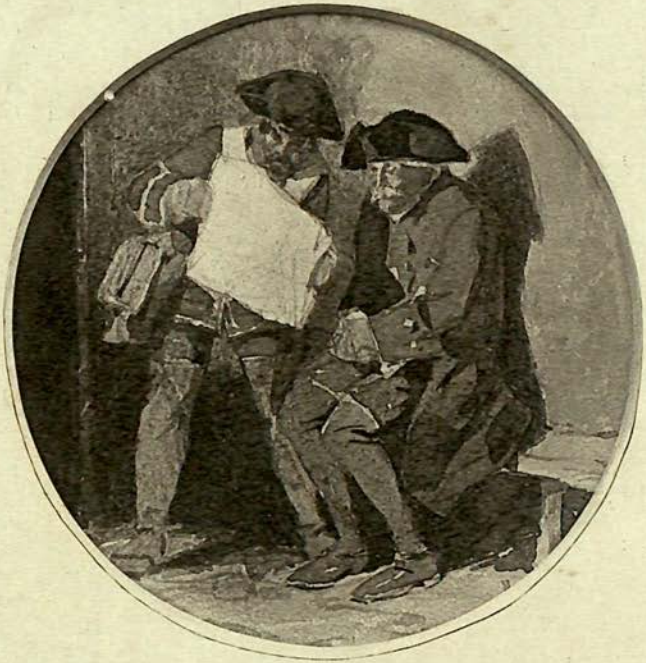
[*August 6th*, 1877.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I started for the Highlands on the evening of last Thursday week, and somehow got to Stevenson's shieling by Loch Awe, on the following day. I stayed there for ten days and had a very pleasant time. I had read in Buchanan's 'Land of Lorne,' that you must look for rain in Argyleshire, and was not disappointed. It poured, more or less, the whole time. Now and then, during an hour or so's intermittence, we rushed out with the ladies and had a bout at lawn tennis; otherwise, you could not stir out but in waterproofs and sou'westers. I had an afternoon with Stevenson on a hill Loch, and tried to fish with a fly from a boat, but I was afraid of flicking my line into my host's eye, so soon gave up and watched him. I must learn the trick by myself from a bank, and ware! bystanders! This house is delightfully placed, overlooking a little loch (Edolin), but this is full of pike like Loch Awe. This fish of prey was introduced by a former Duke of Breadalbane, and cannot be got rid of. All the people about his place are Campbells, and it is curious, showing the tenacity of clan hatred: Stevenson's keeper and head bottle-washer is a Duncan Macgregor (and a very good fellow), and the people will

hardly speak to him, therefore, and never miss an opportunity of maligning him!

"I should much have liked to have had a day or so with you, but my holiday wanes, and I had put off my arranged Aberdeen visit to go to Stevenson's first, and did not like to disappoint my friend here any longer. I had a great difficulty in getting away from Auchineilan, as my friends the Fosters were staying another week, and I must start home (by boat), next Saturday. Let me know when you are coming to town. I took my great Pipes to Argyleshire (coals to Newcastle), and practised to my heart's content, and my friend here who lives in the suburbs of Bon Accord, has a large garden, in the remote parts of which I strut and skirl. There is a sort of Pipers coming there this evening, to play for my delectation. I protested, but my host would not be denied, and, what's more, they are three of his workmen who are out on strike! Directly I left Auchincalan the weather began to mend, and I started from Crinan by steamer for Oban and Fort William, and had a glorious day, slept at latter place and went by coach the next morning to Kingussie, by Ben Nevis and Lochaber and Badenoch, and for a long way by the river Spean, which looked to me a model river for an angler or artist. If you don't know it, I would recommend you to see it! It's open fishing I heard! To-morrow I'm going up the Don for a day, may try with rod and fly again. I'm bound to go to Suffolk for a week when I get back, and then my leave is over, and then the grindstone



THE NEWS

FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER COLOUR

SAMPSON LOW MARSTON & CO LTD

HÉLIOG. & IMP. LEMERCIER & Cie PARIS

again. With kindest regards to Mrs. Crawhall and all yours,

"I am, yours sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE.

"I am delighted to hear of the music-book."

Of lawn tennis, on another occasion, he writes: "You should go in for this pastime; good for liver, I should think. It suits me. I like a game that stretches the muscles thoroughly, or else one of utter physical quiet, such as chess. A dawdling sort of game sends me to sleep. Billiards makes me yawn, but I forgot, you are a fisherman—that's a 'different thing.'"

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea.
[*Aug.* 18, 1877.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I got back from Aberdeen last Monday by steamer and found your welcome letter, and the books, etc., came safe the next day. I was delighted to see your sketches again. I'm not flattering when I say that the fun and the strong 'Old Masterish' quality in the studies and landscapes 'fetch' me entirely. I enjoyed a very pleasant three weeks in Scotland, and I had a warm welcome from my friends, but the weather was passing cold and inclement. I shall be delighted if I can come to the Pipe Congress and see you, but please don't put me on the daïs. I have never sat in judgment of any kind in my life, have a horror of

it! perhaps morbid. I've had a look at the Bewick music; there does not seem to be much that we've not got—the good stuff, I mean. *Item*—I don't think the brass drone reeds are an improvement on the primitive 'elder' tubes, but a chanter reed maker would be a godsend!

"If you are writing to Chappell, mention me. I met him some time ago and took to him much. I fancy he is one of our sort about music. I furnished him with that fine tune of Admiral Benbow ('Come all you Sailors bold,') that he used in his book—look at it if you don't know it—it has the fine salt flavour of those in your book ('Captn. Bover,' and the '—— Cutter'). I fancy, if he doesn't know them, Chappell will be 'fetched' by some of yours. I'm frantically at work with a view to have a few days in Suffolk, so I'll finish this letter when I get there. The friend I'm going to is an invalid, and turns in early, which I can't, and so have a good opportunity for letter-writing. I suppose you will hail from Rothbury for a week or so longer.

"Yours ever,

"Charles S. Keene."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"Dunwich, Suffolk,

"Monday, 27 *August* [1877].

"Dear Crawhall,

"My host has just turned in, but I'm wide awake (this sea air of my native country makes me

snoozy sometimes in the day, and I had forty winks on the shingle this afternoon), so I'll just jot down an idea or two. I suppose the lists won't be closed before I get to town, as I should like to send you a guinea towards the Pipe prizes—on condition I'm not made a judge. I suppose the competition won't be in Christmas week, when I'm generally down in Surrey, and I should like to come very much if I can. Did you see an advertisement or review of a book of North Co. (Banff) tunes in the 'Academy' or 'Athenæum,' published in Edinburgh? I shall try and get a look at it when I get back. There is a book of Pipe-music I wanted to get, published by Gunn, of Glasgow, a Highland pipe-maker. I asked at a little music-shop at Aberdeen (the man repairs pipes, etc.), and he told me it was out of print, that Gunn was dead and his executors wanted money for the copyright, which was not forthcoming, and the book was scarce, etc., etc. So I gave up hopes; but I happened to mention this to my friend and host, Macdonald, and he pulled up at the swell bookseller's in Aberdeen and insisted on calling the proprietor out (we were in his trap), in spite of my protest that it was useless to inquire if he had the collection. He said he 'did not know of it, but would inquire.' Macdonald writes to me that he has got it, and is sending it on! If it is the book I want (I'm not so sure) I shall be ashamed of my inactivity. I hope you will get acquainted with Chappell. Why not ask him to be one of the judges in the Pipe contest? If I were you I should insist that the

compositions to be played for the prize should be native tunes, not pieces out of modern operas that they are rather fond of showing off in. I think you are right in not wishing your boy to be diverted in the Art direction yet. I think I told you I went by coach from Fort William to Kingussie, through Lochaber and Badenoch,—that must be somewhere near your quarters. Have you fished in the river Spean? It looked to me a most 'likely' stream and a picturesque. I remember wondering as I passed by it if your Coquet was anything like it. I flicked a fishing line about one day with Stevenson on a loch, but was afraid of hooking him, so I gave it up till I'd had a little practice by myself from a bank. When I was at Aberdeen I went for a day to stay with his partner up the Don. The fish were not on in this river, but I caught two trouts in a loch—'tell it not in Gath!'—with a worm! That's not the right sort of thing, is it? This Dunwich is a curious little place, but interesting. All along at the base of the sandy cliff (striped with layers of rolled pebbles) you come upon human bones that have dropped from the shallow alluvial soil at the top. The land is sinking all along this coast, and a great city that flourished in Saxon times and was decaying at the Norman Conquest lies miles under the sea. There is one ruined church left just at the edge of the cliff. I believe 'the oldest inhabitant' can just remember when it was used for service, but its only congregation now is the owls and bats! Some of the cliff has fallen away lately and disclosed the shaft of a

well. The bricks look to me Roman, but nothing has been found. There is a good lot of it, and it looks likely to fall, so one gives it a wide berth. The green marshes at the back of the place are dotted with the fine cows and sorrel horses that this county is famous for. 'Cows and churches' is the motto at the head of 'Suffolk' in old Fuller's 'Worthies.' My big pipes are 'going' well just now from the practice I've had in my holiday, and so secluded is this place that at any time two or three hundred yards down the beach I can strut on the hard sand and skirl away at 'Fingal's Lament' or 'The Massacre of Glencoe' (my favourite pibroch), out of earshot of a soul. I shall find the book, I daresay, when I get back, and will write again. With kindest regards to you and yours,

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

The Pipe contest mentioned in the above letter was promoted in Newcastle, to keep alive a taste for the Northumbrian small pipes, by Dr. Bruce (author of the "History of the Roman Wall," father of Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C.), Mr. Crawhall, and a few others. Prizes were offered to the best players. Keene took great interest in it, went to Newcastle on purpose for it, and was asked to act as judge, but from diffidence declined.

To Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"Witley, Surrey, 6 *Oct.* '77.

"DEAR MACDONALD,

"Many thanks for the book of tunes, which I

shall value the more from the way I have got it, which illustrates the contrast between your stirring enterprise and my unreadiness. I had been told the book was out of print and not to be had, and gave up the game. You insisted on making inquiry at what I thought the unlikeliest place, and here it turned up!

"I want to get a tune mentioned in 'Old Mortality' or 'Heart of Midlothian.' I think there's a piper who speaks of 'Torphichen's Rant' as the best tune that ever chanter breathed. I want to get it! That was a capital story you sent me of the Indian Major, who was surprised at 'that thing going on still'; but I must wait till Parliament meets.

"We have a short spell of real summer weather, and I blow away on the pipes in the gloaming round my friend's garden, but it is not in such comfortable solitude as on the sea-shore in Suffolk, for when I leave off I hear a murmur from a lot of Surrey 'joskins' from the other side of the hedge. . . . At Dunwich there was an old literate who had the only lodging in the place, a great friend of Tennyson's and of poor Thackeray's, and quite a character—an Irishman, an author and bookworm, and who remembers Kean and the Kembles and Liston, and full of talk about old times and 'dead and gone' people. We met every evening and talked *belles lettres*, 'Shakespeare and the musical glasses,' till midnight. . . .

"I don't think I dare use that last joke you sent me. I had one of the same sort of a Scotch visitor

going over Waterloo Bridge, 'Na, na' (said the Scot, paying the two halfpennies), 'ye've been stannin' treat a' the day, it's ma turn noo!'

"Yrs. very sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

11, Queen's Road West,
Chelsea.
[*November 9th*, 1877.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I just snatch half-an-hour from work to jot you a line. In the first place to thank you for the sketches which I shall prize very much. I could 'go on' at length on this subject, but we will talk when we meet. I agree with you, and it is not otherwise than a compliment, that the original landscapes in the little books (done from nature, I imagine, or more so than less) are difficult to do over again in the studio. Some of these little gems are mine!' that is, that, though they are in your mere possession, they belong to me. Some of my most valued works of art I don't keep myself; some are in Trafalgar Square and Hampton Court, and all sorts of places. Don't give them away! You should have them framed in sets with a trout in the centre. You will see what a boon the jokes have been to me. There is one I like, of a bumptious Paisley man, but you have not indicated a Paisley brogue in the 'legend.' Wouldn't he have a twang?

"I send you a P.O. order for a guinea to the Pipe fund. You must humour me in this, if I am not too late, and I want half-a-dozen copies of the 'Border Tunes.'

"As the year is on the wane, perhaps it would be as well to wait and join the Anti-Restoration Society in January next, but that's as you like. *Verb. sap.*

"Did I send you a copy of my friend Sands' 'Out of the World or Life at St. Kilda'? I've just got some copies of a new edition and, if you have not got it, should like to send you one.

"I suppose this balmy weather foreshadows an Arctic Christmas.

"With kindest regards,

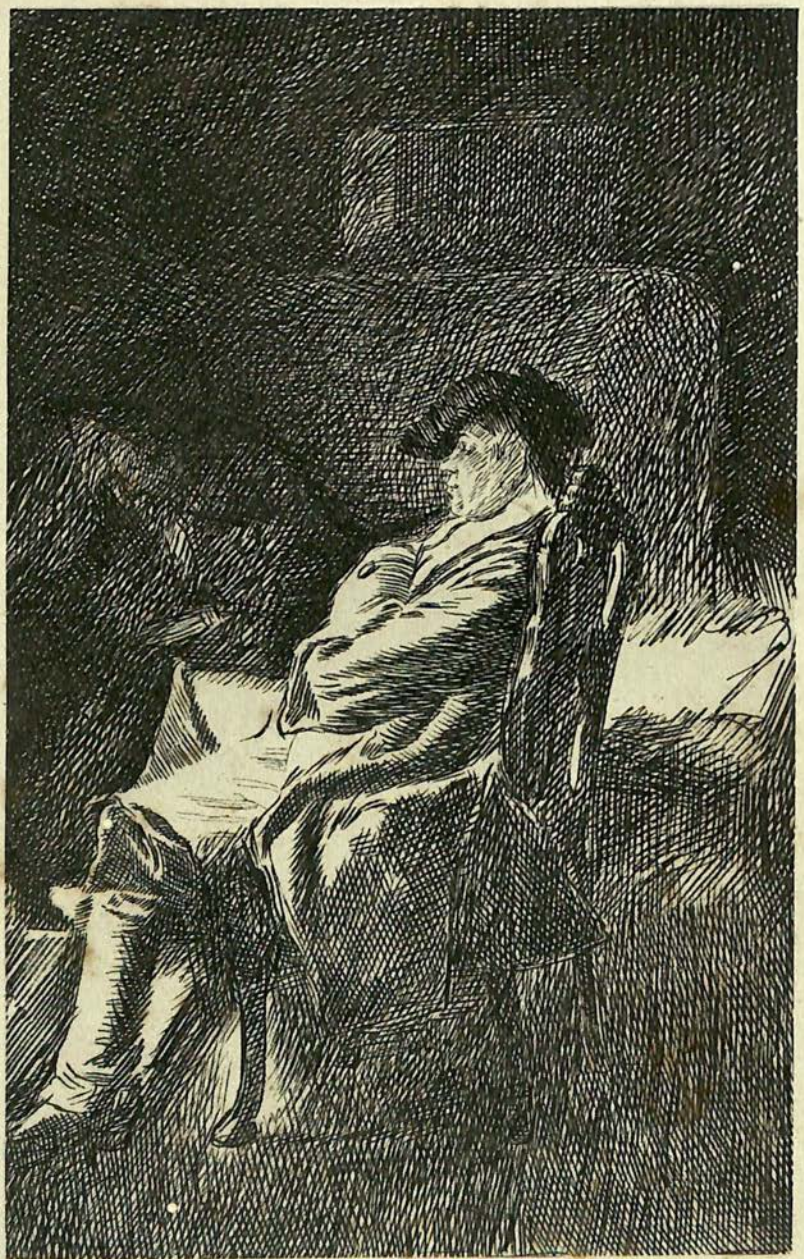
"Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

Keene did subsequently join the "Anti-Restoration Society."

"You show a good front," he writes to Mr. Crawhall on November 30, 1878, "in the papers you sent me about the Leaguer of the old Tower. Oh! that it should have withstood the Scots in days of yore, and old Time since, and be levelled at last by a lot of Radical pedlars and money-grubbers, most likely not descendants of those it defended in the old time. Make ballads of 'em and set them to 'filthy tunes.'[1] There is one man, by the bye, who writes about restoring it to its Edwardian, etc. We have to guard against these quack-salvers as well."

[1] *Vide* Shakespeare, 1 Henry IV., ii. 2.



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A FIRESIDE REVERIE

PRELIMINARY STUDY FOR "A FIRESIDE REVERIE," *q.v.*

To J. M. Stewart, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea.
[1877.]

"DEAR JACK,

"I was very sorry I was out that day you called. I went to Puttick's to try and get a book of old woodcuts, but it went above my figure. I fancied I saw you in the distance from the top of a 'bus.' I sat next to Britton Rivière at the Lord Mayor's dinner. I did not know who my neighbour was, but he introduced himself to me, and I took to him very much. Next to him sat young Richmond. On my other side was a citizen. I dined with Macdonald from Aberdeen on the Friday, met Millais, Faed, Pettie, and some other North Britons. On Monday I went to lunch at Millais' and admired his eldest daughter (the original of the girl with the eggs, only prettier) and his pictures. He is painting three companion pictures for the next Academy. The old Beefeater is finished nearly,—splendidly painted. I believe Ingram has bought them, and is going to have them colour-printed for the 'News' at Christmas, and he had several other portraits. He was very jolly. Last Thursday I dined with Wells, same party, with Calderon, Tadema, Hodgson, and Armstead. Boyce was not there. On Monday I'm going to dine at J. Stevenson's, and am pretty nearly sick of it! Have you heard how Mrs. F. likes Margate? Many thanks for the stick. It has been much admired. A. Cooper is going to pot luck with me at the 'Arts' to-day,

and I shall call at Edwards' to hear how he is. He went off to Whitby and wants me to join him, but I don't fancy the place. I'm going with Cooper to see Miss Thompson's picture and Hunt's to-day."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea,
[*March 28th*, 1878.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"What a dilatory rogue of a correspondent you must think me, or I ought to say I am!—but I've had an instinct that you've been very busy with the Art scheme, and I've a bad habit in the lull after work when I ought to be writing of reaching down my guitar and having a twang or a blow on the practice-stick, but now I must seriously demonstrate to you that it is not the same case with you and I as with your friend Westwood. We've not written ourselves out! I feel a qualm and mutter a 'forfend' when I think of that! I shall pack up that parcel to-morrow. I hope you won't be bored by my sending it. It came across my mind as I know you are rather surfeited with books, but they are exceptional and are so suggestive in the pot line. Enclosed you will find the two coats, mine (*i.e.*, the Sparrows') and M.'s, both drawn by him. If ever you do them on a plate you'll have to expand the 'Mantling.' And you are nearer your moving, which is another reason against sending them, but you can keep them together, and the angling season is coming on (another), but I'm not in a hurry for them. I

should like to give you the Purcell if you will have it. While I think of it, might I ask you to send an 'invitory' (!) circular to 'A. Cooper, 7, Belmont Villas, Twickenham.'—(a son of old Abraham Cooper, R.A., and an old friend of mine and Birket Foster's), and another to 'Wilfred Lawson, 11, Queen's Road West, Chelsea.' He has the studio over me, has a picture nobly hung at Edinburgh now,—a very clever fellow and no relation to the arch teetotaller. I am much obliged to you for sending one to my friend Stannus, the Irish angler. Won't this Exhibition in August interrupt your summer holiday? I'm afraid I shall not be able to respond to the invitation to send something. A couple of frames of my 'Punch' sketches have gone to Paris, sent by a friend of mine, and I'll back them to be the cheekiest specimens of art in the whole International. I could not have had the face to send them myself. Alec. Stevenson is making a longish stay here. . . . He has bought a picture and a suit of Japanese armour! He was telling me he thought you were going to part with some of your books. That makes me shudder. Have you any sixteenth or seventeenth century Herbals? I've picked a good many at times and so has my friend Boyce. We had a herbal evening the other night at his house, he and I, and a day or two afterwards I came across five folios of 'em at a sale, made a bid and got 'em, including a Petrarch (woodcuts) and a whacking Boyer's French Dictionary for £4; so I've formally made known to Boyce that I give in, and leave the field open to

him for the future! I wonder if I shall be able to resist the temptation again. Big and little, I've got fifteen vols. of 'em!

"I send you a Biography in little of poor Charles Lamb to stick in any Life or Works of his you may have. He was always a favourite of mine. The nowaday critics pooh pooh him. They be d——d! It was made by an old Literate and scholar, a friend of mine. He was at college with Tennyson and Thackeray, and is quite one of our kidney. I wish you knew him, so much so I can't help sending you his letter about the pamphlet. I hope this won't bore you! He lives at Woodbridge in Suffolk, and I hear has just bought some land on the skirts of the little town, to save a windmill thereon, that otherwise would have been pulled down. Doesn't that show him to be one of the right sort? I shall not expect an answer to this for a long time, as I know you must be very busy, but when you next write don't forget the account of the Bewick lithograph, as I want to paste it on the back of the frame. I mean to crow over Boyce with this Bewick. He is a great admirer of the artist, and has a lot of proofs and a block or two given him—I think by Barnes of Durham. I got a good pocketful of scrapers from Canon Greenwell's collection in the keeping of his friend Lord Rosehill. I am writing the Canon a letter—(slow but sure). Lord R. has a fine collection, was a jolly sort of fellow, and gave me one or two specimens of his abundance. Much obliged for the last song you sent me. There are several melodies that I should like to suggest to

you, but just at this minute can't recall them,—will jot them down to-morrow.

"*Friday, 29th.*—I refreshed my memory with a look at Chappell last night, and also Rimbault's 'Music to the Percy Relics.' You ought to have the latter if you haven't it. There's a song in it, I don't know whether it's in Chappell, 'How now, Shepherd: what means that—why wear'st thou Willow in thy Hat?' that you would like, I think, and several others. You ought to do a 'Sir Toby Belch' mug with one of his catches on it, with diamond-headed notes, would look pretty. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' for instance,—I have a copy of it, three lines of two bars. There's a tune in Chappell I would recommend to you, 'Light o' Love.' Sing it to the tune of 'Light o' Love,' Shakes[e]. It has not an antient character and is so flowing and modern; Mozart might have composed it, and it suggests a love song. Try it on the whistle.

"*Saturday.*—I'm sweating hard at the 'Reel of Tulloch,' and shall not die content if I can't play a reel for Young'uns to dance to. I shall call on Stevenson to-day and hear how the mistress is. Saturday's an off-day with me when I have certain duties,—a letter to poor Stewart and correspondence generally and a couple of hours in the afternoon playing Tric-trac with the hermit Montagu, and in the evening hallooing of anthems, etc., in the Man Song Society I belong to, and 'so home,' and I've got to go to a lawyer's to-day on business, confound 'em!—so must finish this yarn. Send me back old Fitz-

gerald's letter, and with kind regards to Mrs. Crawhall and your daughters,

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

The "Pots," to which allusion is so often made in the letters, were decorated with grotesque "notions," or, as Mr. Crawhall himself expresses it, "with all kinds of imaginative fooleries as they occurred to him," which much delighted Keene. At times, too, as will be gathered from the above letter, he would paint heraldic designs upon these mugs for his friends. The friend M. therein mentioned, himself perhaps the finest of heraldic draughtsmen living, had seen some of Mr. Crawhall's books and much admired them, and, in return for copies presented to him, had sent a packet of superbly emblazoned designs. These, Mr. Crawhall considered, left him his debtor, and, being desirous of showing some further civility, he asked Keene to procure M.'s arms with which he proposed to decorate one of these mugs. Keene sent a coat of arms, which were carefully copied, inscribed to M., and forthwith conveyed to him by Keene. The further particulars of a most unfortunate mistake are best given in Keene's own words.

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea.
[*May 24th*, 1878.]

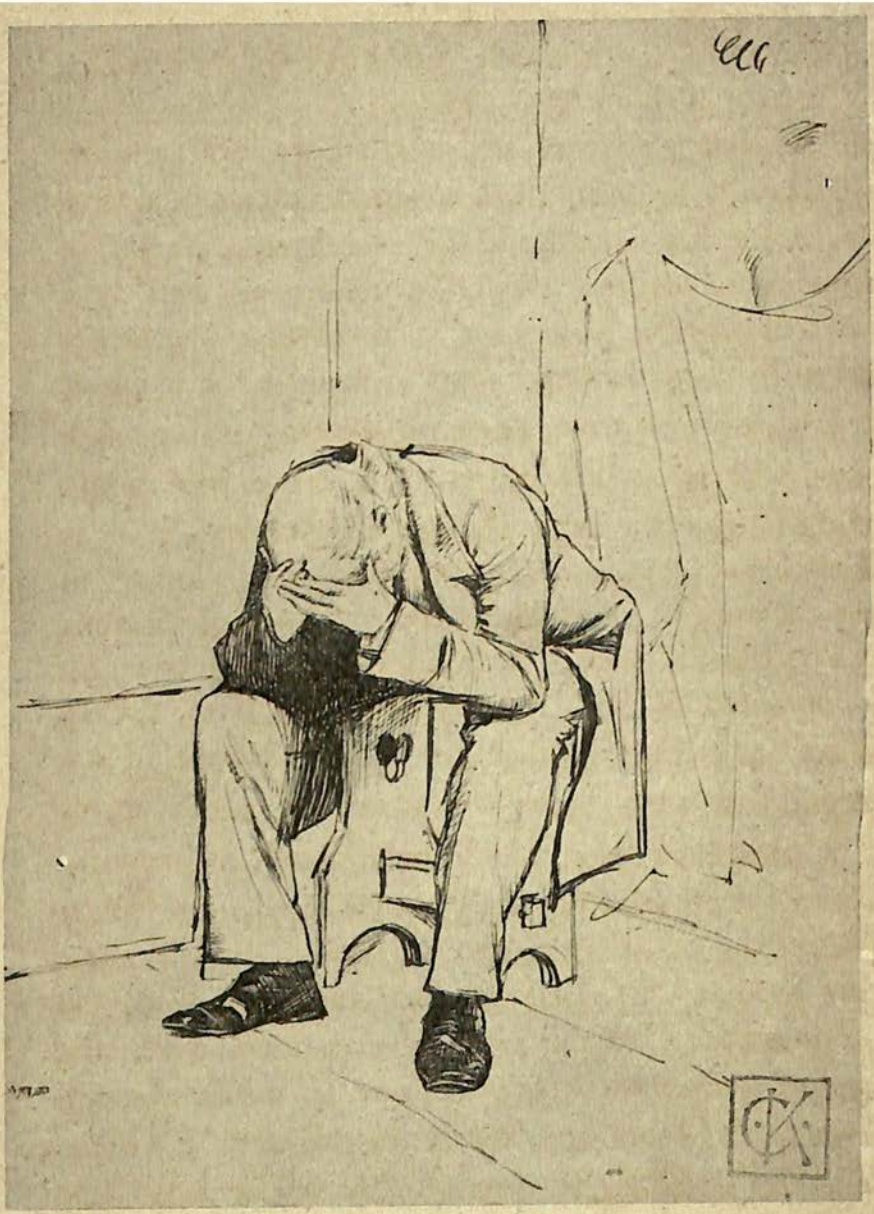
"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I've been afraid to write to you the last few

days! I've made such an awful mistake—not to keep you in suspense, those were not M.'s arms! How shall I excuse myself? Poor M. was so cut up as he thought you would be so vexed. I told him I would write to you, and try and make it all right. I was to thank you heartily for so kindly thinking of him, and for the trouble you had taken, and, in a measure vainly, through my fault. I am a most unlucky fellow, or, as my enemies would say, thoughtless. If there's a road to be missed—a pot to be broken—a letter to be put in a wrong envelope—(when I was a boy), a candle to be snuffed out, etc., etc., '*homo sum!*' Old M. gave me such a look as he said, 'You knew my arms!' I couldn't say a word! I did know them when I thought, but I had had that sketch by me, and admired it, so that I came to forget that it was the 'Wingfield' coat. We decided that we ought to tell you of the matter. The poor old fellow was so concerned for you. I asked him for an impression of his seal, or a sketch of his arms, but I found he fenced the request, and I saw (knowing him so well) that he did not mean to give it me—(you can guess why). He is an extraordinary, retiring, considerate sort of man, and morbidly averse to giving anybody trouble!—but I'll get a sketch from his brother, the parson. So I've made a clean breast of it, and am really very sorry. The only approach to levity that I dare hint on the subject, is the thought of the raging contests that will take place in future ages among the Antiquaries and Heralds about that

unique 'drinking vessel'! and I'm rather afraid that I've committed this stupidity at a bad time, as I've often thought that I, like you, had been baulked of my spring and summer holiday on the banks of rivers—by whose falls, melodious birds, etc., my temper would not be improved; but, getting very little holiday myself, perhaps I exaggerate this. I hope you'll have a brimming collection for your Exhibition. I hear there's very little business doing at the R. A., so perhaps there'll be a better chance at Newcastle. Don't send back the Jap. books unless they are actually in the way, as I am not wanting them, and I please myself with the idea that you may appreciate them. The only reason why I should like to go to Paris, is to see the Jap. collection, but I don't think I shall go. In my short holiday I must make the most of my time in the country air. Have you found a house yet? Don't part with your books, etc., till you've found one—you may have room for all. That is a thought that worries me rather, the fear that when my working days are over, I may not have wall space for all my frames and books. A friend of mine has a lot of outstanding bookcases in his rooms, about four feet high and two broad, and so houses a good many, and still has wall space for his pictures, etc. I'm on the look-out for the third vol. of 'Dibden's Typographical Antiquities' I have Vols. I., II., and IV. Will you mention it to any Newcastle bookseller that you know? I also want Vol. I., of the latest edition of 'Pepys' Diary' (Bickers and Son, London). This first vol. is out

of print. I have the subsequent ones. I shall be very glad to take advantage of your kind offer of some more sketch-books. I'm sending you two that I have, from which I've extracted the honey. I'm very busy just now making efforts to get ahead, with a view to prospective holidays. My friend Macdonald, of Aberdeen, with whom I stayed last year, has been in London Although a helpless cripple, paralysed in his legs, he came all the way on purpose to go to the Academy dinner! and I hear enjoyed his visit very much. He told me a friend offered him £1,000 for his card! There ought to be some rich fellows in Aberdeen! He is a very good fellow, but too much of a Russian for me just now. I please myself with the idea that you are on the British side in the great burning question. Never mind, but if you are—N.B., although one of the 'Punch' staff, so am I! I'm sorry to say 'Punch' is 'Musco' to a man except C. K., so he keeps away from that 'liberal' lot at the present conjunction. I must tell you that M. said he would write to you, but I knew the old fellow would be bothered under the circumstances, so I told him I would write to you all about it. He was very urgent that I should make you understand he appreciated your present. He admired the pot very much. Your strong colour (the mediæval key), just pleases him. I hope Mrs. Crawhall and all yours are well. I suppose you'll perch them at some rural spot and 'chivy' backwards and forwards to Newcastle. Let me know if I can do anything to help the scheme. I'm



GRIEF.

always touting thereanent. More anon. I'll send you my 'Sparrow' coat.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

How Keene's fears about his own books were realized, will be seen from a letter written about a year before his death, and quoted further on in its chronological order. A book reader as well as a book collector, he writes: "With a book I'm like a child with a sweetmeat; like to save it for a *bonne bouche;* now and then, perhaps, dipping into a page or two, taking a lick of it, as it were, and again putting it by for a more plenary enjoyment."

Indication is given in the foregoing letter of Keene's want of sympathy with the Radical element on the 'Punch' staff. Writing some years later, on the occasion of Mr. Anstey Guthrie's first taking his seat at "The Table," he says: "I hope he's a Tory. We want some leaven to the set of sorry Rads. that lead poor old 'Punch' astray at present." Keene's unassailable Toryism was another phase of his love of all that was mellowed by antiquity. "Hear, hear," he cried one day with enthusiasm at a dinner-party, to the opinion expressed that "the English people were happier, and in better circumstances, 200 years ago, than they are now"! Of the Paris Exhibition, he wrote: "A fellow was here this morning in hot haste to get some drawings from me. I choked him off pretty quick—and to commemorate that beastly French Revolution and

its heroes, the Robespierres, Heberts, and Dantons, and that bloodthirsty crew." Again in 1887 he wrote: "I daresay you've noticed how all the snarling Rads. make a great fuss about the Jubilee—'a bore,' etc. We know what they mean, and what humbug it is. The first and only way it has troubled me is, that on the occasion of the annual dinner of our Madrigal Society next week, some amateur has rearranged and tortured the setting of 'God save the Queen,' involving painful rehearsals, and spoiling the old chant. A plague on improvers, I say." He was inclined to fear, with Lowell's foreigner, that there was nothing so elastic in Nature that it could escape being flattened by the heavy roller of democracy.

In 1883 he became a member, upon its foundation, of the Constitutional Club.

A pet scheme in Keene's head for twenty years was a modern carrying out of those series of "characteristics" that the wits of the seventeenth century were so fond of. "My idea was," he writes, "an imitation—I won't say parody—of Fuller's in his 'Holy and Profane State.' I should think you know the book. It is a favourite of mine. . . . I can fancy a very pretty little adaptation of some of his subjects from the 'Holy State,' 'The Good Merchant,' 'The Artist,' 'The Constant Virgin,' 'The Good Herald,' 'The Wise Statesman,' etc., and from 'The Profane,' 'The Witch,' 'The Harlot,' 'The Degenerous Gentleman,' etc., etc. Of course the writing is a difficulty. It ought to be in the good old English of the seventeenth century, and

as much of old Fuller's wit as possible applied to modern characters, and (*entre nous*) it ought to be writ by one of our side, a good Tory and a gentle."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea.
[*Aug* 20, 1878.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"Did I thank you for the book of sketches in my hasty line this week? I will again. They are a 'godsend' just now, as I've been rather 'down in the mouth' since my holiday. It was too short, and my friend that I went to stay with in Suffolk was taken seriously ill, so that the state of things was not conducive to humour and jollity, and when I got back everybody was going away and made me envious. I had a good blow on the pipes, though, every day at Dunwich, which was a great solace. I've kept 'em going, too, by a daily skirl here since I've been back, and I can recommend the second and third variations in the grand pibroch 'Mackintosh's Lament,' to be played very 'Largo,' whenever you have a fit of the blues! Some of the new subjects in your books are splitting, *e.g.*, the pitman who was knocked down by the locomotive and the squire who was going to entertain some parsons and his butler. I've done that one, 'Too much for an Undertaker,' but I've made the customer a 'cheerful stranger' to be a little less grim. Poor Shirley Brooks, I can fancy him turning in his grave! He had such a

horror of any suggestion about death! The present editor is more stoical! I can sympathize with your disappointment in being just a 'day after the fair' in regard to the spear-heads. I should like to have seen you when you first showed them to Canon Greenwell! I've not picked up anything lately. I think I told you that (thanks to you for sending me a catalogue) I got a few flints from Ireland at Sotheby's. I've not got over that pleasure yet, and carry some of the specimens in my pocket to gloat over 'whiles'! I got a prize the other day, a book I'd been looking for a long time, 'St. Simon's Memoires,' a French edition, the best, I believe, unabridged—13 vols. for 12 shillings! If ever you hear of a copy of 'Wesley's Journal, in England and America, from 1755 to 1790' (there have been several editions, most of them in four or five vols.; there are some in one vol., but, I fancy, they must be abridgments, which I abhor)—my friend Fitzgerald, the old Suffolk scholar, recommends me the book—says it's delightful, apart from the fanatical portion. I'm reading my old friend Pepys just now in the new enlarged transcript, of which I have all the vols. except the first, which is out of print, and which I'm eagerly hunting after. Stewart writes me: 'How would this do for a subject?—Country cricket match; an uninvited bull-terrier, who has been trained, seizes the ball; two fielders doubt the propriety of taking it from him, while the batsmen are getting runs like mad!' You might like this for your scrap-book, and your animal painter

could do the dog. I shall try it, I think. London is awful just now. I was making calls in town yesterday, and thought I'd dine at the club. Found it shut for a fortnight! Met another member of the club who was in the same predicament, and we adjourned to a *café;* unfortunately my friend was one who 'dines,' so our meal cost us nearly ten bob a-piece! My friend the Irish trout-fisher, Stannus (he has sent some pictures to your Exhibition), has just gone on his last bachelor fishing trip to Ayrshire, where his Scotch friends tell him they will give him lots of fresh air, fishing, shooting, and whisky (!) to prepare him for his impending change. He's going to be married directly he comes back. My friend Wilfrid Lawson, who lives over me, and with whom you are in correspondence, has been 'at me' about sending some of my 'Punch' sketches—the only things I have by me—to your show, and I've been obliged to give in; but surely they are too rough and inapplicable for such a purpose, so don't hesitate to keep them out if any of your co-committee think so, or put them in some retired corner, as they are so evidently not executed for exhibition. Lawson talks of going up to Newcastle at the opening. If you come across him, he is a very good fellow indeed. . . . I should have finished and sent this letter on Saturday, but my old friend Bigger called and sat talking all the afternoon. I think I've described him to you before. He's an old Scot, devoted to music, especially 'pipe,' Scotch, Northumberland, and Irish—an interesting old 'body.' I think his father is mentioned among

the Edinburgh 'characters' in the early editions of Chambers' 'Traditions of Edinburgh,' (J. B.), who used to go about with a fiddle in his pocket. ''Tis now the witching hour'; I'll finish this to-morrow.

"*Tuesday.*—I should like to see the Exhibition, but I shall have to be in the way here all September, as Jack Tenniel is going to Venice, and it's his first real holiday since he has been on 'Punch.' I like your idea of the new opera. Your friend is the musician? Get him to use the air 'My Love has newly Listed.' I've not seen anything of Chappell. I fancy he is rather a hermit, though he had a garden party, I heard, in the summer at his house at 'Twittenham' (as Pepys spells it), with fireworks for diversion! I don't care for fireworks. I should have thought music would have been better, but I did not hear of any. I hope we shall get him to hear the pipes this year. I think 'Clem of the Cleugh' would fetch him. His beautiful tone and playing is in my ear yet. I left a bid at Puttick's this week for a lot of little music-books of country dances and minuets since the year 1780 and onwards, but, not being there myself, it went for a few shillings more. There might have been something in it, but it was a 'speculative' lot. I've felt for you all this summer. How you must have longed for 'lonely Shillmore'; but the trouts will suffer for it next year, I ween. But I suppose you'll go away after the opening of the Exhibition. You may have a spell of Indian summer. I suppose you saw Stevenson on his way to the North. I did not see him before he

went. I'll send the books back when I've culled a few more jokes.'

"I send you a few scraps for your book, if you will flatter me by accepting them.

"With kind regards to Mrs. Crawhall and the maidens and young men,

"I am,

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"Chelsea,

[16*th August*, 1878.]

"DEAR MACDONALD,

"I intended, and I think I promised to write to you when I was in the country. I went down to stay with an old friend, who has a cottage on the coast of Suffolk. I found him very ill, and I had to look after him, and it took all my time, and I was not in spirits for writing. My only solace was skirling away for an hour on the lonely beach, and I generally chose the most melancholy pibroch I could think of. I found directly I came back that I should have to give up any idea of more holiday this year. Tenniel is going away to Venice and he has never had a holiday since he has been on 'Punch,' so I have to be in the way. Tell the Dean of Guild I often gloat over that arrow-head he gave me. I picked up some flints found in Ireland the other day at a sale. It's a fascinating 'fad' and I foresee I shall be a regular 'Monkbarns,' if I live to be old (or older I should

say!) Many thanks for the batch of good stories you sent me. That's a very good one of the two footmen. You'll see most of them in 'Punch' hereafter.

"I've been wheedled into sending a frame of my rough 'Punch' sketches to the Newcastle Arts Association. My friend Crawhall is one of the secretaries. He wanted me to go up to the opening, but I can't get away now. I may run up to the Pipe Competition that takes place about December.

"I was at a committee last night of the 'Anti-Restoration Society,' and heard there was a scheme for restoring the grand old cathedral of Old Aberdeen. I hope you'll help us by not giving anything for such vandalism. Half the beauty of these old buildings is their lineaments of age, and the curves and wrinkles time and history have given them. Who would dress his grandmother in long clothes, bib and tucker, and shave off her venerable locks to make her look like a baby?

"Kindest regards to Mrs. Macdonald. Adieu.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

In October of this year John Tenniel went to Venice with Mr. Silver, and Keene for the last time undertook the cartoons. The first, on October the 5th, called "The Shadow on the Hills," is a very splendid picture. The other three, "Indian Curry," on October 12th, "The Edison Light," on October 26th, and "At the Head of the Profession," on

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GIRL'S HEAD

FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER COLOUR DRAWING

November 2, appear to be somewhat perfunctory work. Indeed Keene's hatred of anything in the way of personalities unfitted him for the rôle of political cartoonist.[1]

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11 Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea.
[*Sept.* 28, 1878.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I was so happy to receive the good news Miss Crawhall sent me that you were not dangerously hurt by that cruel accident,[2] and were recovering. The description in the newspaper read so terribly. The misfortune seemed so hard after the sacrifices you had made of your leisure and holidays and the trouble you had taken, that, since I heard you were all right, I have not liked to think of it or write about it, and I vote we forget it for a time till we can talk of it carelessly. What an escape!

"I've been staying with Birket Foster, and have enjoyed my last short holiday very much there. The only drawback was the absence of his two charming daughters. I was glad to hear from Miss Foster's letter to him that you had been out. Did she not see you at the Exhibition? I hope to hear soon that you are getting fresh air and the last smiles of summer in

[1] He had done a few in 1875 and 1876, and one in 1877 on October 27. *Vide* Mr. Harper's "Pen Artists of To-day."

[2] The accident referred to was a gas explosion in the Exhibition rooms prior to their opening, by which Mr. Crawhall was seriously injured.

the country, and perhaps killing a few trout, though I'm ashamed to say I don't know whether the season is over or no. Don't forget to jot down some more landscapes in your books; those you gave me I'm going to have set in a long oak frame with 'Northumbria' carved in old English letters at the base. Witley is rather in the dumps at losing one of its belles, won by a Newcastle swain. Quite a county calamity! I shouldered my pipes and discoursed my most melancholy 'Lament' on hearing the news! Send me the Newcastle 'Exhibition Notes' (illustrated), and I'll remit you the stamps. You will receive from an old friend of mine a list of 'Reprints' that he has been bringing out for many years—I have asked him to send it to you—you ought to have some of them. Edward Arber has been in the Civil Service since he began life (Admiralty, I think), but all this time his hobby has been 'letters,' at which he has worked hard in his leisure. He tells me in a letter just received that a month since he retired from the service, and is going to work hard at his labour of love. He says: At 41 I have produced and sold 100,000 *English* reprints, and accomplished the Transcript, which is now paid for—all this in a few months over ten years' actual working, with very little time and very many worries, distractions, and hindrances.' So I think you will agree that he is a deserving worker. He says in his letter: 'I find it difficult to get at the people who want my books. A list of likely persons with their addresses would be a great help if you can send me one, which I would treat as confidential.' I

was reminded to ask him to send you one, as in his last book, which I have just got, there is a reprint, amongst other good things, of a rare tract (two copies only known), 'The Secrets of Angling—teaching the choicest Tools, Baits, and Seasons for the taking of any Fish, etc., by I. D., Esqre. 1613.' He calls this collection 'An English Garner,' and it seems to me a charming little vol.—(bar the binding!). If you know any likely person to send his prospectus to you might give me a hint, or send it him. Poor Jack Stewart had an accident at Witley the other night. You know he is stone deaf, and he was walking home at night and a farmer in his cart met him, and tried to get out of his way (Stewart had his head down and did not see him). He knocked him down, damaged his teeth and bruised him. I saw him the next morning in bed, as jolly as ever. He told me it was quite delicious!—when he got up and tried his legs and found they were not broken. The farmer was the more frightened and distressed of the two, and poor Stewart had to ply him with whiskey when they got home to cheer him up. A friend writes to me from Aberdeen: 'I'm on the trail of some arrow-heads for you, one with the original wooden shaft in it'! A bookseller in London has a complete set of Dibdin's 'Typographical Antiquities' he wants twelve pounds for. He offers to allow me five pounds for my vols. 1, 2, and 4 in the transaction. Would you close? I've kept my pipes going ever since I came from Suffolk—skirling for a quarter of an hour every day, so they are in good order. I'm hot

on some new tunes which I'll send you, 'The Chorus Jig' and 'The Bonny Breastplate.' Have you sets in your book?

"I shall be so glad to hear from you when you write that you've quite got over the 'blast'; and how is that poor stupid policeman? I was touched by reading in the first account of the concern he expressed for you on his recovering his senses. You will have noticed that our sapient editor took all the fun out of your subject of the Undertaker and the uncanny customer. I complained about it. How are the works selling at the Exhibition? I don't suppose there will be any bites at mine. I did not put any figures to mine; but, for reasons I will explain, I would put rather a prohibitive price on them—fifty pounds for the frame of 'Punch' subjects, and twenty for the 'Pocket-book' design. Were you taken with any particular pictures? Have you anything of Albert Moore's? The Moores are north countrymen (York), and ought to be there. What a 'historical' view of the Tynemouth Aquarium, etc., there was in the paper the other day (the 'Graphic' or 'Illustrated'), with groves of trees and gardens that I don't remember seeing. Kindest regards to Mrs. Crawhall and all your sons and daughters. I hope the coming Landseer has sold his picture. Don't bother to answer this if you are enjoying your newly-acquired leisure; a line that you are better will be a great pleasure to

"Yours ever,

"Charles S. Keene."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea,
"Saturday.
[*Nov.* 2, 1878.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"Just a line. I've been very busy and worried lately or you'd have had a letter. I saw in one of the papers a notice of that contemplated atrocity, the pulling down the old tower on the walls, and thought of you at the time, and how your wrath would be kindled. I can sympathize with you, though this sort of thing is going on so constantly in London that I should think only staunch Conservatives all round can help their perceptions and tastes getting blunted and callous from the constant friction. It must be more poignantly felt in a smaller town like yours. I remember a flagrant case in Ipswich. I was a boy comparatively, but my blood boiled then, and does now when I think of it. That was a large affair, but this little watch-tower on the wall—oh, they might spare it! Caricature the Goths. I fancy I've seen 'a cat' such as you describe in some curiosity shop window, but should not have guessed its use. I hope I shall be able to get away and take advantage of your kindness for a day or two at the piping. They talk of getting 'Punch's Almanack' out earlier this year, so this gives me hopes. I hope 'Clem of the Cleugh' will perform again. Poor Munro, my pipe preceptor and reed maker, has blown 'his last breath.' He died the other day from a

rapid lung disease. The other day I picked up the third vol. of Dibdin's 'Typ. Ant.,' so that my set is complete; gave 30*s.* for it. It seems a good copy, but there are several pages with blank spaces instead of the printer's device, *e.g.*: pages 541, John Mayler; 573, Robert Joy; 579, Richard Lant; 251, Richard Banks, etc. Is it the same in your copy? It says in the advertisement: 'When the devices of printers could not be procured, a blank space within a single line frame has been substituted'—so I hope it's all right. Arber was very much obliged for the list you sent him through me; he said, with one exception, the names were unknown to him. How did you like 'The English Garner'? Wasn't it a frightful cover? I thought that collection of 'Posies' would be useful to you. W. Lawson was off to Scotland this morning. He talked of breaking his journey as he came back at Newcastle. Was he satisfied at the hanging of his pictures? He did not tell me much of what he did when he was there. I shall write you a letter as soon as I've 'broken the back' of my Christmas work.

"I hope Mrs. Crawhall and all yours are well, and am, "Yours ever,

"Charles S. Keene."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea,
"*Dec.* 16 [1878].

"Dear Crawhall,

"I've still the confounded 'Punch' Index and

Preface to do this week; for the latter I have to wait for the editor, and have not been able to get it from him yet; so I'm obliged, to my great disappointment, to give up my visit to you and the pipe concert, but it can't be helped. I can't thank you adequately for your kindness. I hope your son is better. Lawson told me he had got a chill and severe cold from sitting in wet clothes, but we hoped, from your not mentioning it, that he was getting over it. Hammer it into the boy's mind that he may over-eat, get drunk, act any imprudence, except that, till he's forty; by that time he'll know it himself. The programme you sent me this morning went to my heart: should like to have heard 'Cleugh' play 'Felton Louvion' and 'Jacky Layton,' the two typical Northumberland tunes. I imagine you chose them on that account. I have your first quaint MS. programme stowed away somewhere for remembrance in after years, and shall take the same care of the present. Perhaps next year, if we're all alive, I may hear them again. My great pipes have been silent for months. I don't seem to have any time but for work now-a-days. I was at Heywood Hardy's, the animal painter, last Sunday night. He's very clever musically too—plays the penny whistle, the zither (have you heard this instrument?—charming, but difficult). I'm trying to resist the desire to have one—foresee I shall cave in; and he plays the old English guitar exquisitely—the same instrument that that Newcastle dealer had and sent me a sketch of. I have a very pretty one

in the original case, A.D. 176—, which Hardy is stringing for me.

"Remember me kindly to Canon Greenwell when you see him. One reason I have not written to him was the thinking I should see him this Christmas. Now I shall try and screw up my confidence and write to him. Do you know if his late researches have been described anywhere? The work I spoke to you of I have to get done by the end of April, so it will be after that time that I can get away; but don't let us have any specific projects. Liberty, 'the country,' and congenial company, is sufficient elysium to look for. If a barrow accidently turns up, that is all extra. I don't know whether you'll see Lawson to-morrow. He asked me if I was going, and at last said if I'd go he would. It has been as dark as night all day, and in London you can't get enough gas to work by till five o'clock! so that if a fellow depends on a model, as I am just now, his occupation's gone.

"I hope you and your friends have not been hurt by these banks breaking. I'm supposed to be in a stew, as I have some gas shares, and was advised right and left to sell, but I've stuck to them as yet. Remember me to Stevenson and all my friends in Newcastle and about. And with kindest regards to you and Mrs. Crawhall and yours,

"I am.

"Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

CHAPTER X.

1879—1882.

Removal from Queen's Road to 239, King's Road, Chelsea.—Mr. Dudley's account.—Letter, July 26, 1879.—Letter, November 23, 1879.—Letter, December 5, 1879.—*Edition de Luxe* of Thackeray's Works.—Illustrations to "Roundabout Papers."—Edward Fitzgerald.—Portraits of Thackeray.—"*La Vie Moderne.*"—Letter, May 16, 1880.—Letter, July 16, 1880.—"Border Notes and Mixty-Maxty."—Death of Keene's mother.—Letter, June 19, 1881.—His love of young people.—A useful hack-waltzer.—Fancy dress.—Letter, August 6, 1881.—Keene's portrait by Sir George Reid.—Letter, October 20, 1881.—"Our People."—Undated letter to Mr. Tuer.—Miss Jean Ingelow's recollections.—Keene's appearance in later years.—Mr. Mills.—"Just like a lord."—Letter, June 10, 1882.—Letter, June 24, 1882.—Letter, October 12, 1882.

IN 1879, the Queen's Road premises being required for local improvements, Keene removed to his last studio at 239, King's Road, Chelsea. Of a visit paid to him here by his son, Mr. Dudley writes: "There was a curiously quaint flavour about his simplicity of life and personal arrangements. My son went to see him at his studio in Chelsea, and, finding Keene hard at work, sat quietly down looking

about him at the jumble of 'properties.' He was somewhat puzzled by a strange-looking apparatus on the hob,[1] and wondered what its purpose could

A RUSTIC SUITOR.

be. Keene looked up and, noticing this, said: 'What do you think that is, Guildford?' 'Well, I

[1] This is a mistake. The apparatus was over a gas-light, brought by a flexible tube on to a stool in the middle of the room.

can't make out.' 'That's my lunch. I bring it from home and cook it up here. See here! Splendid idea!' and he explained how, with the coiled spring taken from an old 'Gibus' hat, and a jam gallipot, he had constructed a culinary contrivance for the purpose. It did not much matter to C. K. whether the original delicacy slightly suffered, for his sense of taste was, as he said, next to nothing, though I believe he liked anything he took to be as hot as it could be made. At the club he would take his cup of coffee from the dining to the smoking-room, placing it by the fire until it was at a temperature high enough to scarify any ordinary palate. Keene, however, seemed to enjoy it so with his pipe."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"11, Queen's Road West,
"Chelsea,
"Saturday, *July 26th*, '79.

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I've been miserable lately at having neglected writing to you for so long, but it has not been really neglect. There are letters one is obliged to write, and those one sits down to as a pleasure, and I've been looking forward to having a long 'crack' with you. I am five or six weeks ahead with my work, for which I've been pegging away, and am a month 'to the good' now, but a few weeks ago my hopes were all dashed by a notice to quit from my landlord, which has disheartened me altogether. 'Good-bye' to all ideas of a holiday this summer, which must be wasted in looking out for a den and moving with all

my rubbish. But let us cheer up; better luck next time. How did you get on in your jaunt by Coquet's side? We had miserable weather about the time down here. When it did not rain we had dark days with a leaden-coloured sky. I hope you had better luck and heavy creels full of fish. Tell me of your adventures—'babble o' green fields' to me! and I look for some 1879 sketch-books with bits of wild Northumbria by-and-by. I'll try and not covet them. I enclose you some of mine haphazard for your scrap-book, but I wish if you should see any particular one in 'Punch' you would tell me. You should not scruple, considering the many I've taken out of your collection. I thought of you the other night when I called on my friend Haydon, of whom I've spoken to you. He's the staunchest angler I know south of you. He lives in Bedlam—don't be alarmed; he is steward of that celebrated institution, and has a house with large garden in the precincts. He had hatched, and I helped him to bottle off, several thousand young trout to put into a stream near Powderham Castle, Devonshire. Long may it ripple on, and Coquet and the rest, unpoisoned. To parody Lord John Manners' couplet—

> 'Let industries and manufactures die,
> But leave us still our trout and salmon fry'!

Passing strange, to stock a Devonshire stream with fish reared in the heart of Southwark, within stink of Bermondsey! Wasn't Coquet in spate this spring? The Thames has not been fishable. My Irish angler has got married, and goes not a-fishing

this summer. I ought to have thanked you before for those quaint catalogues from Cockermouth you sent me. They go into my big scrap-book—elephant folio—with many other out-of-the-way cuttings you have sent me, and are of salutary effect on me just now. The Nemesis of collecting faces me now I've got to move into a new den, and one has to resist the tempting desire to inquire about some of these treasures. What does he charge for his catalogues? I don't like to take yours, and I should like some more. W. B. Scott has offered to let me his studio, and for some things I should like it, but there are objections. There is no private entrance, and I should have to go through his house and garden. I like the old boy as far as I've been acquainted with him. You've known him a long time, I expect. Do you like him? And the place looks damp. I've never caught rheumatism, and would rather not. . . . I believe it would be the cheapest way for me to build, but, as a Scot that I knew always used to be saying, 'Ah canna be bawthered w'it.' I'm the more anxious to get into a fairly comfortable place from a feeling that if I stay in it as long as I have in my last and former ones I shall be pretty well worked out in my present groove, and, perhaps, only fit to sit in my chair and read or make bagpipe reeds 'whiles.' But if I lose my holiday this year—and it looks like it—I shall still cherish the hope of that 'Barrow,' or a peep at 'Coquet,' or Umfreville Castle, or the weird 'Simonside,' or 'Watling Street' another time. Have you come across any new tunes lately?

My pipes are 'going,' but my preceptor, poor Munro, the best reed maker in Christendy, is dead. I shall try and make the acquaintance of Ross, the Queen's Piper, who, I hear, is a gentlemanly sort of fellow. I am tempted to send you a letter I had the other day from that eccentric old Scot I told you of, the rather as he mentions you (I've shown him your verses, epigrams, and the 'Fishers' Garland,' etc.). His writing is crabbed, so don't be 'bawthered w'it' if you don't like (I've marked the passage with red), but he's a 'character,' and a good, innocent old fellow and a hot Jacobite, though in the nineteenth century. I've taken to the tune 'The Bonny Breastplate' for the pipes, and see if 'The Chorus Jig' is in your books; it's a screamer. Does the pipe 'consort' come off this year in Newcastle? I should like to hear 'Clem of the Cleugh' discourse again. I don't think he'll be easy to beat. You ought to have a gold medal to be given to the best piper, to be the property of the taker of the first prize three years running. This would help much to keep up the practice of the instrument. Make the design yourself. Or let the medal be of silver; then, large and handsome. Another idea for a prize: some lady might embroider in silk the arms of Northumbria on a velvet bag-cover. By-the-by, the title-page of that book of Montagu's is (black lettering) 'Standards borne by Peers and Knights in the time of King Henry ye Eighth' (arms of Pickering); then comes a page of dedication, with Montagu's coat underneath. Among the banners are those of 'The

Herle of Northumberland,' the Baron of Hylton, M. Lylle, M. Wawhan (Vaughan), M. Stonere, Lord Lomley, etc. I fancy some of these are northern gentry. The buyer at the sale has written on the fly-leaf, 'Purchased at the sale of the private library of the late Basil Montagu Pickering, 28th May, 1879.' Mr. Montagu was the author of 'Montagu's Heraldry' and the illustrator of 'Drummond's Noble Families.' Do you know this latter book? Pick it up if ever you see it. I saw a copy at Pickering's. They told me it was scarce, and yearly increasing in value; that old Pickering lost money by the publication. It was expensively and beautifully 'got up.' I still pick up a book now and then to pore over some day. That flint craze has whirled me into geology and prehistoric antiquities generally. I'm going to a sale to-morrow to try and 'bag' an old Herbal with woodcuts. Remember me to Canon Greenwell when you see him. I should like to have written to him, but thought I should see him last December; and then he is such a master, and I'm such a very tyro, that I was afraid of boring him. I have inserted the photo of his Roman 'phisog' into his 'British Barrows.'

"A friend of mine who bought a lot of my 'Punch' sketches writes to me to-day if I would object to their sending some to Newcastle. I'm ashamed of 'em, but they would like to I know, so I shall consent. How does your son get on with his work—the artist? A friend of mine, an animal painter, told me a story the other day. He comes from

Wiltshire, and began early. His father used to send him into the fields to sketch cattle when he was ten, and he came to London late. He made the acquaintance of ——, who is rather a conceited party. He looks down on and patronizes my friend, who, nevertheless, gets on with him. Goddard met —— the other day at the Zoological Gardens, who said, in his grand way, he had come to make a study of a lion. They parted for an hour, and then —— looked very down in the mouth. 'Damn the brutes, they won't keep still!' My friend expected this, and enjoyed his triumph. 'My dear ——, if you want to paint animals, it's no good waiting till they stand still!' —— is a precious clever painter, though. I see in Drayton's 'Battle of Agincourt,' where he describes the array and the banners, he gives the device of Northumberland to be 'two lions fighting, tearing one another.' Is this device in use now?

"Will you send me that epigram of yours about Queen Elizabeth? I've mislaid my copy and can't find it. I want to send a copy of it to Montagu's sister (an authoress), who is an admirer of your muse. She was delighted with the 'Hot trod.

"You must be pretty well tired of this budget by this time. I'll write again from my new den. I send my kind regards to you all, and hope to see you in 'Bonny Newcassel' some day.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE.

"Throw the old piper's letter in the fire if you can't decipher it."

STUDY OF HEADS.

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"32, Hammersmith Road,
"Friday night.
[Received *Nov.* 23, 1879.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"Fancy yourself being turned out of your studio (*i.e.*, your entire house), having packed up all your familiar traps higgeldy pig[dy], and carted them off to be stacked in a remote warehouse, and then having to carry on your work in a small bedroom already 'lumbered up' with knick-knacks of another sort, in your busiest time too, and therewith having to look out and run about to find another den. That has been my case for the last two months. I've at last found one in Chelsea (329, King's Road). I think that's the number; not quite got it by heart yet; awful difficult number to remember—no clue. All this by way of excuse for not having written to you for so long—a poor one, but my best. I hope you are all right at home again and your boy got over his fever. Never mind about the tract ('Breath of Life'), especially if you've read, marked, and inwardly digested it. I believe it's 'the Sovereignest thing on earth.' I'm so much obliged for the two books which came in my sore need. I'm sorry I made the mistake in that legend; I wrote it from memory in haste. I hope to *draw* upon the vols. further. Are not you getting rather tired of your Exhibition work? I like to know that you are by stream and mountain, and jotting down bits of wild Northumbria between whiles, for three or four

months, though I'm not so fortunate myself. Your muse will get jealous and sulky too. I'll be bound you have not written a song this summer, but I think it has been an 'annus non' all round for everybody. By the mass! when I think what I've missed. Imprimis, that barrow! and the dreams I had of seeing 'Simonside, and 'Watling Street,' and some place with a pretty name 'where the lambs are feeding,' that I can't recollect, and some castle of the old Umfrevilles—all through your sketches. Then I had promised to spend a few days with poor Macdonald, of Aberdeen, who, actually, when I was there last had a sort of piper skirling away in his garden one afternoon for my delectation. Then again, I was to go for a week or so to my friend Fitzgerald (the old Literate, we call him)—he has lately published some translations of Persian poesy! (Quaritch, 10*s.* 6*d.*!—have not invested!)—who was staying on the Suffolk coast. I was to meet there an old schoolfellow, "Big Badger" (his real name is immaterial, it was Big and Little Badger. The brothers were named from their bristly hair). Big Badger is the Professor of Sanscrit at Cambridge, and an awful pundit, but Fitzgerald tells me he is delightful, and that all the time he was there (big botanist too) he was hunting about for a particular species of nettle that the Romans had brought over! This would have been delicious! but 'hope springs eternal,' etc. Better luck next year. I hope I shall be able to jump at your kind invitation for the pipe contest, and to sit and have another pipe with you in your

snug den. I'll work hard for it, but please don't make me a judge; I never was a judge of anything, never in 'the chair' anywhere—may have been in a committee, but would swear I did not understand it. Did not you ask me, alas! in a letter or two ago, for the colour of my coat of arms? I like the Sparrowe coat best (my mother's). That bundle of arrows in my father's seems to me modern, and I know the Sparrowe's is a real old one. I send an impression of the latter from an old silver seal, judged to be *temp.* Henry VIII. You will see the lower corner of the shield is worn off, and the top of the crest (unicorn's head). Montagu says anyone can alter his crest if he likes. One of the Sparrowe mottoes I've seen I like, 'Je me contente.' I've seen another in Latin, but forget it. I should like to send you that MS. of Montagu's, but am afraid of boring you if you are very busy; but say the word and I'll send it. I think it will give you some pretty hints in heraldie.

"*Dec.*—I've not seen the Fosters since they were in Northumberland. They went first to Rothbury, but after to Warkworth, which I heard they liked best. I shall be down at Witley about Xmas, I dare say. You heard, I dare say, of all poor Whistler's misfortunes, and of the climax, his losing his house and studio. He had quarrelled lately with his architect, and the night before he left he wrote over the door, 'Unless the Lord build the house the labour is in vain of him that buildeth it. George Godwin built this, 1879.' W. Lawson and his wife were

passing, and read the inscription. They were quite touched! Mrs. L. said she almost cried! they actually thought it was written in serious sadness! This was pretty, as old Pepys would have said! I was introduced to a Newcastle man the other day at the Arts Club; said he knew you. Was his name Nicholson? A young man I should describe as in very good condition. Is he an artist? I fancy he was dining with Carr, the art critic.

"I thank you very much for the pamphlet on birds; it will help to swell my collection of 'Miscellanea,' a sort of book I'm very fond of—interesting pamphlets not cropped, of slightly ununiform sizes, bound in boards, the names written on backs on white label! I still collect books. I shall never be able to help that. I shy prints, though I was tempted yesterday with some Chodowieckis and fell! China? Avaunt! though a friend of mine has a plate I have coveted for years. If I ever get it, I shall offer to hang it up at the Arts Club. It bears only this simple, though enigmatical, inscription—'The one-eyed sportsman, gentleman.' I presume it was a toast of the last century!

"The Belper Quaker's catalogues are most enticing, but, by Jove! he seems to have a very adequate idea of the interest and value of flint instruments! How far is Belper from Newcastle? Have you had "Liver" this winter, or has your hard work exorcised it? I've had a touch lately. I fancy it must be from missing my daily six-mile walk to and from my studio. I find working at home demoralizing in many ways—

too comfortable. At the town 'chop house' the viands are not universally appetizing, and they take care not to give you too much, and I have often thought that is one healthy element of the bachelor working man in London; but at home you get meats your soul loveth; and in any case, lately, I did not get enough exercise. And then there's the 'bacco. I'm certain your smoker requires exercise, and I find by stopping my 'bacco I get better every hour. So give me eight miles walk a day and smoke as often as you like. My new den is a first floor flat in a corner house, so I've a lighter room than I ever had before, one great desideratum. But there's an awful 'set off.' There are strangers in the flat above me and below, and my breathing chanter will proudly swell no more! I must be content with the practice-stick, and have a good spell on some lonely sea-shore in the summer. In other respects I shall not be so comfortable as heretofore. The landlord is a Philistine, and insists a good deal on the Respectable, so I've had to put up no end of blinds and stair-carpets. My studio has a drawing-room air about it (at present!), with a gorgeous paper. I like a wall that you can knock a nail in with a clear conscience. If I live there a year or so, how I shall enjoy putting a wash of distemper over the entire superficies! I shall try and cover it with sketches, and frame my prints. I suppose you've been too much engaged to have added to your treasures. Did you ever get anything blindly from the Cockermouth catalogues? I have acquired a few flint scrapers from Surrey,

and one beautifully chipped arrow-head found in Suffolk, worthy of Canon Greenwell's collection. I cut a paragraph from the 'Times' the other day, about some barrows he had been opening somewhere. If you should learn that there is a fuller account of these discoveries published, I wish you would let me know. I picked up Evans's book on Flint Implements that I've been looking out for ever so long, for eighteen shillings—cheap, as the book seldom turns up, and it must have cost more originally. Have you read Burton's 'Scot Abroad'?—very good. I met W. B. Scott to-day. He went to Scotland in August with 'Liver,' but says he is all right again. I'm sorry I lost the studio he would have let me. I think I should have got on very well with him. The Anti-Restoration Society are in a great flurry about St. Mark's, Venice. Have you had a circular? I see that eminent Conservative (for the nonce), Burne Jones, has been haranguing about it at a meeting, and W. Morris too,—pestilent Rads. at the same time. 'I can't understand this! I saw in the paper you sent me, in the account of Bruce's lecture, that a lady sang the ballad of 'My love has newly listed.' Where are the words to be found? I've never come across Chappell; I should like to pump him about the Northumberland music, and will if I get a chance. I fancy he's rather a hermit. I joined an old London Madrigal Society the other day, that meets in a room belonging to the 'Royal Society of Musicians,' hung round with portraits of ancient composers. We sit round at tables with 'Chapel Royal'

boys as sopranos and altos, and howl away at the glorious works of Byrd, Gibbons, Purcell, etc., so refreshing after the pestilent modern rubbish one's ear is so constantly disturbed with. You know the libretti of the old things, I dare say,—though, in condemning modern music, I except such excellent 'fooling' as Sullivan's 'Pinafore.' Do you know it? Have you done any more with your projected ballad opera? Montagu's brother, the merry old parson, sent me a Shakespearian motto for a Michaelmas goose the other day—I forget the play, and the exact quotation, but to this effect:

'So fair without, but such stuff(ing) within.'[1]

I think this is new. I think it must be in 'Othello' or 'Lear.' I see J. M—— nearly every week, and have a game of 'Tric-Trac' with him. He says he can't see to draw any more, and I think you've got about the last things from his hand. He gets deaf too, but says he can hear me better than most speakers. Spends all his time reading; he likes travels best and novels! Can't stand anything antiquarian, and music he abhors! and, if you mention poetry, he storms; but his sister, who writes to him constantly, is a great admirer of your muse, and he showed me a highly commendatory criticism of hers on your 'Hot trod.' How does your son the painter get on? I suppose he'll be sending to the R.A. next year. Tom Taylor went with his family to

[1] "So fair an outward and such stuff within."
Cymbeline, Act i., Sc. 1.

Skye this autumn, and he was telling us how delighted Wickliffe (his boy's name) was at shooting the grouse and wild fowl, and hunting the otter, and killing the salmon, and of his paraphernalia of guns and rods and nets, etc., etc. One of the hearers mildly asked if he was going to study at his prospective profession—'Oh yes,' said Tom (startled at this important omission); 'he's taken all his oils and his water-colours!' Did your young people go in 'motley' to the last Exhibition ball? and Mrs. Crawhall in the Rembrandt costume? I suppose Stevenson is back in Tynemouth by this time. I expect every week to see him turn up at the Arts Club.

I send my kindest regards to all in Eldon Square, and hope to see you before the year's end. I suppose Cleugh will come to the front again at the competition, and 'wipe the eye' of the Piper of the Princely House of Percy.

"Adieu.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239 Kings' Road
"Chelsea.
[*Dec.* 5, 1879.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I told you it was a difficult number to recollect! You made it 329—but the Post Office was equal to the occasion, and I got them all right. One friend directed to '238.' This beat them, and the

letters went to the Dead office. I've been working tooth and nail to be able to come to you on Monday, and, if no just cause or impediment intervenes, I shall start on that day by the morning train, reaching Newcastle about six or seven, I suppose. Don't wait dinner for me, as I shall 'grub' on the road, but save me a mug of tea. You know my weakness for that Johnsonian beverage. I suggested to Ridley, a friend of mine who works for the 'Graphic,' that the competition would make a good subject for the paper. He said he should see Thomas, the head man, about it, but I've not heard from him whether he was successful. Perhaps, though, they might not send a man on purpose. A sketch sent might suit them. Your son might have a shy with a sketch of a piper and his pipes. I feel quite elated at a few days' holiday, having had my nose at the grindstone for so long without a break, but I can only take two or three days! I shall bring up the Heraldic M.S., but you'll let me have the picture-books a little longer. You will have seen what a God-send they've been to me. I ought to have written before, to give you time to write, in case my coming might be inconvenient (if so, telegraph—239—but not if it is all right), and D.V. I shall be up on Monday.

"In haste,

"Yours ever,

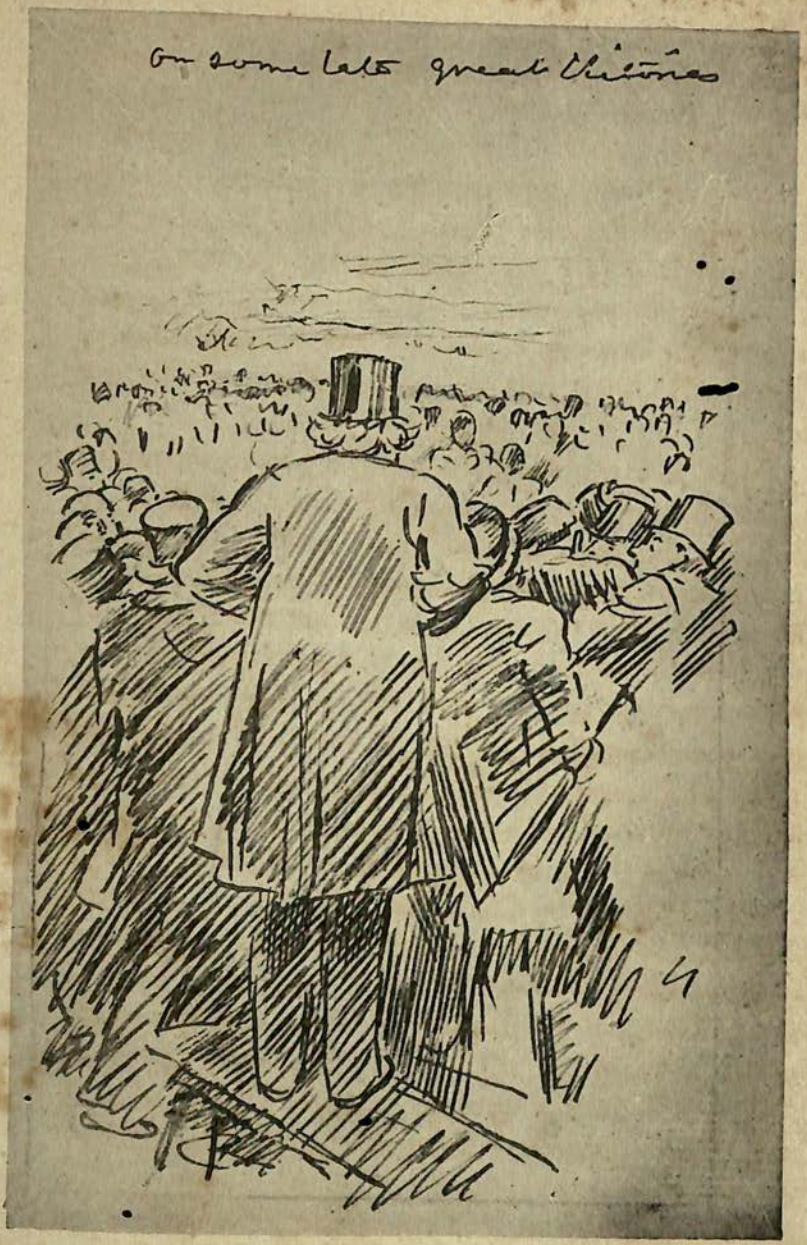
"CHARLES S. KEENE."

On the publication this year by Messrs. Smith and Elder of the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray's works,

Keene was called upon to illustrate the "Roundabout Papers," for which he made eight full-page drawings, and several initials. These were again used in the "Standard" edition, 1885. Writing in 1880, Edward Fitzgerald makes allusion to some of these which Keene had forwarded to him.[1] The letter is so characteristic, and evinces such warm affection for the artist, that I cannot refrain from a long quotation, although it has already appeared in Mr. Aldis Wright's "Letters and Literary Remains" of that essential dilettante.

"As I am not an artist (though a very great author), I will say that four of your drawings seem capital to me. I cannot remember the 'Roundabouts,' which they initialed, except two: (1) The Idle, Lazy Boy, which you note as not being used, I suppose from not being considered sufficiently appropriate to the Essay (which I forget), but which I thought altogether good; and the Old Man with a look of Edwards! (2) Little Boy in Black, very pretty. (3) (I forget the Essay) People looking at Pictures; one of them, the principal, surely a recollection of W. M. T. himself. Then (4) there was a Bawling Boy: subject forgotten. I looked at them many times through the forenoon, and came away here at two p.m.

[1] In an undated letter to Mr. Stewart, Keene writes: "I spent the day as I came home at Woodbridge, with old Fitzgerald; he's an eccentric old fellow; they think him daft at Woodbridge, but he's just one of our sort—very bookish, and fond of art, and delightful company."



STUDY FOR ONE OF THE PORTRAITS OF THACKERAY IN THE EDITION DE LUXE OF THE NOVELIST'S WORKS.

"I do not suppose or wish that you should make over to me all these drawings, which, I suppose, are the originals from which the wood was cut. I say I do not 'wish,' because I am in my seventy-second year, and I now give away rather than accept; but I wished for one, at least, of your hand, for it's own sake and as a remembrance, for what short time is left me, of one whom I can sincerely say I regard greatly for himself, as also for those Dunwich days in which I first became known to him—'Voilà qui est dit.'"

It is not my purpose in this place, indeed it would be presumptuous on my part, to attempt to criticise the work of the great artist with whose Life we are concerned. Many far more competent have had their say, and many more, doubtless, will do so as time goes on, but I cannot refrain from recording my opinion that no finer or more sympathetic illustrations could be found in the whole range of illustrated literature than those to "A Great Battle," "A Riding Lesson," "The Evening Post," not to mention the initial letters to "Tunbridge Toys," "Round about the Christmas Tree," and "Nil Nisi Bonum," in these volumes. An adventitious interest also attaches to these pictures, containing, as they do, half-a-dozen portrait-studies from the life of the great novelist by the great artist, both of whose names will be for ever inseparably connected with the greater part of the first half century of "Punch's" existence.

This year, 1880, saw an appreciative article on

Keene's method, from the pen of M. Charpentier, in the fourteenth number of "La Vie Moderne."

To J. M. Stewart, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Friday.
[*May* 16, 1880.]

"DEAR JACK,

"I had a very pleasant visit to Hook's from Saturday to Monday; went down with the Dudleys and Macdonald. He has a regular farm, and I enjoyed some real butter. On Monday morning, just as we were coming away, Bri. Hook pressed me to get on his bicycle as it stood in the hall (tiled floor). I was not very sweet on the proposal, but he said he'd hold it, and there was no risk, so I mounted, but in lifting my leg to dismount I suppose I leaned over too much, and the wheel disappeared from under me and I came down 'a buster'! with my heels in the air, in a way, the bystanders said, frightful to behold! Luckily I did not hurt myself, but with a bruise on my elbow and knee, but his machine was utterly put out of drawing! We walked afterwards to Farnham, Allan and I and a man named Farquharson, who came down on the Sunday. Did I tell you of the ball at Colin Hunter's? It was considered a great success. I meant to come away early, but asked Mrs. Marcus Stone to dance, and she was engaged till nearly the end, so I was obliged to stay, and went at it with the rest of them, but as I did not eat any supper I was as fresh as paint the

next morning. About a dozen or so of them danced a reel, at which Maccallum was 'great.' Macdonald has gone back. I promised if I could get away in June I'd come and see him for a week in Aberdeen. Had a letter yesterday from Crawhall. He tells me he is going to move from Newcastle more into the country; is retiring from his firm and going to sell most of his books and pictures (from the bother of moving such a bulk of them). I told him I was sorry for this. I don't know whether I shall see him this summer. I expect all this will prevent our having a jaunt together, as we projected. I've not been to the Academy yet. Poor Lewis pulls a very long face. Mrs. Heseltine gives a ball on 11th June. I hear M—— and E—— are going to stay with the Bruces in Argyleshire. I've promised to go to Dudley's on the 26th to meet the B. F.'s. When does Charlie go to the bank? I shall go and see Andrews to-morrow, if possible.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE.

"Love to the young ones."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

239, King's Road.

[Received *July* 16, 1880].

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I hope this will reach you in some remote retreat by sea or river enjoying a holiday this jolly Mid-summer weather, else what's the good of having retired from business? Would'nt I kick up my heels

in like case! and it would be quite refreshing to hear from you, sporting in some of your border wilds. I've snatched a day or two at a time lately at Witley, idling mostly, or an hour or two's sweating at lawn tennis. I met Rob. S. Watson, who came for a day to Foster's. His yarns about his travels in Morocco were amusing, and I'm curious to hear the full particulars in the book he is writing. When we got on to political talk, B. F. and I, who are modest Tories, had as much as we could do to hold our own against this radical hot gospeller! I forget whether I told you that I found it was no use my doing that capital subject you sent me of the Conservative Cook. The 'Punch' people are such pestilent Rads., I should have lost my pains. I'll do the Sportsman with the Hedgehog immediately. I have still six vols. of albums, and whenever I take one up find it is not exhausted—still on tap! I send you a sketch that was sent me. years ago; I never used it, but it struck me as funny if you did not know it. It would make a good subject for a mug I thought. I have lately become acquainted with the Miss Cobdens, daughters of the celebrated Rich[d] the Reformer (they must have been quite young children when he died). They are Radicals, of course, zealous for Women's Rights and Electoral Abilities, and are a good deal bitten with the prevailing mania for dramatics. I've seen them act in private theatricals, and have met them often at the houses of friends of the Liberal persuasion, and I being on the 'Punch' staff, they imagined that I was a Rad. with the rest. I astonished them the other day when

I told 'em I was a hot Tory. They asked me one day to a meeting on 'Women's Electoral Disabilities' at their house. There were to be no end of strong-minded ladies and congenial M.P's. "Discussion invited"! I did not go ('twas in working hours). However, I wrote, if they would send me an epigram from the advanced female point of view, I would make a drawing for 'Punch.' I had also promised to do something on the question of 'Coffee *v.* Pub. Houses.' They have started one in their country village. Here I'm with them, as I'm a natural tee-totaller. I've racked my brains in vain as yet, and can't devise anything. Here's a chance for you! I've told them I shall ask the assistance of a friend in the North, a great Wit and Satirist, so think for us over your early pipe. I thought of adapting your drawing in the album of the navvy who did not see the use of "foolin' on wi' coffee, when you can —— burrn yer vary liver oot"! but the application actually seems equivocal then! You may sometimes wonder why some of the best in the albums have not appeared; but I've done a good many on paper, and am saving them to send in if I get away on holidays—Ahasuerus, for instance, etc. I find myself declaiming them as I go home at night, so that I must be often taken for a maniac by people passing, I fancy! I saw a friend from India yesterday. He loitered through Italy, Rome, Florence, Naples, etc.; found the cities awfully dirty, and wasn't altogether pleased. He said he met an American tourist who grumbled too. The latter said, "This I-talian climate's all very well, but I assure

you, sir, I have'nt had a *square* meal since I've been in this classic old country"! I think this, with St. Peter's or the leaning tower in the background, will do.

"I hear two of your nestlings are mating. May I send my congratulations and good wishes? I shall be sending back your music book soon, as I think I've extracted all I want from it—very nearly the entire contents. I shall enclose some tunes I've picked out from a lot of old ballad operas of the last century; the titles seem suggestive, and I find some character in the airs. Did you ever see an old book of songs called 'Clio and Euterpe"? There appear to be two vols. It is printed from copper plates I fancy, with illustrations over each song, some of them pretty. I had a shabby copy with some of the songs torn out, but I've lost one vol., in which was a sea song, with a plate of two sailors and a girl. One of the figures is, I fancy, a boatswain, the costume very good. He wears a heart-shaped gorget by a chain round his neck, with a ship on it, and has his whistle in his hand. I shall not be easy till I pick up this vol. again. I made an initial for 'Punch' years ago of this figure of the boatswain. It's a sort of a book you would have if ever you met with it. I was looking into Noseda's window in the Strand yesterday, and saw one of those Morlands that Robinson had that I wanted to 'nobble'—a fine impression, plain, I fancy those we saw were coloured. It was not that one of the Soldier. The next time I'm near there I shall go in and learn the 'figure.' I had looked in at Sotheby

and Wilkinson's, and thought of you. It was a snug little company of dealers having it all their own way with a collection of Rembrandt's etchings. Some very nice ones I saw—heads about this size [1]—knocked down at from one to ten pounds, but I am not an expert. I was after a book in a *coming* sale. How does Joe get on with his painting? That disposition he seems to have of getting dissatisfied with his work shows he's a real artist, but try and get him to stick hard to his ideas and work 'em out to the bitter end!—the end will perhaps be bitter for some time, but it must be swallowed. You'll have to make him realize by keeping him short of money! Did he carry out that picture of the Shepherd and his Dog in the Highland Cottage? Have you seen any more of our piping friend (Allison)? The practice-chanter reed he gave me turned out a very good one, but the cane it was made of was not first-rate—not hard enough. I've not found a reed maker yet, and don't expect to find such a one as my old master, Munro; he had been a carpenter, and understood wood. There was a Scotch 'Games' the other day at Lillie Bridge ground, near me at Chelsea, and I went to hear the pipers. They played all our tunes. I kept by the pipers all the time, did not look at the games—pitching the caber, etc. I think they saw this, and were flattered. I asked one of them about reeds, but they told me of Glen, and I turned up my nose! I saw a fine figure of a Bagpiper the other day in a design of Albert Durer's, a small figure in background, but exquisitely

[1] Size indicated on the sheet.

A NORTH BRITON.

drawn; I forget the subject, but will find out and make a note of it; you may know it. I hope I'm not boring you in sending that batch of Alnwick etchings, but as primitive Art I think they are very funny. Are you still thinking of leaving Eldon Square? 'Tis a well-built, warm house. You leave winter outside when you pass the door. Beware of the Modern Villa!—modern builders are rogues all!—see Ruskin.

"*Saturday Morning, July 10th*, 1880.—I'm thinking I've bored you enough with my disjointed ramblings, but I shall send this off to-day anyhow. I daren't read what I've written, and only hope I shall not repeat myself. I had two or three days with Harry Foster, at Witley. How do you like him? We all think him a very jolly youngster. He talks of getting up a lawn tennis ground somewhere in

Newcastle. You should go in for this pastime; good for liver, I should think. It suits me. I like a game that stretches the muscles thoroughly, or else one of utter physical quiet, such as chess. A dawdling sort of game sends me to sleep. Billiards makes me yawn—but I forgot you are a fisherman. That's a different thing. My Irish angler says he is always in a tremble with excitement the first day he has in the year. He is married now, and says his fishing is a good deal stopped! They were in great trouble about the first baby. It could not take milk, and was a poor emaciated little bantling; but I consoled him when he told me, and congratulated him on the chance he had got—that there was no drawing at all in the ordinary fat maggot of a babby, but here was an artist blessed with a nice anatomical bony infant, such as Albert Durer and the early German masters drew from, and gave such character to their Holy Families. I believe he took the hint, as I've heard he has made no end of nude studies from it; and only just in time, as they say it is fattening. Stevenson is building at his castle in Argyleshire. He asked me to go there, and I should if I could have been there in June or July, but I don't care to go later; and then they have other visitors, so I shall put it off till next year. I should like to be in Scotland when it is nearly daylight at midnight. My friend Macdonald wants me to go to Aberdeen, but I shall wait till next year for the same reason. On reconsidering, I won't bore you with those prints yet; will wait for a quieter time. If you are not very busy you ought to be

taking your diversion in a holiday, and I think you should for your health. I'm much obliged to you for sending an invitation to Miss Hooper; I hope she'll send you something respectable. She has a friend, a Miss M——, who promises to be a rattling fine animal paintress, devilish pretty girl too; her work is perhaps a little too strong and manly. She beats her brother, a fine-looking fellow about 6ft. 3in., who paints little landskapes—(used to be spelled with a 'k' I think, so we'll leave it!). I met a lady the other evening, an artist (!), who had never heard of Bewick! I asked her if she knew Boyce, the painter. She said she did, so I told her to ask him who he was. Don't trouble to answer this if you are taking holiday, which I hope you are; and with kindest regards to Mrs. Crawhall, and the boys and girls, I am,

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

The following month Mr. Crawhall published "Border Notes, and Mixty-Maxty," and dedicated it quaintly

"To CHARLES S. KEENE,
This 10th of August, 1880,
Greeting,
These."

In May, 1881, Keene's mother died, at the advanced age of eighty-three. To her, to whom he owed so much, he had been a devoted son, and for him she had always the very deepest affection. "I'm still

busy," he writes to Mr. Stewart, in 1880, "but hope to be able to get down on Thursday if my mother keeps well, but she has been ailing lately, and she says she sleeps better when I'm at home, so I don't like to be away for long." In April, 1881, he wrote to Mrs. Edwards: "My poor old mother is on her death-bed. They say she has no specific disease, and so does not suffer so much, but enough to make it a hard trial for her and for us. Her look, and the tones of her voice, 'go to the marrow of my bones,' and knock me over very much. We watch by her day and night, and shall to the end—my brother and I."

And to Mr. Stewart, April 28: "The grand 'Sparrow' lineaments come out in her features as death approaches, and the tones of her voice go to the 'marrow of my bones.' Excuse all this."

To Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"82, Hammersmith Road,
"*May 6th*, '81.

"DEAR MACDONALD,

"I went to town yesterday morning and called at No. 85, Jermyn Street, but found you had gone; but I should have been a 'sorry visitor.' My poor mother's condition for two or three days has been distressing to us—alive, that is all. I took my watch this morning as usual from 12 to 5 a.m., and after getting a little sleep I was called up again. I could not feel her pulse; she drew a few breaths calmly; another—she was gone! I can't write any more

just now, but my heart is lighter now she is released from her pain!

"Thanks for your and Mrs. Macdonald's kind sympathy.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"82, Hammersmith Road,

"*5th June*, 1881.

"DEAR MACDONALD,

"I had a run into Suffolk last week, and I still have the hope of getting a short holiday and running up to see you.

"I ought to have answered Mrs. Macdonald's kind letter, but it is difficult to write in heavy spirits, and since my poor mother's death I find I have to undertake affairs and responsibilities I have not been used to.

"I was staying in Suffolk with a bookish old scholar (Fitzgerald), one of the old school—friend of Carlyle's and Tennyson and Thackeray, and we talked art and the *belles lettres* all day in his garden, and smoked long churchwarden pipes in the evening.

"I find he is a 'great unknown' poet in certain literary circles in town—I mean the Rossetti set—and that a certain translation that he made of some Persian poems,[1] and published anonymously, and another book—translations of Calderon's plays—are considered by them as the greatest works of the age!

[1] The "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khâyyâm.

When I told W. B. Scott, one of this circle, that I knew this great genius and had been staying with him, he jumped in his chair.

"I was dining at the Freemason's Tavern the other evening (this is not in my line, but it was inevitable), and, as I came out, I heard a pibroch in some part of the hotel where a regimental dinner was going on. I was entranced, and stood and listened. I had dropped the chanter for months, and it has set me on again.

"I won't forget to bring Crawhall's book for you to see. If I come by rail I must stay a day at Newcastle with him.

"Kindest regards to Mrs. Macdonald.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*June* 19, 1881.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"How are you all in Eldon Square? I ought to have congratulated you immediately on hearing the news of the festivity in your house. Will you give the young people my greetings and good wishes the first opportunity? How did you like putting on the 'yellow waistcoat.' (Note, a yellow waistcoat seems to be the proper costume of the 'heavy father' on the stage, when he gives his blessing at the end of the last act.) We insist on Birket

Foster donning this symbolical article when his daughter is married next month. He dreads it hugely.

"It was a time of great heaviness with us all when my mother died. She had always been with us and was very happy, and the world seemed changed without her, but this feeling, I suppose, passes away like all other things. I went to stay with my old friend Fitzgerald, the old scholar, at Woodbridge, Suffolk. I think I've mentioned him to you. I showed him 'Mixty-Maxty.' He was very pleased with it; one distich stuck to him, and he was very fond of it—

> 'O'er meadows of kingcups and culverkeys
> Trip it the livelong summer's day,' etc.

He's a great admirer of Bewick. We strolled about in his garden talking 'Shakespeare and the musical glasses,' books, etc. I find since I've been back that he is a 'great unknown' genius in some high critical circles. I was mentioning my visits to W. B. Scott, who is one of the Rossetti, Swinburne, etc., set, and of my friend having translated some Persian poems and Calderon's plays, etc. He jumped off his chair! 'Do you know him? Why, Ram Jam' (some wonderful Persian name he gave it) 'is the most quite too exquisite work of the age, and Rossetti considers the translations from Calderon the finest thing——,' etc., etc. So I shall tell the old man. I don't know whether he'll be pleased. W. B. Scott showed me his collection of first editions. He must have sunk

a good sum in the purchase. I still cannot keep out of the book-shops and sales. The last good thing I picked up was an edition of 'Clarissa Harlowe' in French, in 10 vols.! with two etchings of Chodowiecki's in each. I feel terribly tempted to sacrifice the book and cut 'em out. Do you know this artist's works? I consider him the most extraordinary demon of industry (and very excellent art of its sort) I ever knew of. He has to be discovered. I'd bet that four British R.A.'s out of seven would not know his name. I've collected an infinitesimal pinch of his handiwork. Scott says there was a great sale of a collection a little while ago that he did not know of at the time, and they went at very small prices. Menzel, the great German artist who is being 'discovered' now, is a follower in his track. Menzel has been elected an hon. member of the O. W. C. Society, and some of his drawings are exhibited there now. I have a book of his that I bought twenty odd years ago new for eighteen bob, and Duncan, the publisher, says you could not get it now under fifty pounds! I imagine the stones must have been destroyed. I'm trying to get away for a fortnight to go and see my friend Macdonald at Aberdeen; have promised every year for five years, and have got a little ahead with my work to that end. I'm thinking of going by steamer; I hate so long a railway journey. If the weather is hot it's a delightful trip, but I shall not go unless I can get away early in July. If I go and come back by rail, and you should be at home, may I

have a day's rest at Newcastle? Macdonald goes to his office at his granite works, and I stroll about the old town, spending a good deal of time at Newcastle[1] poring over the bookstalls in the market, but the Scotch bookstalls are terribly distended with fusty Scotch Diveenity!—not much to be picked up. I'm almost afraid to take my pipes with me. When I was there before I used to practise a good deal in Macdonald's garden, but I have not touched 'em for months. I've been amusing myself lately with learning by heart most of the least indecent of the old seventeenth and eighteenth century catches; very clever and amusing some of them. The composers don't seem to be very well known, except their names. This makes them the more interesting to me, and I've formed a sort of idea of many of them—Dr. Green, Gregory, Hilton, Crawford, Nelham, the great Purcell, etc., etc. M. Nelham mostly wrote his in the bass clef; evidently had a bass voice, and wrote 'em to sing himself. Green's are very good, mostly in a minor key, and amusingly melancholy. Have you done anything in the musical way lately? If ever you hear of a copy of the 'Vocal Magazine,' published at Edinburgh, I think (you have a copy, I fancy), I wish you'd pick it up for me. I have not heard any news in the Art way lately. I very seldom see Lawson, so I don't know whether he has sold his picture. He has had an addition to his family. How does the Art Society get on? Have they found a secretary to work as

[1] Aberdeen.

you did? I ween not! You see I still cull from the Albums. I enclose the sketch I did for one lately; they say the sitting figure is like me. I sketched the pose in the looking-glass, and tried to disguise the model, but failed, I suppose. You must have been on Coquetside since I wrote, or elsewhere 'by rivers to whose falls,' etc. I shall be glad to hear of your adventures. Picked up any more stone hatchets, palæolithic or otherwise? I found with great pleasure the other day that Harry Moore, the landscape painter, was a 'flint' man, and had got a small collection of scrapers he had picked up himself. He came and saw my little store, and I had the honour of giving him some. I felt myself quite a small 'Greenwell.' I've fixed the photographic presentment you sent me of the Canon in his Barrow Book. I met Peter Toft one night at a studio smoking party, but he has not been to see me yet. I hope you've had good news of the emigrant Hugh. I looked up Nebraska, and it seems a splendid climate. Let me know if Joe is in town, and if he is at the same address. With kindest regards to all yours,

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

The following extracts from letters may be read with interest, as showing that Keene was by no means the recluse that he was by many supposed to be. Indeed, had it not been for the conscientious determination with which he subordinated every

enjoyment to his work, there is little doubt but that inclination would have led him to make many visits which his duties forced him to abandon. He delighted in the companionship of young people, with whom he was a special favourite. Indeed as a partner in the mazy waltz, up to the age of sixty, he outrivalled many an eligible bachelor of half his age. One of his blooming young partners a few years ago—so few, indeed, that she can be but young still—is said to have been laughed at for her partiality, and asked whether she intended to marry Mr. Keene. "I would if he would only ask me," she replied, and I think she more than half meant what she said.

Of his own waltzing powers, being at the time laid up with a bad leg, he wrote with becoming modesty in 1876: "I was engaged to spend the holiday at Birket Foster's, where they celebrate the season with old-fashioned jollity, play-acting, and dancing, and I'm a useful hack waltzer (for my age), but I'm out of the running this year." And in 1884 he wrote, being then, it must be remembered, sixty-one years of age: "I was at a dance the other night for the first time in my life without 'tripping it.' Everything must have an end!"

Whether, however, he did give up the pastime even then, appears to be doubtful, for he had written, seven years before this, to Mr. Crawhall as if of his final appearance, and, if he took a further lease from senility then, there is no reason why he should not have done so yet again.

"BETWEEN TWO SHOEBLACKS WE FALL," ETC.

It was on January 27, 1877, he had written, "For the fancy ball I'm afraid it's a little too late. I was at a hop on the 18th—my last! when, I consider, I took leave of the floor as a dancing man, after a good innings; and my last fancy dress, which has long been kicked about in my studio, is half-devoured by moth & and past refurbishing, if I were fain to think of it."

To J. M. Stewart, Esq.

"239 King's Road,
"Chelsea,
"Friday night.
[*Aug.* 6, 1881.]

"DEAR JACK,

"I got back last week from my trip, which I enjoyed very much. I went to Aberdeen by steamer 30*s.*!—started on Wednesday night. On Thursday morning when I went on deck it was blowing pretty fresh, and she was dipping bows under a good deal, and to my surprise I was a little qualmish!—only looked at the breakfast—rushed up and had a cat!—but I was all right again by dinner-time; but it was cold, though the weather was fine, and, coming from London in that great heat, it was just by chance I took a great coat at all! I had a thinnish one, but should have been glad of my thickest pea-jacket. There was only one corner of the vessel where you could light a pipe for the wind. I reached Aberdeen about eight on Thursday morning, and got to Macdonald's before they were up, but there was a good roaring fire! (July 9th). I stayed ten days with him,

and went back by rail, stopping a week with Crawhall. It was a little warmer there, but not much. I hope you've been all right. I'm writing to Mrs. Forster that I will go there, if they can take me, next Saturday till Monday. Can't stop away for long just now, as my sisters are away, and there is no one in the house but me. If I can, I may come on the Friday, and will perhaps write to you again. I've had a go in at Cholera since I've been back, but am all right again. I'm going to-morrow till Monday to Medmenham, to stay in a house-boat. I rather dread it, but have shirked going for two years, and now can't get out of it. More when I see you next week. Give my love to the young ones.

"And I am,

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

It was during the above-mentioned visit to Kepplestone that Mr. (now Sir) George Reid painted Keene for Mr. Macdonald's collection of Artists' portraits.

This was subsequently reproduced in the March number of the "Magazine of Art," 1891, to illustrate Mr. Spielmann's article "In Memoriam."[1]

To Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"239 King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*August* 19, 1881.]

"DEAR MACDONALD,

"I ought to have written to you before, but had

[1] *Vide* p. 238 above.

such a batch of letters to answer when I got home. I had, besides, a sort of feeling of depression at my pleasant holiday being over. I had a kind letter from Mrs. Macdonald, with something I left behind. I hope she went to the "Art Work" competition.

"At Newcastle I found Crawhall busy acknowledging cheques for his book. One day we went to Warkworth, and I saw the Crystal Coquet, his favourite river. Another day we made a pilgrimage to Ovingham, to Bewick's tomb. We called on Miss Bewick (over ninety); she gave me a rare proof of one of the old man's woodcuts.

"I picked up a little prize the other day at a sale for a few shillings—a little box of reindeer bones and flint knives, from the floor of a cave in the Dordogne, France, with a note stuck on the lid inside, that they were given to the owner by 'Christie,' the prehistoric collector, who left his museum to the nation. There's a strange romance about these things to me! The reindeer in Europe means an awful long time ago!

"Tell me how the C. K. portrait is liked. I suppose you'll see Millais this autumn—I heard he had gone to Scotland.

"So now I send my love to my kind host and hostess at Kepplestone, and remembrances to all my friends.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

"Tell Mrs. Macdonald, with my thanks for her

kindness, that, with one of my stews and a pot of Kepplestone jam and a book, I would'nt change dinners with a lord!"

To J. M. Stewart, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*Oct.* 2 1881.]

"DEAR JACK,

"I got back on Monday. On the previous Saturday week went to Fitzgerald's, and on Monday we went to visit his friend Crabbe, a parson, grandson of the poet. His parish is in an out-of-yr-way part of Norfolk. We had to change five times in getting there by rail, and had to wait four hours in Norwich. While there we went into a pastry-cook's for lunch. There were other people there. Presently a man on my right addressed me—knew me at Langham School. I knew his face but forget his name. He was a friend of Smallfield's. Presently another man on my left spoke to me, and asked 'how Mrs. Edwards was'! I didn't know him at all. We got to the parsonage to tea. Another visitor joined us on the road, Aldis Wright, a Fellow of Cambridge and friend of Fitzgerald, one of the Shakespeare commentators and a philologist. Crabbe is a very nice fellow, about fifty, a widower, living with his daughter. The country is pretty, all oak-trees and woods, with an Elizabethan Hall close by, Lord Walsingham's, which I saw. The cottages about are all either thatched or red tiles, so that was

pleasant. The parson and Wright used to retire about 10 p.m., but Fitzgerald and I sat and smoked in the greenhouse for a couple of hours more. He is a capital companion. His talk is of books and poetry. He's a great scholar; a slashing critic about pictures—his taste is for the old masters; and he knew all the literary men about town in Thackeray's early time. In look and 'build' he's just such a man as 'Old Silver'; you remember him. I'm sometimes nearly addressing him 'Old 'un,' as we did Old Silver. We came back to Woodbridge on Thursday, and on Monday I had a few hours at Ipswich and came home at night. Saw Jack. His daughter's to be married next month. They made me promise to go. Poor Harry has two children ill with rheumatism, the eldest boy and girl. I hope you've been better. I saw Myles on Wednesday; he says B. F. is still at Bettys.

"Remember me to the children and all at Witley.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
"6 *October*, 1881.

"DEAR MACDONALD,

"The Almanack hard work is beginning, so if you've any good sporting or fishing stories by you think of me. I had a difficult letter to write yesterday. Menzel, the great German artist, sent

me a couple of photos from pictures of his. I've known and admired his work all my life, and set him up as the great master in Europe, so I was embarrassed in thanking him. I forget if you know of his work. He drew a good deal on wood, and I know him mostly from engravings. I'm sending him a few scraps of sketches with great trepidation, lest he should not see anything in them and think me conceited.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

This year Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew published a collection of 400 of Keene's "Punch" drawings in a volume called "Our People." [1] This marvellous collection of pictures is obtainable now in the market, and is within reach of the pockets of any one who has a few shillings to invest in an inexhaustible mine of elevating enjoyment. It is a volume which no true lover of Art can afford to be without.

To Andrew W. Tuer, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.

"DEAR TUER,

"Many thanks for your kind present of the bonny 'Cries.' I have not had time to read it yet, but it's an interesting subject. There was one 'cry'

[1] By a curious mistake one of Mr. Corbould's pictures was inserted on page 131, entitled "Compliments of the Season."

I remember when a boy (I see it is in your book)—'*Four* bunches a penny, sweet lavender,' in a beautiful musical phrase. I have seen it noted, but did not take a copy. I've often thought of writing to 'Notes and Q.' if any musician of the period can remember it.

"I see the 'Chaplets'[1] everywhere. I was very pleased with Crawhall's presentation copy, but I intended to have it. Don't forget that I subscribe for an early copy of 'Olde Freends' when it comes out.

"I have drawn your story of the 'Serving Maid and the Parson'—'Etiquette.'

"I fancy Crawhall told me of a further selection of old ballads. Note that one, 'Ragged and torn and true,' in the Roxburgh collection; a capital one for him to illustrate.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

The following recollections of Keene, kindly supplied to me by Miss Jean Ingelow, will be read with interest:—

"You have asked for any personal recollections I may have of the late Charles Keene. His chief intimacies, however, in our family were with my brothers, not with me. That he was a most original character, as well as a delightful companion, no one who knew him could doubt, but, when he made his appearance to have a chat or a smoke and play at

[1] "Chap-Book Chaplets," by Joseph Crawhall.

billiards with my brothers, it was generally so late that I was about to retire for the night.

"On such occasions, knowing that he had appeared, I used to come in for a few minutes, and I have no more vivid recollection of him than when, standing in his well-worn travelling costume, he would loose the knapsack from his shoulders and relate some anecdote which he had brought from the Eastern Counties and was illustrating for 'Punch.' Suffolk was always his favourite hunting-ground, and his command of the dialect was not unnaturally perfect, for he was of an Ipswich family. When his face was in repose his features were fine, and his air was full of careless ease; but, if he woke up and began to tell of some countrified 'yokel' whom he had met with, his black eyes would blaze and his whole face would assume the very look and expression he had caught from the life and nature of the countryman whom he was imitating.

"That he cared very little for appearance is true, but stories used to go about concerning him which were pure invention. I have been told by people who professed to know him that he would not go out to dinner-parties because he would not be at the trouble of wearing evening dress, and, in fact, never had any; yet I can testify that for many years he was in the habit of dining with us by invitation, and then he was always arrayed like any other Englishman of the period.

"On such occasions he appeared very unconscious of himself, but showed an artist's pleasure and quick-

ness in noticing the features and humours of those about him. His own appearance was fine and distinguished; and I must be forgiven for having noticed all this particularly, as well as the impression he made, for the manner in which he used to array himself by habit and choice when he was going about his business was by no means so becoming to him.

"You ask if we have any letters of Charles Keene's. The intimate friend in our family through whom all the others knew him was my eldest brother George; they lived in the same house for more than two years when, as very young men, they both came to London. Then my brother went to India and they corresponded, and the letters were copiously illustrated on both sides. I have seen some of these letters. Mr. Keene showed us some of my brother's, and got him to let some of the drawings in them be put into the 'Illustrated London News.'

"I think Charles Keene's letters must still be in existence, though afterwards my brother went to Singapore, and then to Sydney. This much-loved brother died many years ago, but I have written to my nephew, his eldest son, to make inquiries, and if this correspondence is preserved and in his keeping it shall be sent to you.[1]

"He was always friendly and good-natured, and at one time, when one of my sisters began to learn wood-engraving, he used to give her hints and help;

[1] Miss Ingelow writes later that she fears the letters have not been saved.

then, as she got on, he drew more than a dozen drawings for her on the block. These, which she cut out and treasures still, are full of his peculiar style. Some of them, she thinks, are none the better for having been rendered by her 'prentice hand, but others are quite as good as the usual illustrations of books, and he encouraged her to think she would be a proficient in the art; but the usual thing followed—she married, and never did one engraving afterwards. I expect to hear something definite of the correspondence with my brother in a few days, and will write again.

"I am,

"Yours very truly,

"JEAN INGELOW."

Of Keene's appearance in the later years of his life Mr. Mills also writes: "In person he was tall and upright, with a singularly noble head and countenance, resembling a handsome (ideal) Don Quixote. He rarely wore a black coat, his clothes (of which he always had several suits) being made of Cheviot or other coloured material. I don't think I ever saw him in a silk hat—always a 'billycock' or 'wide-awake.' Very particular about his boots, which he had from a first-rate West-end maker. He often carried a bag slung over his shoulders with a leathern strap. He never carried an umbrella however inclement the weather might be, often getting wet through two or three times a day."

"One who knew him," writing in the "Pall Mall

Gazette," said: "He was a fine, picturesque figure, singularly like Don Quixote in form and feature, with his spareness of build, his moustache and pointed beard, and his parchmenty skin."

He had a somewhat swaggering gait, the consequence, I am told, of an injury to one of his legs in early years. "I do likes to see Mr. Keene out o' doors," said a servant maid, referring, no doubt, to this peculiarity; "he do walk just like a lord."

Of the portrait given in this chapter he wrote to Mr. Crawhall: "Did Alec Stevenson send you a photo he took of me when I was up at Oban? It is very good considering it was late in the day and not very light. I was out of sorts with liver at the time, which I think the face shows."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*June* 9, 1882.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I hope this may find you at Warkworth, resting at your ease and inhaling the fresh summer air, but not wading for trout like a youngster. By-the-by, I've stepped suddenly into age! Having put it off for years, and lately having been much badgered by friends, especially Macdonald, I've given in and been to a dentist, a gigantic Scot, Hepburn 'hight.' To shorten a long story, he comfortably suffocated me for about a minute, and when I came to I found

myself without a tusk in my jaws. About nine or ten there were, I believe, and some, he said, were taut ones! It was a match against time, and he had won!

"I was pretty miserable that day, and did not properly dine! It was an extraordinary experience, but it puts me in the background for six weeks at least. They say I shall get used to it. I must try and see Tuer, though; there's a good long twilight at this time of year, and I'll try and interview him in the gloamin'! So, you see, I don't think I shall be able to come northwards yet awhile, much as I should like to accept your kind invitation and lounge about old Warkworth with you. I had a very pleasant week just before this dental business with my old friend Fitzgerald in Suffolk. I think I've told you of him—an old bookish scholar, friend of Tennyson's and Thackeray's in the old days, and of Tom Carlyle's, the Diogenes of Chelsea. You should know old Fitz.'s translation of Omar Kyam's (*sic*) poem. He was a Persian agnostic poet and tent-maker in one of the early centuries. We talked of books and poetry and music till deep in the night. He knows you from me, and is much interested in your idea of a ballad opera. He believes it might be well done with W. Scott's 'Pirate,' and I've persuaded him to draw up his plot, which he seems to have concocted. Two acts; only one girl, Minna or Brenda; the witch, a contralto; the men, a tenor and bass, and the pirates (chorus) not to appear till second act. The scenery would be good too. This is what I

remember of his talk of it, but will send you his sketch, which he promises. I will send you also a beautiful letter from a Turkish cadi that I copied

A CRYING CHILD.

from his commonplace book, which ought to be illuminated in gold. He calls this scrap-book 'Half-hours with the Worst Authors'! He wished me to ask you about an angling book which old Carlyle

used to speak of to him and praise (!). It is either 'John Kelso Hunter's Autobiography' or else John Hunter of Kelso. I fancy the latter is most likely. Do you know of the book? I have lately had a book given me which I think I must send to Waters—'Philip de Comines,' 16—. It is rather dilapidated; no title page. I should leave it to him to restore, if he could, or rebind, but *not to cut.* Some leaves at end to mend. Haydon wants me to go down with him to his chalk stream at Whitchurch in Hampshire. He has a fishing cottage there, an hour and half from London and a mile and a half walk; but I'm afraid just now—obliged to live on spoon meat!

"I saw Stephenson when he was in town, about three weeks ago. He was busy about his Swan lights. I'm afraid the lawyers will get a lot of money from these companies before they are settled. He wanted me to go with them to their Highland castle. I had the story of the poor stag. The baby grows apace and pretty. What is Joe doing,—has he sold? and has Hugh got his feet hard again? I'm still a little lame,—fancy I jarred my foot dropping off busses while on the move,—am painting my foot with iodine.

"Heseltine bought most of my drawings at Stewart's sale. I have not been to the Academy yet, or the Grosvenor. I hope my new jaw won't stand in the way of my pipes. Have been solacing myself in these days of Irish sedition and sneaking murder by learning 'The Boyne Water.'

"Give my love to all yours, and have more to say, so will write again anon.

"I am, ever yours,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*June* 24, 1882.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I hope you'll be refreshed and set up by the change to Coquet and the seaside and rest. Oh, how I should like some medicine of that sort! I saw Tuer one day. He told me he was in correspondence with you about the book. If you don't bring it out yourself, I think you could not have it in better hands. I fancy he's a sharp man of business, and will work it well, as he has a good 'connection' and has some taste. I've a strong idea for a book for you to take up next. I mean the book of Northumberland tunes that the Antiquarian Society contemplate. This is just suited for your head- and tail-pieces and decoration. It might make the ordinary edition too expensive, but could you not arrange to bring out an *edition de luxe*, illustrated by J. C.? Take care not to let the local limners hear of the "Pie." The names of the tunes seem to me so suggestive of illustration. Landscape, figures, still life, etc., etc. N.B.—Work away at sketching localities with this view. When I say, '*edition de luxe*,' I hate the thing and the name. I mean a

comparatively limited issue, but not in gorgeous, expensive binding. Boards for choice, but decorated. I'm certain the proper device for the cover of the book would be a drawing of a set of small pipes in the style of those Scotch ones in 'Mixty-Maxty,' just in the middle of the title. This might be common to both editions, the big and the small. By-the-by, make it a *sine quâ non* that if 'Come you from Newcastle?' be not the title of this last book (Tuer's), it be put in the title-page as a motto,—it is so pretty and apt.

"When I was at Fitzgerald's I copied the enclosed letter from his scrap-book. He forgets where he copied it from. I think it's beautiful, and it's as good as any sermon you will hear in Warkworth to-morrow. I think I shall write it some day in black letter, with an illuminated initial!

"It's very sad, the death of poor C. Lawson, but when I first knew him he had the red spot on his cheek which suggested his doom. I shall be glad to hear what you think of my suggestion about the music-book. I've not yet been fitted with the Carkerian contrivance! What a miserable dog I shall be, till I get used to 'em. You did not tell me if you knew of that angling book, 'John Kelso Hunter,' or 'John Hunter of Kelso'—I'm curious to know the book that Carlyle praised.

"Love to all with you.

"More anon.

"Yours ever,

"Charles S. Keene.

"Letter from a Turkish Cadi to a travelling Englishman, (a friend of Layard's), who wrote to him for information as to the commerce, population, and antiquities of his town.

"'My Illustrious Friend and Joy of my Liver,

"'The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants, and as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ships, that is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city. God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. Oh my soul! oh my lamb! seek not after things that concern thee not! Thou camest unto us and we welcomed thee! Go in peace. Of a truth thou hast spoken many words. There is no harm done, for the speaker is one, and the listener another. After the fashion of thy people, thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise to God) were born here and never desire to quit it. Is it possible that the idea of a general communication between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid! Listen, oh my son, there is no wisdom equal to belief in God! He created the world, and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries

of His creation? Shall we say, Behold this star spinneth round that star! and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years!—Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it! But thou wilt say, Stand aside, oh man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not; thou art learned in things I care not for, and as for that which thou hast seen, I defile it! Will much knowledge make thee a double belly, or wilt thou see Paradise with thine eye? Oh my friend, if thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God. Do no evil, and thus thou wilt fear neither man nor death, for surely thine hour will come.

"'The meek in spirit,

"'El Fakir Imaum Ali Zade.'"

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*October* 12, 1882.]

"Dear Crawhall,

"I'm frightened at the turn the affair has taken that you tell me of this morning, principally lest you should be disappointed at my hanging fire in a matter that you had in any way at heart—I hope you have not very much in this case. Next, I've such a dread of 'stepping out' before the public, that this suggestion of Tuer's of the letter (to be facsimiled!) thrills

me with horror! This feeling, I must suppose, is morbid, but I can't help it. My idea was, in case you carried out another book, to slip in a drawing '*sub rosâ*,' and quite *entre nous*, and without any thought of glorification; and don't you think this would be better after all, in your next book—'Illustrations by J. C., assisted by J. C. Junior, Guthrie, C. K., etc. etc.'? or, better still, 'by friends,' with only the initials to the drawings to show whose they were, if that even should be necessary. I shall see Tuer to-morrow, and if he mentions it to me I shall tell him my scruples as forcibly as I can. This present book is so entirely your own, that anybody else's work would not mix well. I'm much obliged to you for the Northumberland music; it seems a very pretty book. I suppose I must apply to the 'Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, The Castle, Newcastle-on-Tyne,' to send me two copies, for which I will send a P.O. order by return. The price is not mentioned in the book. I want the copies to give away. One to my friend old Fitzgerald, who will be interested in the songs. Some of them are very pretty. He tells me he has schemed out the plot of an English opera from Scott's 'Pirate.'

"I return Tuer's letter in case you may want it. I shall be glad to hear you take a lenient view of my scruples about the drawing,

"And am,

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

CHAPTER XI.

1883—1886.

Artistic approbation.—Bewick.—Haydon.—Whistler.—Menzel.—Verestschagen.—Fantin.—Millais.—Letter, April 13, 1883.—Letter, July 14, 1883.—Letter, October 6, 1883.—Keene and his editors.—A "Punch" picture rejected.—Golf.—Mr. Harral.—First symptoms of illness.—Charge of penuriousness.—His generosity.—The Southwold ferryman.—Mr. G. H. Haydon.—Frugality.—"Robert."—Letter, August 2, 1884.—Letter, February 20, 1886.—Letter, February 27, 1886.—Letter, April 4, 1886.—Letter, April 9, 1886.—Letter, April 25, 1886.—Keene and the Royal Academy.—Mrs. Langtry.—At the R.A. dinner.—"Mr. Punch" has to explain a joke.—Mr. John Clayton and the 'bus conductor.—"What's the good o' the W?"—Too good a joke for the public.—"Philological."—"To Everybody."—"Punch" offers a prize.—Keene explains to Mr. Tuer.—Mr. Tuer suggests an amendment.—"Punch" brazens it out.

AS has been pointed out above, Keene deprecated the discussion of his own artistic performances, and cared not much to discuss the work of others. We find him, however, from time to time expressing the heartiest and most generous appreciation of, and admiration for, certain of his contemporaries, as well as for some few of dead and gone generations. We have seen how justly he valued Chodowiecki. For

Holbein and Hogarth too, as from the quality of his work we should naturally expect, we find him evincing an enthusiastic approbation; and Bewick he not only acknowledged as the great master of wood-engraving, but maintained that he was rather a great artist "hampered by an ungrateful material." Of individual pictures, he held "The Raising of Lazarus," by the unfortunate Benjamin Robert Haydon, belonging to the National Gallery, but now on loan at Plymouth, to be of outstanding merit.

Of his contemporaries, whose worth he was not slow to recognize and acknowledge, Whistler, in his heart of hearts, he seems to have admired above all others, with the exception perhaps of the great German, Menzel, of whom we have already spoken. Writing to Mr. Stewart on November 24, 1878, he says: "Whistler's case against Ruskin comes off, I believe, on Monday. He wants to 'subpœna' me as a witness as to whether he is (as Ruskin says) an impostor or not. I told him I should be glad to record my opinion, but begged him to do without me if he could. They say it will most likely be settled on the point of law, without going into evidence; but, if the evidence is adduced, it will be the greatest 'lark' that has been known for a long time in the courts." Of his pastels he writes on another (undated) occasion: "I've just been to see Whistler's sketches in pastel; they are very beautiful; tell B. F. to go and see them. They are so pretty in colour, the etchings look ugly beside them." Again, in May, 1884: "I went to Whistler's private view the other day—exhibition

of his late work—arrangement in flesh colour and grey this time—small water-colours and oil sketches—gems all."

Of Verestschagen we find him writing to Mr. Crawhall, November 5, 1887: "I've been to see this Russian painter Verestschagen's pictures; they are very strong and dramatic, and nothing so very terrible and shocking as they gush about. War is roughish work!—and he might have pictured it much worse. His fancy subjects I don't care for, but his pictures of what he saw in the field are very striking, and a lot of portrait heads of 'Haythens and Turks' are very good—strong, coarse sort of painting." And again to Mr. Barnes: "If you come to town you should go and see this Russian Verestschagen's pictures—very powerful and dramatic; and that's all rubbish that the Art critics have been gushing about, of their being so terrible for their sensitive nerves. There's one fine situation of the Czar and his staff on the brow of a hill looking through their lorgnettes at some battle raging below, he sitting on a camp-stool. The artist told Sir F. Burton that he got into disgrace with the staff for this picture. You can fancy this; the Philistine soldier likes to be figured 'in the van of the fight'! 'in the deadly breach'!"

Of M. Fantin too, the great flower painter, he wrote in October, 1864, to Mr. Edwards: "That was, as you say, a splendid work of art of Fantin's I saw in your dining-room. He ought to get goodly 'largesse' for such things. I was wholly 'stunned' at it." And to Mr. Barnes: "I congratulate you on

your new 'Fantin.' He'll be appreciated better some day."

And last, but not least, of Sir John Millais he wrote on March 20, 1886: "I went to see the Millais Exhibition, a marvellous display, and he deserves all his riches and honours."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq,

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*April* 13, 1883.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I have not heard of you for a long time, and hope you are in good case. I suppose you are hard at work about something. I have not seen Tuer, so hear no news about the book, or when it's coming out. I ought to be very much in the 'dumps,' but, curiously, I'm not; yet, four weeks ago, walking home, I felt what I thought was 'heart-burn,' a pain in my chest that made me roar again. I thought it was indigestion, but I've had it ever since—that is, when I've walked about 500 yards it begins. Otherwise I'm quite well; but I doubt my boiler is getting faulty, and that my walking days are over. A great bore for me! My doctor is out of town, so I've not had my doubt resolved yet, but I'm going to see him to-night; but I can't complain or feel surprised, as I've had good health all my life. I thought you'd be pleased with that Catch. With you, I knew it again when I fell in with it, but I can't remember where I've seen it quoted. Here is the Academy

come round again. The only pictures I've seen are Marks', Colin Hunter's, and Seymour Lucas's, but I hear of wonderful works. I've had a letter (very flattering) from old Menzel, of Berlin. He sent me a lot of proofs and impressions of his designs for wood, photos of his pictures and drawings, and half-a-dozen sketches from his hand. I should like you to see them. You will have seen how indebted I've been to the Albums lately. That one of the Scotch wife who wanted the calomel for the puir fatherless bairn, I had done myself before in 'Punch'! but did not recollect it, and only heard of it in a letter from a settler in South Australia, who sent me the cut No. 1. In the former case it was an Irishman.

"*Saturday*, 14*th*.—I've seen my doctor, and he seems to think my ailment is only dyspepsia—at least he's scouring me out as much as he can. He stethoscoped me and tapped me all over. If it is indigestion and liver, as he says, I shall be very much surprised, as until I took these 'purgers' I felt very well. I fancy I begin to walk a little better. I've heard you complain of 'liver,' so now we're in the same boat. I ought to have been down in Surrey last night to hear the nightingales come. Birket Foster has gone to Spain, Tangier, etc., for six weeks. My friend Macdonald, of Aberdeen, has been invited again to the R.A. dinner, and I expect will come all the way on purpose—more than I would! I hope Joe has sent to the Academy, though there's rather a terrible trio of hangers this year.

"With kind regards to Mrs. Crawhall and all yours,

"I am, ever yours,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*July* 14, 1883.]

"DEAR MACDONALD,

"Bear with me when I tell you I don't think I can get to Aberdeen next week; I'm very sorry; I have an intense wish to come, but I should have to go to the 'Punch' people and say, for the first time (nearly thirty years) since I've worked for them, that C. K. 'gives out'! and that, for the next week's, say, his 'tale' will not be forthcoming. I don't like 'breaking the spell,' but I know I want a holiday, and now cannot get a real one whilst I have two subjects a week, and am thinking of submitting some arrangement to the prop^{s}. that I should only do one. This might enable me to get ahead, and so have a chance of some relaxation.

"There are other reasons too. I should certainly like to be a little better when I get away; but I'm getting better, can breast a hill better; never smoke till the evening; but it's rather a bore getting old and obliged to be careful.

"Thank Mrs. Macdonald for her capital story.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*Oct.* 6, 1883.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I have been a terribly bad correspondent lately; two or three letters in your debt, I fancy. I hope you are the better for your trip to town. My liver is improving, but now I'm somewhat 'foundered' in my feet—rheumatism in my heel, or else it comes of dropping off busses; but I'm groggy on my pins—'lame as a kitten,' as I heard a bus-driver express it, though why 'a kitten' I can't guess. I'm looking out eagerly for the Chap-books, but I have not seen Tuer for six months, and shall try to hobble over to him to-morrow. I shall be a good customer. I must send 'Blue Cap' to lots of Scots. I'm much obliged for the last budget, all of which I shall do; but I fancy the one of the Rector and Curate the Editor has heard, which is fatal. And that was rather a good story of the Two Country Doctors! Macdonald of Aberdeen sent me that. There's one song in the Roxburgh book is a great favourite of mine—'Ragged and torn and true,' which ought to go in that book of ballads ('Poesies'). At the time when you saw only one subject of mine in 'Punch' I was trying to get a few days in the country. I had a week at Birket Foster's, and another week on the Suffolk coast—Felixstowe, where I stayed with some friends. About a mile and a quarter from here—a village called Bawdsey—there's a 'Links' of about

two miles, and a golf club has been established by a sort of Scots, and young and old are at it from morn till eve. I was bitten, and am proposed for a member; its rather difficult. I don't think I've ever had a good fair hit of the ball yet,—have either missed it, or else cut out a great cake of turf, or only shaved it, and so sent it skimming close to the ground; but if you get a fair hit away it goes, a 300 yards, very satisfactory. The club premises as yet are in a Martello tower; walls about twelve feet thick; a beautiful picturesque interior. How I should like to live in one! Another week I had previously at Hedingham in Essex, and that's all I've had this year. I intend after next year only to do one drawing a week in 'Punch,' so as to get more leisure and recreation, if they'll agree. As a friend said to me the other day, 'You haven't got two lives'! I'm so pleased at the hope you give me of seeing you in London at the end of the year. My friend Haydon, the Devonshire angler, was transported when I told him, and that perhaps you would dine with me at the Arts Club, and ask him to meet you. He is a great admirer of yours, and has all your works he can get. He has a cottage down in Hampshire on a trout stream. I have not been able to go there yet. You should bring the Missus with you when you come to London, and B——, and give them a run through the theatres, though I can't say much for the drama at present. The Fisheries Exhibition is one of the best day's amusements I ever saw; I've been several times. There was lots would interest you.

I was afraid we should not get that portrait by Good here. Of course the Newcastlers would like to keep it, but I should like it in the National Gallery—it's such a good specimen of portrait-painting. I hope you got ultimately the box of tools, etc., that the Old Ladies gave you, and then wanted back again.

"It's too bad of me to keep your Albums so long, but may I keep them till the present Almanack is done? I hope H—— F—— has got a good wife. I heard of him when I was at Witley. There's another Benedict in the family just now. His uncle, John Foster (about 70!), is marrying again! I hope your young couples are flourishing and happy, and that Hugh is doing well in the Far West.

"Another instance I've just thought of, of the exquisite delicacy of our Editor. F. Faed wrote me he had met an American angler in Scotland, of whom he inquired one day what sport he had had. His answer was, 'Guess, sir, I've been bumming around all day with a twenty-five dollar pole, slinging fourteen-cent bugs at the end of it, and haven't caught a darned fish.' The only humour and reason for the cut was the peculiar Yankee phraseology, and you recollect how he improved it! With kindest regards to Mrs. Crawhall,

"I am, yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

It must, I think, be admitted that Keene was somewhat hard upon his editors in this and other instances. Where his legends, the main humour of

Charles Keene to Joe Crowquill March 15 '82
CONSOLATION
WIDOW (TO SYMPATHISING FRIEND) "BUT WHY SHOULD I GRIEVE DEAR? – I KNOW WHERE HE PASSES HIS EVENINGS NOW!"

A REJECTED CONTRIBUTION TO "PUNCH."

which depended upon the local dialect, were cut about and edited so as to make nonsense, he had reasonable cause for complaint; but, when the question was as to the advisability of inserting a subject which might offend the susceptibilities of readers, he surely should have recognized that an editor must bow to what at all events he believes to be public opinion. It was not fair to put down to personal squeamishness what was prompted by the regard which the conductor of a widely-read journal is bound to have for the prejudices, and may be narrownesses, of the public for whom he caters. For example, there was the picture of a Disconsolate (?) Widow, who says to her friend, "But why should I grieve? I know where he spends his nights now"; which subject the editor thought, probably, not acceptable to the readers of "Punch." Of this, Keene wrote to Mr. Crawhall: "I send you a sketch I made for one of your subjects, but our Philistine Editor would not have it; said it would 'jar upon feelings'!" But I, for one, am inclined to think that "our Philistine Editor" was about right here. Many, in fact I think the majority of people, would be inclined to think him not over scrupulous in objecting to the sentiment contained in the legend. The picture is good, and it must have been difficult to have brought himself to its rejection. By Mr. Crawhall's kind permission it is here reproduced.

The last letter quoted makes mention of Keene's becoming a member of the Felixstowe Golf Club. At this most exasperating and yet fascinating game

he would seem never to have attained proficiency. Indeed, how could he hope to who has not been born with a "clique" in his hand? It is almost an insult to the royal and ancient game to take it up "in the sere and yellow leaf."

Of Keene and this pastime Mr. Harral writes: "C. K. was not a golfer, although he was a member of a golf club, and was delighted when he could get away from town to run down to the beautiful links at Felixstowe, where he would amuse himself the whole morning practising the game, laughing quietly at his failures, and most conscientiously keeping his score, the inside of an oyster-shell serving him as a note-book. During the game his sketch-book would frequently be produced, and some figure or bit of landscape be jotted down, the little Dutch-looking village of Bawdsey Ferry having great attraction for him. C. K. never used 'the great big D,' proof positive that he was no golfer."

As will have been discovered from the last few letters, Keene was now beginning for the first time in his life to suffer from the dyspeptic symptoms which were finally to culminate in the acute sufferings which he endured throughout the last two years of his life.

In 1884 he writes: "I'm pegging away, but I find myself a 'barren rascal' with only one subject a week to do, and wonder how it was that formerly I could accomplish two! The fact was, that his liver was beginning to punish him for over-smoking, the only habit approaching a vice which this *cheva-*

lier sans reproche ever seems to have contracted. True, there are those who say that he was penurious, but we must remember that man judgeth by the outward appearance, and that Keene was not one who carried his heart upon his sleeve. It is a fact that when young and not overburdened with money he had contracted habits of frugality, and, frugality suiting him, he did not see why he should alter his usages when he grew older. Change and fashion, for fashion's sake, were in every way abhorrent to him, and people jumped to the conclusion that, because his clothes, for example, were always alike, they were never new. As a matter of fact he was certainly rather extravagant than otherwise in his sartorial expenditure. This, however, is a small matter, and alone would be but a poor answer to the charge of miserliness; but fortunately there is much more to be said upon this head. Indeed, for anyone whose nerves are not strong enough to encounter fierce indignation and vehement contradiction, it were best to refrain from the suggestion to certain persons, who know of support ungrudgingly given through many years, under the express stipulation to the appointed almoner that the donor's share in the transaction should be kept a profound secret. Keene was not not what men would call a religious man, but it was his only Christ-like quality not to let his right hand know what his left hand did. He had an almost morbid horror of being thanked, a quality hard for a Pharisaic age to calculate upon. Of the facts hinted at it does not behove more specific mention to be

made, but there is nothing to prevent a passing reference to an old ferryman, well-known at Southwold, who, when age and infirmity prevented a continuance of his occupation, was, by the generosity of Keene and other friends, enabled to retain his home and live in comfort for the remaining years of life.

At Keene's death people seemed to be quite horrified that a mere artist, a man who had spent not only his best, but all his years in the service of the public, should have amassed a fortune of some thirty or forty thousand pounds. Trade plutocrats, merchant princes, placemen, held their hands up aghast that mere black and white art should have met with such a reward. They could hardly have been more shocked if the shekels had come through black magic. At best it could but have been through miserliness that such a sum was amassed. But it surely is not such a very sordid thing to secure a certain thousand pounds a year against a rainy day, nor is it altogether an ignoble ambition to benefit those near and dear after one's death.

But enough has been said to silence the spitefulness which would attribute such a vice to one of whom it was written by a personal friend: "A truly good man has passed away. Those only who have known him intimately can appreciate in its full extent the sterling worth of one so modest and unpresuming, of one whose soul contained but pure and wholesome thoughts, and whose heart was as true as refined gold."[1]

[1] From the "Pall Mall Gazette."

PORTRAIT OF THE OLD SOUTHWOLD PENSIONER

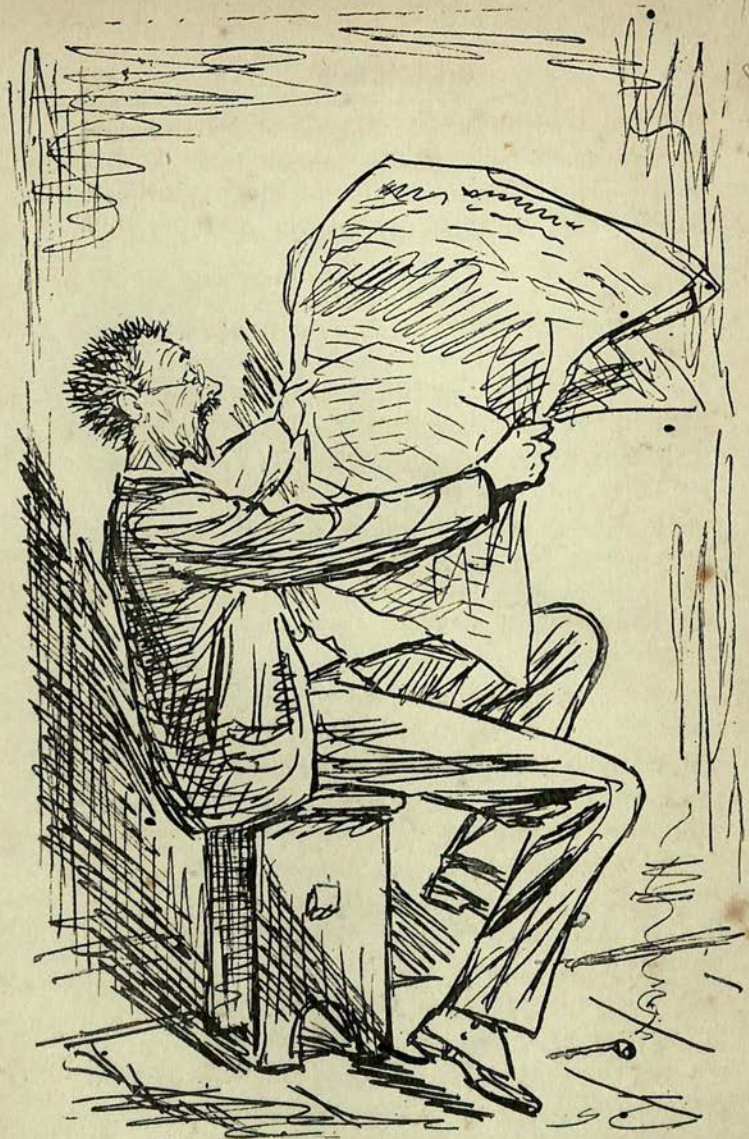
Mr. G. H. Haydon, too, wrote but a month or two before his death, which followed quickly upon that of his friend: "Not a very eventful life, I take it, but a charmingly unassuming, beautiful, and unselfish one."

These opinions do not sound like the memorials of a character distorted by the vice of niggardliness. That Keene was careful is shown by the following quotation from a letter to Mr. Crawhall in 1885; but frugality was till now a virtue, and is surely not synonymous with parsimony. It is of a Mr. Campbell he writes.

"He made me feel rather old by asking me seriously when I was going to 'retire'! I said I had never thought of it; that artists don't 'retire'; but I have found a strange fascination in the idea ever since! To work *con amore* at what you like, no vulgar editors or critics to rile you, and to be able to go here or there as you like, and when, and no more hurry! On the other hand, though I think I have been pretty lucky with my savings, I'm afraid I've lost some lately."

This year saw the republication by Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, in book form, of "Robert; or Notes from the Diary of a City Waiter, with Illustrations by Charles Keene."

Who that has followed that genial dispenser of the "Horse-pitallerty" of the "Washupful" Livery Companies of the City of London through his various experiences and adventures, will deny that he has obtained a fitting apotheosis? Here are



PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, IN LIEU OF LETTER TO MR. MILLS, EXPRESSING HIS HORROR AT NEWS CONTAINED IN AN ACCOMPANYING CUTTING DEALING WITH A FAILURE OF ONE OF HIS INVESTMENTS.

shilling's-worths of which no lover of fun and good pictures should fail to possess himself.

To Alexander Macdonald, Esq.

"239, Kings' Road,
"Chelsea.
[*August* 2, 1884.]

"DEAR MACDONALD,

"Here I am again at the old shop after my pleasant holiday. I managed to get from Oban to Newcastle without being left behind. I had a pleasant time with Stevenson at Ach-na-Cloich. His castle is beautifully situated on a wooded promontory jutting into Loch Etive. Just below it is a small island, and there last Sunday lay the seal all day basking on a boulder, and another bobbing round with her cubs.

"Crawhall admired my Aberdeen flints, and gave me some from a lot he had received from Oregon. He said they mount them as jewels there.

"Take my love, you and the Mistress. Your and her kindness will make my holiday a red-letter record in my memory.

"Sincerely,
"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, Kings' Road,
"Chelsea.
[*Feb.* 20, 1886.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I'm sorry you cannot give me a better account

of yourself, but the beastly winter will soon be over, and I hope the spring warmth and a change will cheer you up. You must not think too much of those sketches. I give lots away to brother artists, and I like friends to have them rather than strangers, and I owe them to you more than anybody. With respect to the book you sent me, the original 'Compleatest Angling Booke,' I did not like to send it back immediately, but you have forgotten that you have *given me a copy*; and, as you have only two or three left, you may want it for another friend, so I must not be so selfish as to keep two copies of so scarce and valuable a treasure. If you insist on my having it, I tell you I shall present it to one of two friends of mine, furious anglers, and who will duly value it; but I think you ought to have it as it's the last. I went and smoked a pipe with Challoner the other evening, and heard from Mrs. C. that you were going to rusticate on some riverside. I hope you'll be throwing a line again. I see a 'lot' in a book sale that's coming off—'Scrapbook containing many curious old Newcastle Woodcuts,' etc. I shall have a look at this I was very glad to hear from Mrs. Challoner that Hugh was home and quite free from his rheumatism. I should like to go to that jolly warm place myself. I've got a frightful cold just now, and find it very irksome to lose one's voice, and to be unable to sound a note, being accustomed to croon away at 17th cent. catches as I walk to and from my den. I hear that Joe is going to make a show at the Academy this

year. Kindest regards to Mrs. and Miss Crawhall and the boys.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*Feb.* 27, 1886.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"Just a Sabbath 'good morning'—not much to tell you. I suppose I've been boasting of my immunity from colds, for I've just had a tearer, so hoarse that I couldn't sound a note. This to me, who am wont in my walking to be ever crooning over old catches, etc., is very irksome; and, getting over this, I am left with a good touch of sciatica, and am as lame as a tree in the first mile of my walk. In the streets I can pull up and pretend to look in a shop window, and so rest me, but to have to stop in a road of villas in agony, till the twinge is better, is embarrassing. After this torture, as I get warm, the pain leaves me. I hope when the soft west wind comes I shall be all right. It is very kind of you to leave me the 'Booke of Angling,' but understand, I only know two men who deserve it—that they are 'booky,' and would appreciate such a rarity, and they are staunch anglers. One is G. H. Haydon, my Devonshire fisherman, who knows you, and has all your books, or most, and Alfred Cooper, the artist (son of old Abraham, R.A.), an equally ardent

disciple of old Isaac's, perhaps more so, for he is a Londoner, and as great a master of the art of gudgeoning or chubbing from early morn to dewy eve in a Thames punt as in throwing a fly in a rippling trout stream. I've a notion that Haydon has a copy; for you recollect you gave Montagu one; now he doesn't care for fishing or books, and is less a collector than any one I know, and he gave this copy to my old friend Stewart, who was both, and at the sale, after his death, I think Haydon secured it, in which case I shall present it to Cooper—you ought to know where this forty all are.

"I'm glad to hear Joe is going to assert himself at the R.A. He ought to compete too in the show for admission to the Water-colour Society, if he has some drawings ready.

"I'm glad to hear Barnes is better, and I shall write to him.

"I hope you'll be successful nosing about for flints in your rusticating 'Halves'! With kindest regards to Mrs. and Miss Crawhall and the boys,

"Yours ever,

"Charles S. Keene."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*April* 4, 1886.]

"Dear Crawhall,

"I hope you are better for your change to your country quarters. The spring is waxing beautifully

here. I hope to run down to Surrey to B. Foster's about the 13th, and hear the coming of the nightingales. Many thanks for the arrow-heads. My collection is getting quite considerable, and I'm looking out for a cabinet. When Canon Greenwell was here he told us of a good collection he had seen at Hackney, and advised us (Haydon and I) to go and see it. I wrote to the owner, a Mr. Greenhill, a schoolmaster, and yesterday Haydon and I went. As they say in Suffolk, I was 'wholly stammed'! I should think hundreds of the most magnificent paleolithic implements he had found himself (!) in the river gravels of Hackney and Clapton, with teeth and bones of elephant, mammoth, rhinoceros, bos-primigenus, lion, hyæna, etc.; of neolithic flints, not many; and no arrow-heads approaching mine—all found within two miles of his house, and some thirty feet below the surface. To see his drawings of the sections and deposits in which they were found, you are staggered at the immense period since they were deposited! He has found one large implement scored with parallel scratches from travelling in a glacier! They are digging for gravel in his locality, as a good deal of building is going on, and they go deep down, and here was his opportunity. I fancy he must have been helped by his scholars. He's a young man, and very intelligent and zealous; an angler too, so he and Haydon got on well. As I told you I should, I have transferred that copy of the 'Compleatest Angling Booke' you lately sent me (as you had already given me one, and I could

not selfishly hold two) to my friend Haydon, a master fisher, and a great admirer of yours. He has all your books he could get, and is a subscriber to the great second edition of the above C. A. B. So I think you will consider him a worthy possessor, and he will value it very much. I've inserted a memorandum to this effect. God save you

"From yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*April* 9, 1886.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I post this on Saturday (to-day). Do you get it on Sunday morning at Plessy, or, for this, must I post it earlier?

"I am going to-day, having had a card from Canon Greenwell's friend, Franks, to the private view of the Oriental and Ethnographical collections (I suppose newly arranged) at the British Museum. I'm afraid this does not include the flints and prehistoricals; that is under arrangement too. I'm very hot on paleolithic specimens just now, from having seen Greenhill's collection the other day—hundreds that he *found himself* in the gravels at Hackney and Clapton, sometimes thirty feet deep! But I should be glad to have some from your friend, if he is reasonable. I heard the great Dr. Liszt play the other night; a great gathering at the Grosvenor to welcome him;

very shaky on his pins apparently, but when he puts them under a piano he's 'all there' with his hands! I'm not 'carried away' with his composition; not musically educated up to that altitude—Wagnerish! The weather here is promising for spring greenery—swishing showers, then sun and plenty of wind to give exercise to the trees. I shall be going down to Witley later on in the month to hear the nightingales.

"Here's a pretty go in the 'Council of the Nation'! Do you read the Debates? How long will they bear with that snivelling old dotard W. E. G.?

"Kindest regards to all yours.

"Ever yours,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

"112, Hammersmith Road.

"Sunday, *April* 25 [1886].

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"Just as I was sitting down to write yesterday comes in a loafing visitor, and it was all up! He sat till post time! I'm sorry to hear you don't get your letters on Sundays; I always looked on that as one of the pleasures of the country. If your Farm domicile is pretty cheap, I should think twice before I gave up the town. They are both pleasant in their way, and the great thing is to evade 'the Doldrums.'

"I feel very restless in this beautiful spring weather, and hope to run down to Witley for a few days next month, but there's so much going on that it's difficult to 'clear out.' I'm going to the R.A. Dinner next week, and shall go early in the afternoon and see the

pictures quietly before the feast. I fancy it will be very Portraity this year. I've lately made the acquaintance of a veteran Archæologist, and a learned—a friend of Greenwell's. The first thing he did was to detect a forgery among my arrow-heads. The other day I went to see a fine collection of flints at Clapton—I think I told you; put several of my choicest gems in my pocket, and now I miss one! I fancy I must have lost it in the journey, so I've had a sorrow on my mind ever since. The Canon's friend's name is Seidler, and he had a fine collection when he lived at Nantes, in Brittany, but sold it, and does not collect now—looks out for Greenwell. He tells me the latter has had a loss lately of some of his treasures. Did you hear of it? One was an autograph letter of Richard the Third!—I shall look out for Joe's drawings; I did not know he favoured water-colours. I had packed up a sketch for your gallery, but will post that to-morrow, as I shall send this to-day to save time—one of your subjects, I call it 'Memories.' Barnes sent me some superb proofs of Bewick the other day, and two or three little drawings, so I sent him a few scraps for his album. He seems to be all right again. Kindest regards to all at the Farm, from

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

Much nonsense was talked in the papers at the time of Keene's death as to his never having set foot inside Burlington House, and this not only by mere

hunters after copy, but by those who professed to be writing personal reminiscences.

One, indeed, whose remarks were otherwise fairly correct, would seem to have adopted the common error for the purpose of hammering in certain misleading statements as to his joining with little alacrity in social and public gatherings of all kinds.

As has been pointed out above, Keene was far from being an unsociable man or a recluse. What he did abhor was the merely formal gathering of fashionables, where intercourse is bad form unless confined to the interchange of platitudes and scandal. Keene was in no sense a Count Smorltork, and promptly retired into his shell when conversation bordered on insipidity. He looked upon conversation as a medium for the interchange of new ideas, not for a parrot-like repetition of old ones. And he could talk to good purpose too, when interested in his subject.

Meeting Mrs. Langtry at Sir John Millais' one day, for example, he was the first to suggest, in conversation with her, that she should go on the stage, and (I quote Mrs. Langtry's own words) "encouraged me to hope that I should have a success in the profession I have since chosen."

But to return to the misunderstanding about the Royal Academy. On July 23, 1869, he had written: "I went to the Academy Exhibition, and I don't know whether I've got more critical, or that the pictures being hung in looser order was the reason, but I seemed to feel strongly how bad a great many were, especially among the R.A.s and great guns."

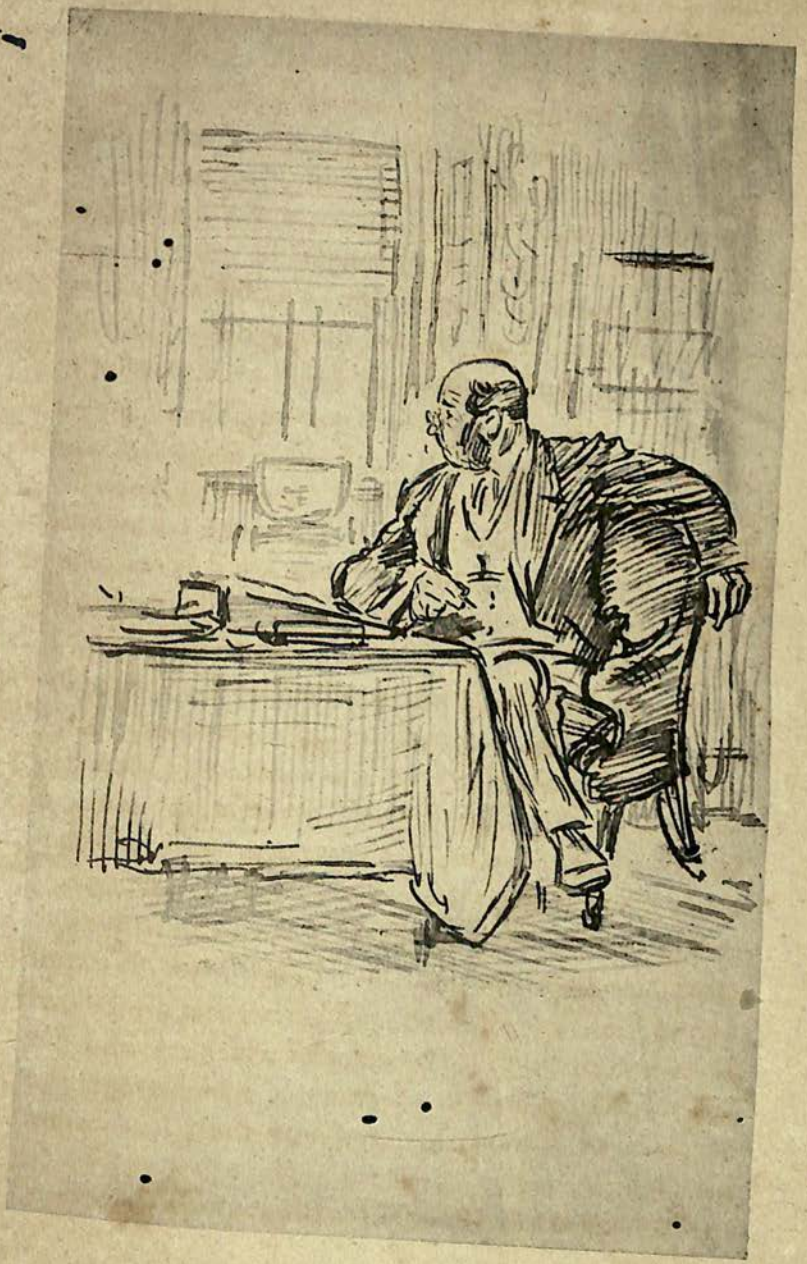
On May 10, 1886, he writes that he has fulfilled his intention of going to the R.A. dinner on the 1st, "and got there two hours earlier, and had a good look round. Under the circumstances I rather liked the show, tho' the critics pooh-pooh it. The speeches were dull enough. Lord Rosebery's was the best, as he had put a little humour into it, as when he said he espied his old colleague (Joe Chamberlain) sitting staring at him," etc. Again, during his last illness, he wrote on April 20, 1890: "I had an invitation to the R.A. banquet, but shall not be able to go—a great nuisance, as that is a red-letter festival of the year, and I've always enjoyed those I've been to from the many friends one meets, and the portentous swells one sees, tho' the speeches are a bore." So much for his alleged antipathy to the Royal Academy.

We now come to a matter which, at the time of its occurrence, caused a good deal of discussion.

The last quarter of 1886 was marked by what has been called the "Philological" incident, the particulars of which have to this day never been satisfactorily made clear to the public.

The whole civilized world rose up in arms one morning, after opening its "Punch" for November 27, outraged, insulted, indignant, that a joke had been served up to it the point of which it could not for the life of it see. Letters of remonstrance, of sarcasm, of entreaty, poured into the Fleet Street Office.

Newspapers over all the civilized world wrote of



A LETTER-WRITER.

it with a solemnity and earnestness which would have befitted a political crisis, and opened their columns to its public discussion. "Mr. Punch" found himself in the unenviable position of having to explain one of his own jokes. On the whole it will, I think, be allowed that he carried himself very well through that trying ordeal.

It now becomes my duty, so far as in me lies, to give a plain, unvarnished account of the whole incident; but, before doing so, I must acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Andrew Tuer in placing at my disposal a letter, dated December 10, 1886, in which Keene gives his own account of the matter.

Some time in the early part of the year 1886 Mr. John Clayton, the senior partner in the well-known firm of Clayton and Bell, and an intimate friend of Keene's, had taken his seat in an omnibus at Regent Circus. The 'bus was bound for Westminster, but the conductor, not content with the three syllables which his duty required him to reiterate, shouted from stentorian lungs, "Westmin-i-ster! Westmin-i-ster!" Mr. Clayton bore with this for some time, and then something whispered to him that he should take a "rise" out of the bellowing Bœotian.

"My good man," he said, with a sly glance at his fellow-passengers, "are you aware that you give yourself quite unnecessary trouble in putting in a fourth syllable? You are not going to take us to see a person, but a building; not a clergyman, but a church. Our destination is Westminster, not Westmin-i-ster!"

For a moment the conductor regarded Mr. Clayton with a blank stare, and the passengers began to titter. Then a gleam of intelligence seemed to pass across his features, as though conviction was imminent; but this was only for a moment. Suddenly the depressed look of impending penitence was changed into an exultant look of approaching triumph, and, turning upon his mentor—or perhaps Mr. Clayton will forgive me for saying, his tormentor—he said deliberately, and looking him full in the face, "What's the good o' the 'W' then?"

The daring irrelevancy of the question, and the hopelessness of dealing with it on any recognized principle of repartee, so confounded Mr. Clayton, that he sank back absolutely nonplussed, amidst the inextinguishable laughter of his fellow-travellers.

"Away y'go, Bill," cried the conductor, hopping up on to his perch. He had gained a glorious victory.

This story Mr. Clayton, making the most of his own discomfiture, related to Keene at their next meeting. The latter relished the incident amazingly, and at once said he should use it for a "Punch" picture. In vain Mr. Clayton tried to turn him from his purpose, saying that he was convinced that the average reader would see nothing in it. But Keene was not to be hindered, and in due course there appeared, on November 27, 1886, a C. K. drawing, entitled "Philological," and subscribed with the following legend:—

"*Bus Conductor* (*shouting from the foot-board*).

'Wes'-min-i-ster! Wes'-min-i-ster! Wes'-min-i-ster!'

"*Accurate Passenger* (*though in a hurry, he'd borne it for ten minutes, when*): 'Look here, Conductor! Surely you must mean "Minster," which is a building you understand—not a clergyman—a pastor of any—ah—religious denomination. I imagine we are going to the part of this ancient city famous for that venerable edifice——'

"*Conductor.* 'Then wha's the good o' the "W"?'"

The drawing was exquisitely suggestive of the drollery of the incident, but it cannot be maintained that the "story" was well handled in the "legend"; and since the only complaint that Keene, in the letter which is given *in extenso* below, brought against the editor was that he had "suppressed" a somewhat unimportant tag, we are forced to saddle the artist with the whole responsibility for this miscarriage of humour. On November 24[1] the "Globe" was one of the various papers which took notice of the matter. "'Mr. Punch' is requested," it said, "to explain C. K.'s joke, 'Wha's the good o' the "W"?' in this week's issue."

On December 4 the following paragraph appeared in answer to the flood of correspondence and newspaper comment alluded to:—

"*To Everybody.*

"In answer to the questions which have appeared

[1] "Punch," as everyone knows, although *dated* Saturday, appears on Wednesday.

in newspapers all over the world, and also to those contained in letters from innumerable correspondents, as to the meaning of a Pictorial Joke signed with the well-known initials C. K., and entitled 'Philological,' which appeared on p. 254 of the number for November 27, *Mr. Punch*, with every wish to calm the public mind, which during the recent fogs has been so greatly exercised on this subject, has great pleasure in announcing, *urbi et orbi*, that the Artist will give a prize, the nature and value of which will be fixed by the donor, and that *Mr. Punch* himself will supplement this with an additional prize of one copy of his Royal Jubilee Almanack of 1887, to Anyone, Anywhere, who, having full possession of his reason, and being in the perfect enjoyment of his liberty, shall offer such a solution as shall be within distinctly measurable distance of the exact point of the original joke intended to be set forth in the above-mentioned prize puzzle-picture. And hereto we set our hand and seal, (*signed*) **Punch**, Dec. 4, 1886."

On December 6 Keene wrote in a letter answering one of Mr. Tuer's:—

"The Editor has chosen to make a fuss about this subject of the Philologer. The joke is rather profound, but it happened to a friend just as I told it, and I saw points of humour in it which I will explain when I see you; it's difficult to do so in writing."

This was followed on the 10th by this letter:—

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
"*Dec.* 10, 1886,
"Midnight.

"DEAR TUER,

"Thanks for the cheque. I'll send the sketch to-morrow to Notting Hill. The situation actually occurred to my friend Clayton (Clayton and Bell, the glass painters), just as I've drawn it. I'll try and tell you how it seemed humorous to me. In the first place, I thought it amusing that an old gentleman should have such a passion for accuracy that he should take the trouble to correct a 'bus cad' in his use of a redundant letter in a word, though he knew what he meant!—Then (though there is still the mystery what the cad meant) I saw a readiness and humour (of the same sort as Charles II.'s in his poser to the Royal Society about the vessel full of water and the fish) in the man pretending that he understood the old gent to be tackling him on the construction and analysis of the word, and flinging this philological crux at him and escaping. I had put a tag at the end of legend ('hops on to his perch with "Away y'go Bill"'). This the Editor, for some reason (another mystery!), suppressed. I am interested in the disquisitions of the Philologers (in my ignorant way—know nothing about it) that I often read in 'Notes and Queries,' etc. I saw the rejoinder in this light from the first, and never reflected the Public might not—'hence these tears' and confusion. I hope your solution

comes somewhere near it. I have not been so lucky as to find any one of the same mind with me yet!

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To which Mr. Tuer sent the following reply:—

"20, Notting Hill Square, W.

"15 *Dec.*, 1886.

"DEAR KEENE,

"Yes, your explanation of the joke agrees with mine, but unfortunately I at first delved deeper and signally floundered. If headed 'A *Non Sequitur* with a Vengeance!' or 'A Philological *Non Sequitur*,' the point, which is really good, would, I think, have been quite understood.

"V. truly yours,

"AND. W. TUER."

The incident was brought to a humorous conclusion by the following paragraph in "Punch" for December 18.

"PHILOLOGICAL.

"C. K. having left it to his revered Chief to decide both as to the best solution of the puzzle-picture and the nature of the prize to be awarded, we beg to announce, on behalf of *Mr. Punch*, that the nearest approach to a complete solution has been reached by a CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, near Oxford, to whom the Artist's prize, and a copy of *Mr. Punch's* Royal Jubilee Almanack, have been posted. And for ourselves, we add this, that never, till within these last

ten days, had we fully appreciated the nature and extent of the labour which must be undergone daily and weekly by a thoroughly conscientious 'Puzzle-Editor,' on any of our 'Society Papers.' No remuneration short of five thousand a year and a handsome annuity to his wife and children can possibly make up to him for the wear and tear—a tremendous lot of tearing—of such an occupation. Surely 'that way madness lies.' And the taste for this sort of thing is on the increase. All sorts and conditions of men and women are for ever consulting about 'lights,' and words, and syllables, and the poor Puzzle-Editors must be inundated by thousands of letters, that is, if we judge by the flow of correspondence that has been let loose upon us up to the date when we closed the flood-gates and dammed the stream. Henceforth, no more puzzles, or, at all events, not on the same conditions. This has been quite enough for once. By the way, as the publication of the solution would, in our opinion, only lead to further discussion, which would be quite unprofitable, we keep it to ourselves, and only throw out these hints—that the dialogue was actually overheard; that the conductor only meant to chaff the old gentleman by posing him with an utterly absurd and pointless question, just as CHARLES THE SECOND posed the Royal Society;[1] and that what sounds a wonderfully good joke, when overheard at the mo-

[1] Charles the Second's poser, if I remember right, was, "Why does a bowl of water with fish in it weigh the same as a bowl full of water without?"

ment, does not always improve by being kept. With this sidelight thrown on the picture, there are already many quick-witted persons on whom the humour is dawning, and who are beginning to 'roar' over C. K.'s joke, and, on second thoughts, to consider it as a regular side-splitter."—*Punch*, Dec. 18, 1886.

CHAPTER XII.

1887 and 1888.

Mr. Tuer's note-paper.—Stipply appearance in "Punch" drawings.—The "recorder" and penny whistle.—Royal Society of British Artists.—Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours.—"Leaves of Parnassus."—Letter, April 9, 1887.—Letter, June 11, 1887.—Letter, July 1, 1887.—Letter, August 19, 1887.—Letter, September 13, 1887.—Keene no sportsman.—An amusing dilemma.—Letter, September, 1887.—Letter, October 1, 1887.—Letter, October 22, 1887.—"King James's Wedding, and other Rhymes."—Against the Tory grain.—Letter, February 18, 1888.—Letter, June 12, 1888.—Letter, June 14, 1888.

T the beginning of Chapter VII. mention was made of a curious effect which the system of photographing on to the wood-block was to have upon some of Keene's later "Punch" drawings. It was in this way.

His friend, Mr. Tuer, had a liking for note-paper of a peculiarly rough grain, which he had induced an acquaintance to manufacture specially for his use. Keene was much taken with it, and wrote in an undated letter:—

"DEAR TUER,

"Where can I get that rough paper that you

use? I'm doing a 'Punch' sketch on the back of one of your letters, which I shall be flattered if you will accept (I'll send it when it has been photo'd). I like it (the paper!) very much. The surface makes a ragged line.

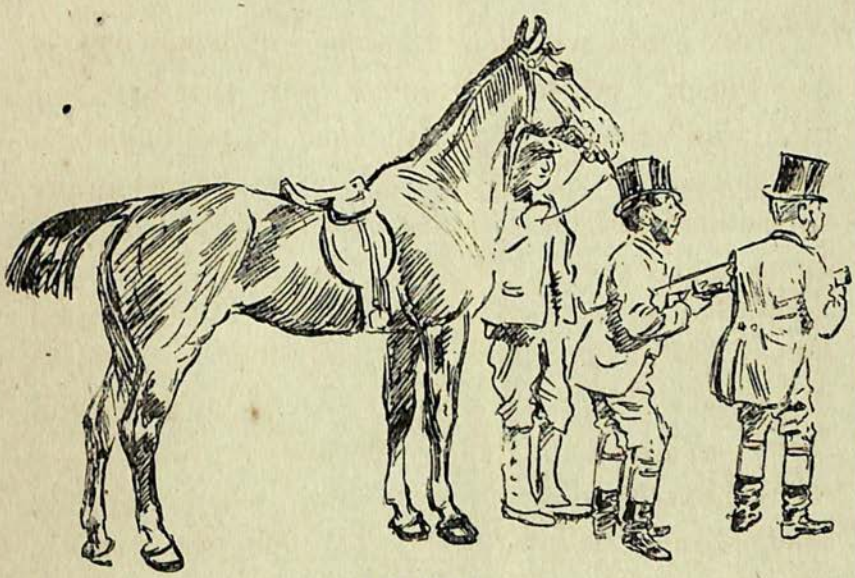
"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

Those who have studied Keene's drawings closely in "Punch" will have become aware that at times there was a breaking up of the lines into infinitesimal curves and dots, which gave a lithographic or stipply appearance difficult to account for in work usually so direct and clean. This was the result of working upon the rough paper with which Mr. Tuer provided him. The ragged lines, being photographed on to the wood-block, came out a series of microscopical curves and dots, and, being accurately reproduced by the engraver, resulted in an effect which certainly relieved, in a delightful way, the dull monotony of the printer's ink. The labour of cutting must have been immensely increased thereby. One trembles to think of the language it must have evoked from those who were called upon to do the work. For examples of the effect produced, readers may refer to "Surplusage," in "Punch" for Oct. 23, 1886; "The News," April 9, 1887; and "The Fourth Estate," March 2, 1889. But these are only a few out of many.

The year 1887 found Keene as enthusiastic as ever over music. As has been mentioned elsewhere,

it was now that he took up the study of that obsolete instrument of the flute tribe, the "recorder." Not content with one novelty, however, we also find him going in enthusiastically for one of a much more modest character. On April 16 he writes to Mr. Crawhall: "I'm very much wrapped up in a book of Irish tunes just now, and mean to go in seriously



A HUNTER.

for the penny whistle—bought a tutor to-day. Some of them are very beautiful, and I'll send you a specimen soon; but they are often in a minor key, and of more compass than I can get out of the practice-stick."

This same year the Royal Society of British Artists elected Keene an honorary member.[1] This fact reminds me that the writer of the just and apprecia-

[1] He resigned his membership on June 4, 1888.

tive leading article in the "Times" for January 6, 1891, was wrong in supposing that "it never occurred to his brethren in Art, who claim to lead the nation professionally, to signify their admiration of him by the bestowal of diplomas." As a matter of fact, Keene never exhibited at the Royal Academy, and consequently was not qualified for election; but I am assured that a suggestion was made to him, by a person in very high authority, that he should do so, and thus give the Royal Academy an opportunity of officially recognizing his eminence as an artist.

Several years before this, too, it was proposed to put him up for election to the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, under the rule which provides that "candidates are at liberty to stand their ballot, resting on their known professional ability," but he preferred being elected under the ordinary law that obliges a candidate to offer for the inspection of the members some water-colour works. Unfortunately he, from some cause or other, was not able to carry out this design, and so the Society was deprived of the honour of enrolling his name, much to the regret of many of his old friends who were members.

This year (1887) we find him writing: "When I was at Peterhead I met some people who gave me some arrow-heads found in their grounds, and I sent them some old sketches. They have been printing a Jubilee book for the funds of their Episcopalian Chapel,[1] and asked if they might reproduce them, to which I assented, and they have sent me the book,

[1] St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Peterhead.

'Leaves of Parnassus,' rather well got up—local poetry and prose, with local wit, I suspect, but very good. They have grouped my sketches in a page, so they come very small—perhaps all the better."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"112, Hammersmith Road.
[*April* 9, 1887.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I'm hugely obliged to you for the tip for the musical instruments. The tambourine tempts me very much, and I'll just sleep a few more nights on it. I'm such an inveterate collector that I have to turn over my whims very fully. The guitar even fetches me, though I've got about half-a-dozen. To show you how careful I am, I was at Sotheby's the other day (nasty rainy morning, and nobody there). There were a lot of Greek and Roman antiques went at such prices as would have tempted a saint! *e.g.*, 'Four amphoræ with red bands, and two others,' six shillings! Several lots like this. Bronzes: 'Two Samian ware cups, three pateræ, some with potter's name.' I went up to nine shillings for this, it went for ten! There were some flints (that I was after), but they went beyond their value—not to speak of the old plate and the coins, the Chelsea and Dresden! It's lucky you don't live in London! Harpsichords are difficult to find in tolerable playing order, and I don't think there is anybody who can repair them. They are about the size of a very small piano, generally with a stand, which is separate. A spinet

the same; this is smaller. I can't understand how it is you've not heard from Haydon; he must be away or ill. I'll go and see him next week. I send you a pen I've invented, my own manufacture, calculated for a bold handwriting or drawing. This is a duffer I've got now. Kindest regards to all in Sydenham Terrace.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*June* 11, 1887.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"The Jubilee's 'fast dev-ay-lopin' into a bore,' as old Carlyle said to a chattering friend. I've been and am harried and chivied about by our Editor over the coming number—till life's a burden! I'm glad you like the sketch, but the debt's on my side. For instance, here's another quest I would ask you to make for me. In the last 'Chronicle' there is a paragraph, 'Miss Laura A. Smith continues her articles on Sailors' Songs in the "Shipping World." In this month's issue the Lieder of German seafaring men are dealt with.' Is this 'Shipping World' a local paper?—weekly, or monthly, or both? If so, could you procure and send me a No., and for which I insist on reimbursing you? I want to find out if there is a likelihood of these articles being reissued afterwards in a book, in the same way as those

Northumberland tunes a year or so ago. If this paper is published in London don't trouble, as I can get it myself. I was at a concert last night of the St. Cecilia Society, all women (band and chorus), conducted by Malcolm Lawson. One piece was a Jubilee cantata of his composing, words by his wife, with a good deal about 'Erin' in it. Here's a leaf out of the programme. I don't know whether (see song of the 'Women of Scotland') insisting on the relationship of Victoria to 'our Stuart Mary' was happy, but certainly the part about Erin seemed to damp the spirits of the audience. Whether its thoughts reverted to certain murders and houghings and the blackguardisms of Messrs. Healy, Conybeare, Tanner, and Co., or what, but the silence at the end was ghastly! As a friend used to say, 'you could have heard an umbrella drop'! The 'Texts' are superb! A new idea, to blazon your peccadilloes on your walls! I met a Miss Palmer the other day, who seemed to know everybody in Newcastle, a good contralto singer, but I had not the opportunity then of talking to her. The other night I met at dinner a very pleasant man, Brady, F.R.S., whose Northern tongue I detected—comes from your town, or Durham, I fancy—had travelled much. I asked my host what his particular branch of science was; said he thought 'Diatoms'! Good heavens! Got a flint arrow-head this morning from Buchan. Happiness for a week!

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
"*July* 1*st* [1887].

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I'm getting ready to run down to Birket Foster's Monday or Tuesday, but shall return on Saturday—sickening for fresh air; 'off my feed.' This preparation will make me busy to-morrow, so jot down my chronicle to-night. I asked my friend Hipkins, at Broadwood's, about that old piano. He writes: 'I think, however, £5 is much for that very old square piano (one of the first made). £2 would be enough for it; it would certainly cost £5 to make it playable. Such pianos are from time to time offered to Broadwood's, who never buy them; still they come, and I could very likely secure a sound one for you. Harpsichords and spinets are becoming rare, and go at about £20 without repairs,' etc. So I think it will be safer to trust to him to procure me one, instead of thinking of this one of Bell's. If my friend Hipkins ever goes to Newcastle I'm going to introduce him to you. He's writing that book on Musical Instruments you spoke of. They are beautifully done, but the price staggers me. He tells me all the tall copies are taken up. I'm glad you liked the Jubilee sketch, but don't talk of 'debt'—d'ye mind the Albums?—not exhausted yet! I shall try and work your story of the Secretary of Water Co. If this drought goes on, what's to become of Sir Wilfrid

Lawson? I have not seen Haydon for some time. I can fancy how delighted he'd be with your text. That's quite in his vein. You should do him a piscatorial one for his cabin on the Hampshire stream. I went to the Academy 'Swarry' last night—the usual scrouge. These sort of meetings fascinate me, from meeting people who come and confabulate, and whom I don't know from Adam! having forgotten them, and it's a little game to keep from committing yourself to that confession in the parley! I'll try and think of some more texts for you. I shall write to you from Witley next week.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

"Tell Joe, Christie, the Paisley man, was asking after him. He's been painting down in Norfolk.

"*Saturday morning.* — Just received the *edition de luxe*, 'Jubilee Thought,' — beautiful. 'Debt,' indeed! The other day, at the pipe contest, I asked a player what was the pibroch I had just heard him play? 'McSomebody's Lament.' I asked then what book it was in? 'It's in nae book, it's m'own' (with a sniff)."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*Aug.* 19, 1887.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I'm going to lunch with Abbey and Parsons to-morrow, to meet a compatriot of the former, an American Colonel, who, I suppose, is touring around.

That means a broken day, so I pen my budget to-night. Many thanks for the last two Albums, which I roared over, especially that sketch of the two earth-worms. Is that your own idea? Do you know that I have about a score of these Albums? I'm packing up about half of them, the earlier ones, that I fancy I've exhausted, so expect the consignment next week. Nothing is happening here, so I've very little to say. Everybody is away. I'm even alone at home. My sister is at the seaside. so I've nothing to do but work for amusement. I've had a brace of grouse from the beneficent Barnes, and shall write to him on Sunday. I must find some other derelict stranded in town to come and sup some night. I hear from my friend in Suffolk that the golf links are as dry and slippery as glass, and that I'm to bring spikes in my shoes when I come down to play. I may manage to do this in a week or two, but I wish the year wasn't so old. I feel much better, and have got my appetite for my dinner back again, but, as I don't smoke before that meal, half of it is for the weed, and makes it raging strong! I wish you'd try the restriction. Doctors and physick are nowhere with it! I saw poor old M—— on Saturday. He's well, but gets very deaf. I shall cheer him up with your story of the earth-worms! In vol. xx. of the Albums is a landscape sketch of Bamburgh I think of begging of you. Do you ever see the Munich 'Punch,' 'Der Fliegenden Blätter'? (*sic*).[1] I've subscribed for current vol.

[1] "Die Fliegende Blätter."

BUMBLE.

I don't know the language, and they say the jokes are poor, but some of the drawings are excellent. I'll send you these up to look at if you like. Mind you tell me when Mrs. Crawhall comes up to London.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*Sept.* 3, 1887.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I was prevented writing last Saturday by discovering, just as I got to my den, that I'd left a parcel in the bus I travelled by. This sort of thing riles me woundily. Couldn't rest without making an effort to recover it, though it was not of much value—some numbers of the Munich 'Punch' and a 'Punch' sketch. I started to the starting-place where I got in—saw inspector—could not say I could spot the conductor, as I had not taken notice. He said he'd make inquiries. All this broke my day, and upset everything. I've tried your subject you suggested (Scot who kept the Sabbath, and everything else). What do you say for a title? though that is not essential. None is better than a tame one. I've packed up a consignment of exhausted Albums, about half. I shall be a little easier after this. Don't send the one you speak of till after my holiday. I expect to get off about the 11th or 12th for a week or fortnight, but

shall write as usual. I should like to have been with you at the pipe gathering. I know the sort of thing exactly. I'm doing a drawing—

"'*Piscator* (*at the end of a bad day*). "Donald, hang the boat here a bit, we may get a rise."

"'*Donald* (*breaking down*). "I will tamm the boat, if you will!—and the trouts—and the loch too-o!"'

I went yesterday with my antiquary friend (Seidler, a chum of Canon G.) to see a collection at Wandsworth (of flints), made by a young fellow there (a pawnbroker), mostly from the Thames, a favourable locality and business, to get a connection among the ballast dredgers and longshore men who find them. The quantity of flints and bronze stored up in the mud is incredible. He corresponds with Canon G., and gives him a chance of the best finds. He has a fine collection. He gave me a few. More next week. Ravenous for my dinner and the (first) pipe after.

"Yours ever,

"Charles S. Keene."

Keene was no sportsman, and as the shooting season came round, year by year, he was almost invariably hard up for subjects. He had, however, a strong sympathy and understanding, and once a joke, sporting or otherwise, was made clear, no one could surpass him in bringing out its point.

The two following letters show him in an amusing dilemma on this score.

To Alfred Cooper, Esq.

"239 King's Road,
"Chelsea.

"DEAR ALFRED,

"Do you remember a subject you gave me once of a

"'*Visitor* (*having shot a hare at the usual seventy yards*). "Long shot that, Johnson."

"'*Keeper*. "Yes, sir; Master remarked as it were a wery long shot."

"'*Visitor* (*gratified*.) "Ah—Oh he noticed it, did he."

"'*Keeper*. "Yes, sir, Master always take notice. When gen'lemen makes wery long shots they don't get asked again!"'

"Why would 'Master' object to this long shot? Burnand doesn't know anything about sporting, and he's sure to want to know. I don't know either! Will you kindly explain, so that I can answer him as if I were an expert. How are you all! I've been in the dumps a long time. Dentist pulled all my teeth out. I've 'got 'em on' at last.

"Yours ever,
"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Alfred Cooper, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.

"DEAR ALFRED,

"Do you think this would do instead of the hare—'Visitor (who had let fly "into the Brown,"

at eighty yards, and brought down a brace)!'? but if you and Francis (who sent me the suggestion) think the hare best, I'll stick to it. This question arose in talking to a shooting man at the Club last night, who explained the sporting point to me. I'm so sorry to give you the trouble, but if I make a decent sketch I'll send it you for your scrap-book.

"Yours,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"112, Hammersmith Road,

"*Sept.* [1887].

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"You are evidently having a lively time of it with 'Cherubim and Seraphim,' etc. I'm in very quiet circumstances. My sister away, I have the house all to myself; town quite empty. I had some trouble to hunt up a couple of friends to come and sup on Barnes' grouse the other night. I'm hard at work trying to get a week or two ahead, but the Shooting Season is always difficult—everything has been done. I have just culled one from the Albums. I've been delighted with two new (to me) tunes in the 'Beuk'—'The Manchester Angel' and 'The Water of Tyne.' I don't remember spotting them in the Antiquary's 'North^d. Minstrelsy,' but may have passed them over. 'The Water of Tyne,' is charming, and is constantly in my throat. By-the-by, I suppose that map of Newcastle is a process block, or did you engrave it? I'm seriously thinking

of going in for photography. The only thing that stops me is the difficulty of contriving a dark closet to develop in at home. My idea is, to work with a small detective camera, and to enlarge from these small negatives. I've seen some beautiful things lately in this way. I've one or two friends first-rate workmen at it. It is so easy now, compared with the old collodion process that I used to slave at. W. Richmond and I went on Monday to the Italian Exhibition; a great lot of pictures, mostly bad; but there is one Segantine (I think), whose work quite knocked me over! rather an impressionist, but very original. Richmond was equally struck. Ask Joe if he has heard of him, as it struck me that, from the quality of his work, he would admire him very much. An Italian told me last night that he had an enthusiastic following, but that some people raved against him. I can easily understand that. The show otherwise was amusing. The Italians seem to be very strong in furniture, but over-carved—the chairs make you shudder! There's the Coliseum, and gladiators, and chariot-racing, and the Emperor Titus—very imposing person—and the Amazons! The foot-racing of the last is screaming!

"My friend S——s' book of Poems is a-printing. I shall send you a copy—I'm going to have a few. He's a strange fellow. He has just anchored himself for life on the edge of a lonely voe in Shetland. These are tracings of the sketches he sent me of the 'Residence.' He says his parlour will be 12 ft. square, and his bedroom 8 ft. by 6 ft. I think this is a great mistake for one of his temper to make; of

course I don't tell him so. I think, if a man goes in for seclusion from the world, he should be able to change about. Fancy the long winter there! I send him a book now and then.

"I don't know the book you mention, 'Characters of Theophrastes,' but I should think not an easy task for leisure! Your suggestion of the Socialist at the R.A. will come in well next year at Exhibition time, if we reach it. You recollect my writing to you of some pretty china I had seen at a pawnbroker's near me. I have since thought they were modern, and an expert I met this morning, who saw them, says they are so. There are some small Chelsea (?) figures, very like those you said you rose at the other day; but, as you say, they are very pretty whenever they were done. I'm looking in on Montagu to-day, and will let you know what he says to the book when I write next. Time's up.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*Oct.* 1, 1887.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

The Album came all right, and I shall tackle it instanter. I'm still a little ahead, which I find a pleasant state of things, and enables me to take an odd day for diversion, a bit of disused holiday in fact. I found my sojourn at the sea-side was taken too

late in the year; the air was too fresh to lounge about and sketch. I was a bad hand at golf, so I did not like to spoil my friend's play by entering the lists with him, so was reduced to long walks to warm myself. We projected a ramble up the coast, pored over the ordnance maps and planned our routes, but somehow it did not come off. The hotel was large and full of people, some leaving every day and others coming, some for golf, others, families for their summer outing. We dropped into the salle-à-manger about 8.30 to breakfast; the grub good and various enough, but differing from my regular home selection, so I did not make such a gorge of it as my friends, who were not such Conservatives as I am. Their appetites, and what they put away, astonished me. For the last two months at home I've resisted tobacco till the evening, and have been all the better for it; but here, where my friends directly after breakfast began twizzling up cigarettes, I broke down, and went at my pipe! to the detriment of my liver. Then we lounged off to the links, about a mile and half off, and watched the play, or else 'took a walk,' which I hate (I like to be distinctly going somewhere, and then I like it). We mostly lounged back to lunch—not one of my meals, especially after tobacco. P.M.—Another walk, or perhaps a game at bowls (better), and shilly-shallying till dinner, 7.30. By this time I was pretty peckish; lots of people; no dress luckily, and we prattled of how we had got through the day! After dinner I and my friends retired to the smoking-room, and puffed and played

dominoes till bed-time. I did not bathe—too cold. One day we went to Ipswich, twelve miles off; hunted for curio shops—I found those I knew of gone; strolled through the Museum—a good lot of flints. The curator, whom I knew, has promised me some. I used up another day going there and looking up my few relations left there. At last I bolted, and so ended my holiday; and here I am in the old groove, and no 'bacco till after dinner, so I've got my appetite again. Since I've been back, prowling about the book-stalls and print-shops, I picked up a couple of old engravings I've been long looking after—De Loutherbourgh's 'Battle of Camperdown' and 'Howe's Victory.' The latter is brown, and I think of sending it to Waters to restore. I'm still in quest of another by the same master, a favourite of mine, 'The Battle of the Nile,' his best. I had a prowl round the dealers on Wednesday with Seidler, a paleolithic friend of Canon Greenwell's. At Bryce Wright's in Regent Street I bought a great Pressigny Core, a well-known type, and a long flake (to carry in my pocket, useful even in these latter days). Then we went to Whelan's, another chum of the Canon's; here I bought another knife and a scraper from Robenhausen, one of the most famous of the Swiss Lake dwellings. The discoveries in the remains of these habitations, as told in Keller's book, with the illustrations, make a most romantic story. They are still carrying them out, and I've lately got a further volume with the latest finds. What did you think of the 'Fliegende Blätter'? Are they not very good?

especially those by Oberlander and Hengeler. There are some magnificent designs in the Nos. for the first half of this year by these two artists, especially in the animal line—rats, mice, frogs, and birds, and such small deer. The swells and ladies, etc., are good, but they are easier. Here's an illustration of what we suffer at the hands of editors! Did you notice the subject in 'Punch' (from Album), 'Yachting trifler and sad family man'? I wrote the legend as you did: '*Yachting Man* (*airily and naturally*). "You ever caught in a squall, Brown?"' You saw that the sapient Editor altered this to 'Have you had any experience in squalls, Brown?'! and further invented that filthy little 'naughtical'! It was an emetic to me! Make a note of any shooting, hunting, or fishing subjects you may come across for the Almanack. I've done one fishing one (from Outsider), and shall send you the sketch.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE.

"P.S.—That round-point pen is very good. If you find the emporium again I wish you would purchase a box for me—the first made are always the best—they will make them of cheaper metal if they succeed."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
[*Oct.* 22, 1887.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"Here is the sketch of the fishing story I said

I'd send you. I hope you'll like it, and that there is no mistake (I'm no fisherman) in the details. You'll see the legend, I suppose, in the Almanack. I got the roll of prints and MS. this morning, which seem very interesting. It's curious to note the change in the language and spelling in a little more than a hundred years. That's a capital etching of your father's, and well bitten—the crux in etching for amateurs. Did he do many etchings? I shall frame the Gainsborough—am on the look-out for last century oval, etc., frames. I expect they imitate these now-a-days. I had a letter from Haydon, bustling me up, as we had not met for a long time. I shall go and see him next week. But time is up, and, that you may get this to-morrow, adieu for present—more next week.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

In the following year "King James's Wedding, and other Rhymes," by J. Sands, author of "Out of the World, or Life at St. Kilda," was published,[1] with illustrations by Charles Keene, Henry Christie, (Mr. Sands' nephew), and others. Keene's work on this book was altogether a labour of love, his friendship with the author having been, as we have seen, of a very rare and lasting nature. The publisher informs me that the figures opposite pages 22 and 72 are portraits of the author drawn, contrary to Keene's custom, from memory. Of this work we

[1] Arbroath: T. Buncle, 1888.

The finished picture appeared in "Punch," with the following legend:—

IRISH INGENUITY.

SAXON TOURIST: "What on earth are you lowering the shafts for?" (*He has just found out that this manœuvre is gone through at every ascent.*)

CAR-DRIVER: "Shure, yer 'onner, we'll make 'm b'lave he's goin' down hill!"

find him writing: "I'm fast to those poems which I promised to illustrate for my friend Sands. I shall send you a copy of the book, and you will be amused. He's a furious Radical, and I tell him I'm rather handicapped with the work, as so many of the poems have such a strong political leaning that I could not touch them except derisively," and then he laughs at the irony of Fate that calls upon him, the essential Tory, to illustrate such sentiments as the following:—

> "Lo! Great Columbia from her copious horn
> Pours into Britain streams of beef and corn,
> Mutton and meal, and pippins dried and green,
> Bacon and butter, cheese and butterine.
> The territorial interest stands aghast,
> And fain would hope the torrent cannot last."

The volume contains thirteen drawings by Keene, some of which, noticeably those on pages 24, 41, and 68, are very charming studies.

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"239, King's Road,
"Chelsea.
"Saturday.
[*Feb.* 18, 1888.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I hope you keep as well as this stingy wintry weather permits. I've come off pretty well, in spite of my dungeon-cold studio with badly fitting windows and east wind blizzards. The time is uneventful; and sticking pretty close to work till midnight, and then home to bed, leaves me not much to write about.

The last time I played truant, and spent a warm evening reading by the fire at the Club, I heard a new (I think) conundrum flying about, 'Why is a lifeboat just come alongside a wreck like a new-born babe? *Ans.* Because the hoped for succour has at length arrived!' Pretty and surprising, I thought. Try Mrs. Crawhall with it, and write down the answer; perhaps she'll read it out before she discovers the pun! Have you seen Hipkins' book of the Musical Instruments that were shown at the Healtheries? The price is appalling, but I was sorely tempted, but it is so purely a vol. 'de luxe' that I resisted. The only book I've got lately is a vol. of Playford's of Songs and Dialogues, by Lawes, Wilson, etc.—1690—diamond-headed notes, but no accompaniment to the songs; but it is interesting to spell out the tunes. Did you see my portrait in 'Punch'? I don't think my dress coat fits so badly as he has depicted it, though it is a very old one. I had a pleasant evening last night, dined with the Madrigal Society. After dinner the books are brought on the tables (as in Queen Bess's time). We sort ourselves as to our voices, and halloo the compositions of Bird and Wilbye and Gibbons to our great delectation, breaking up about 9.30. Then, as we leave the tables, the Abbey boys (the trebles) rush down and pouch the dessert prestissimo. How does the new book get on?

"I got rather a good subject to-day—

"'*Schoolmaster* (*at the conclusion of the interview*). "I think, sir, you will have no occasion to repent

placing your sons under my care. I may mention that in our time we have turned out two Senior Wranglers, neither of whom have looked back with regret upon the curriculum——"

"'*Parent* (*self-made and strong-minded*). "The—ah—eh?—Oh certainly—if you ketch 'em wranglin' or any o' that nonsense, turn 'em out neck and crop—or rather, don't spare the currie—or whatever yer call it—let 'em 'ave it!!!"'

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

Arts Club,
Hanover Square, W.
[*June* 12, 1888.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I envy you your holiday by Coquetside. I'm still hard at work at my friend's verses! and the preface and index drawings imminent, so no country for me yet. That was a nice notice of your book of poor Westwood's. I got the 'Angler's Note-book,' both series, though the first is out of print; he must have been a good fellow. I should have enjoyed that nine miles walk with you. You ought to make some more of those pre-Raphaelite sketches of the country-side, if you don't fish. There is one of Bamboro' in one of the Albums that I covet: you told me once I might have it, but I shall send you a sketch in exchange for it. I've several others, and I shall either frame them, or perhaps bind them in a vol. with those

little local notes you sent me, with others of the same sort, or in the book o' sangs. I read those articles about the flint fish-hooks; rather wild, I thought; don't believe in those flint 'gorges.' It says from the 'Lovett Collection.' I've heard this antiquary is not 'sound'! The story about the young lady falling down in ball-room is too like one in an old 'Punch,' with the difference that it is an old gent. I had a letter from my friend who went to Japan, etc., for his winter trip; doesn't seem to be over ecstatic about it; says it's precious cold sometimes, like home—and there's no bread! Says he'll be back in July, and expects me to go with him then into Suffolk to begin golf again, for which he says he pines! I haven't been to any of the exhibitions yet of pictures, or the Italian, Danish, or Irish. In a pawnbroker's window near me there are some fictile specimens that strike my fancy. A little lantern of Delft ware, blue on white—perfect, and a little chest of drawers painted with flowers, 'faïence,'! etc., etc., but I must resist. I'm certain you wouldn't! More next week.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"112, Hammersmith Road.

"*July 14th* [1888].

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I've been a very bad correspondent lately, but I'm glad to say I've finished the drawings for my friend Sands' Poems at last, and can now look around

a little, and have notions of undertaking the round of the many Exhibitions; dare say I shall let many of them slip after all. I was at the Academy 'Swarry,' but met so many friends and gossips that I could not save my shilling and see the works, so I shall have to go again. There was the usual jam, but luckily it was a coolish night. I think I sent you a card that I was starting to visit some newish friends, which I had promised to do since some time ago. This sacrifice of my pleasant idle Sunday at home, reading the 'Weekly Chronicle Supplement' and pottering generally, hung over me, and I wanted to get it over. As it turned out, it was pleasant enough. My friend, Laurence Harrison, is a rich stockbroker, and the last two summers he has taken Maple Durham House of the Blounts, an old Papist family, who have lived in it since Queen Bess's days. There is a portrait of one of them in 'Lodge's Portraits,' so you can imagine its surroundings (it is near Reading and Pangbourne, on the Thames)—the panelled rooms, oak staircases, queer old family pictures, the priest's hiding place, library of great folios, china cupboards with the old Lateen plates and dishes. Some of the old china looked to me very choice, but I'm an ignoramus in this line. With all this I passed a very pleasant, dreamy day, a good deal in the beautiful gardens—very pleasant hosts. The difficulty I had was to stay about there and keep away from the river, which they think a good deal of, but which was spoilt for me by the cockney boat-crews in every shade of mauve and pink, and the steam launches and house-

boats. Came back on Monday morning. I'm going for a few days to Birket Foster's next, but I'll post you up when.

"I should have liked to see the collection of the omnivorous Swedenborgian Antiquary, but I don't know about Blake! A little of him goes a good way with me! I like him best in book-plates and cuts. The superficial admiration of Michael Angelo has had a fearsome effect on some imaginations. I bid for two Bewick books in a catologue I got the other day, 'A Spring Day' and 'A Winter Season.' I dare say you have them. I got your welcome budget last night when I got home. I went to the theatre; have not been since Canon G. took me to see the 'Mikado,' and I'm ashamed of my laziness in this respect. Saw an American company play the 'Taming of the Shrew,' but the first lady overdid the part of Katherine—made her a maniac—otherwise it was well enough done. It was amusing to hear Shakespeare in the Boston dialect. That was a cheap lot you picked up of the 'Vanity Fair' cartoons. I was scared this morning at receiving the prospectus of those Rembrandt reproductions I told you of. When I told my friend Heseltine, who is one of the promoters, that I would subscribe, hearing the price was about £5, I did not understand that this was only for the first number! but I find that altogether it will run to the tune of £20 or so! so I've written to back out of the remaining Nos. if I can. I'm such an omnivorous collector, that I funk going so deeply in one particular line. A specimen will do for me. I'm

just now trying to pick up a fine Danish book of Prehistoric Antiquities, beautifully illustrated, that will cost me at least five or six pounds, as I fancy it is out of print.

"Curious old chap, old M——! I wrote to him the other day recommending him a book I was reading (he passes his life in reading). He writes: 'It is a deed of charity to put me on the track of a readable book, as I find great difficulty in making out a list to apply for.' This book I recommended is 'The Life and Adventures of Arndt, the Singer of the German Fatherland,' etc. He continues: 'but you put my faith in you to a severe test when you tell me to read about a "Singer"! We have had a good many lives of singers, from Milton and Byron downwards, but they do not bear writing about; the more we learn about them the less we like them.' (!)—'I have begun many books with a wish to read them because they are so much talked about and praised, for example: "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Tristram Shandy," "Tom Jones." These I mention particularly, because I have made several attempts at each, but never could get beyond a few pages. They seem to me to have every fault possible, especially the greatest of all—they are dull, desperately dull.' (!) You know he hates poetry and music, and is (if possible) a Tory of a deeper dye than either you or I. I think that's very funny, that the more he reads about Milton the less he likes him! He finishes his note: 'That must be a grand old place you have been visiting. It is four hundred years old, or close upon it. Sir Michael Blount of Maple

Durham Gurney got the estate of Maple Durham Chawsey in 1481, and shortly after built the fine house you speak of (Burke). I hope you made a few sketches of old things in it. F. M.' (!)

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

CHAPTER XIII.

1889—1891.

Rheumatism and dyspepsia.—Horror of tobacco.—Courage under suffering.—Gives up Chelsea studio.—His accumulated "Ket."—"The Daily Graphic."—A ray of hope.—Letter, December 16, 1889.—Tobacco-phobia gone.—Letter, January 11, 1890.—Letter, March 22, 1890.—"An ominous and disheartening symptom."—Letter, August 8, 1890.—Letter, August 29, 1890.—Visits of friends.—A dozen black puddings.—Letter (undated) to Sir John Millais.—Mr. Holman Hunt's account of his visit.—"Excuse a dying man."—Letter, November 26, 1891.—"An unconscionable long time a-dying."—"Smashing attacks."—The last letter.—Death.—A solemn requiem.

THE beginning of the year 1889 was marked by increasing rheumatic and dyspeptic symptoms.

For a year or two, as we have seen, Keene had been warned by unmistakable signs that he was not the strong man he had been, and now was to begin that constant and heroic struggle with pain and weakness of a very distressing nature which, after two years, was to culminate in death.

Writing to Mr. Harral, then in the West Indies, on the 12th of May, he says: "I take the chance to send you a greeting line, though I have nothing very

STUDY OF A TREE.

pleasant to write about on my own account, having been down and up and down again with rheumatism ever since Christmas. The slightest accident of weather would cripple me for days, and my last bout, that I am only just mending from, was, from being complicated with dyspepsia, very crushing, and has left me quite a sorry invalid."

Again, in a further letter: "The doctors pronounced my case one of intense dyspepsia, that had been coming on for some time, when it culminated about three months ago. I suddenly took a horror of tobacco, and the taste has not returned since; I wish it would, and then I should be reassured I was getting better."

He is, however, courageous over his sorry state, and writes on July 27 in a joco-serious strain to Mr. Crawhall: "My shrunken thighs, hollow and wrinkled with the loss of fat . . . put me in mind of Albert Durer's 'Anatomies'; otherwise, I'm better and not depressed." And again: "The tobacco taste has not come back yet, though I expect it will soon, as my appetite is improving, and I eat more at meals; that's one reason I dread going into the country. What are you to do there if you can't smoke? In town you can divert yourself in many ways. The last time I was at the Suffolk coast I and my friend used to play dominoes till we were blind every evening, for lack of books, etc."

About the same time he wrote to Mr. Harral: "Here at home I can crawl down and sit by the fire till the pains relax, with my books and toys round

me, so I'm daunted about going out of town. . . . I've no doubt the air of Felixstowe would benefit us if we plucked up courage—'there's the rub.'"

And so he went on, sometimes better and sometimes worse, tempted at times to go and see what change of air would do for him, but again shrinking from the discomfort of one of his severe attacks away from home.

He was not yet wholly confined to the house; indeed, at times, would dine with an old friend, and look in at the club, but he found the effort almost more than he could bear. The tobacco horror still was strong upon him too, and he missed terribly the customary solace of his pipe; "I suppose," he says, "this answers to the 'delirium tremens' of the stimulant imbiber."

At this time he would seem to have had but little hope of his ultimate recovery, and, with the determination so distinctive of all he did, he made up his mind that there was no further object to be gained by retaining his studio, and forthwith gave his landlord notice. On August 19 he writes: "I have made a beginning in the disposal of 'Ket'[1] from the Chelsea den.—It 'gars me grue,' rather. It says FINIS so forcibly." Again to Mr. Crawhall: "And now I've to think about getting rid of my accumulated 'Ket' at Chelsea. It must be done sooner or later; but

[1] A Northumbrian word, meaning "carrion, useless lumber," etc. Mr. Crawhall had happened to use the word in correspondence, explaining its meaning, and Keene, with his fondness for quaint terms, appropriated and constantly used it.

there are certain old 'properties' that have been of infinite use to me, that I've an affection for, and which I shall part with regretfully—*e.g.*, an old ragged weather-beaten poacher's velveteen shooting coat, an Irish coat [sketched], a dummy horse and saddle, breeches, boots, etc.—that I could never get the like again! 'Othello's occcupation's gone' with them! I was delighted with the inscribed 'bane.' It will adorn my chimney shelf in company with another 'bane' you gave me, a horse's vertebra painted in the semblance of a nonconformist preacher. . . . . I went yesterday to the Spanish Exhibition—not very Spanish, except a band of guitar players, and three women, one very pretty, who sang in a nasal tone. One of the dancers, a plain, common-looking wench, directly she stood up and began dancing, throwing her arms about with the castanets, was transformed into 'a thing of beauty.' I shall go again and try and find something Spanish to send you."

A month or two later he finally cleared out of the studio, and wrote to Mr. Harral: "I had a hard week packing up, destroying and dispersing the accumulations of years. Luckily I was mostly pretty well at the time, and so got through it."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"112, Hammersmith Road,
"West Kensington.
"*Oct.* [5], 1889.

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I've cleared out of the Chelsea studio, after a

hard week of packing up and dispersing my properties, books, prints, drawing-boards, etc., etc., that I've been accumulating since I was a boy. Luckily I was pretty well during this time, and free from rheumatism. The last two days I've been crippled at home. My den here is so filled up with bookshelves, I've been obliged to hang most of my prints and drawings on the staircase, which, I expect, when I've finished, will be entirely covered—a very heterogeneous lot. I have decorated my sister's room with the choice ones. This adjoins my den. Haydon has been moving too, and I'm curious to see how he has managed to stow away his collection into a smaller house, I imagine, than his hitherto official residence in the Royal Hospital. Mine was nothing to his, and his books were mostly in noble glazed bookcases. He has taken a house at Barnes, not very far from me, at least it would not have been in former days, but I'm not so spry at walking now. I hope Barnes is all right; I shall write to him. I had a letter from Craibe Angus this morning, flattering—he seemed pleased with the scratch I made in his birthday album, and is going to send me an edition of his favourite Bur-rns. To-morrow is the Almanack dinner, but I don't feel quite up to it, so shall not go; it's a stodgy feed—soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, etc.—and, as careful as I may be, I generally am tempted to exceed my ordinary ration, which I suffer for afterwards. My stomach is in such a queasy state, that a grain in excess puts me all wrong, and, as my appetite is improving, I am

sometimes heedless on this point. I had a very kind letter from the Stevensons, asking me up to Ach-na-cloich, but I'm afraid of it just now till I'm better. The long journey, and the probability of damp weather and rain, daunts me. She says they have had a very fine autumn, and that she has been very busy with visitors. I'm very sorry I cannot go, as, if you can keep out of excursions, it is a very cheery house, and the landscape round about is enchanting. That award from Paris was rather a surprise to me, as I had forgotten I had anything there. I did not send anything myself, but my friend Mrs. Edwards contributed some.—It is a queer arrangement. They send you a cast, gilt I believe, and if you wish for the gold medal (proper) you can buy it for a price! I don't think I shall invest! Did you see that there is a project of a daily illustrated paper to be published in London? W. L. Thomas, of the 'Graphic,' has something to do with it. I should prophesy there will be some money dropped about this. The weekly ones, I find, bore me rather! Some money of mine dropped the other day — an American Railway, and my brother wrote home that he had sold them (at a loss), from the idea they might get worse, and the next two coupons were returned unpaid! the confounded swindlers! The manager said he would buy some other (American) security with the cash. I wrote, NO—that I would put some more to the sum and would prefer Consols! This was rather a 'facer' for my friend, who is a Radical,

and believes in American honesty. My friend Richmond has gone to Wells to paint the Bishop's portrait, and then he goes to Durham. I hope he'll get over to Newcastle and call on you. Show him that little drawing from the Missal.

"Kindest regards to Mrs. C. and the boys and girls, if they are with you now, and am

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

He further writes to Mr. Harral of the rumoured production of the "Daily Graphic," about which he had received a circular:—

"I know I'm disposed to be a pessimist, but I fear there'll be some good money dropped over this! Have we not enough illustration with the two weeklies? A good many people take them from habit, but I should think their bulky accumulation must be a bore; but perhaps I'm not a good judge, because I've been suffering from this state of paper repletion lately."

In December he writes to Mr. Crawhall, still complaining that the tobacco-phobia continues. "I have still the distaste for tobacco, and can no longer quote the stanza from my old friend Percival Leigh's 'Ode to Mrs. Grundy,' in 'Punch,' years ago—

'Grandeur sinking,
Never thinking
How your censure I provoke,
Oft a cutty
Pipe with smutty
Bowl along the road I smoke!'"

Then, on December the 11th, a little ray of hope shows itself. He is writing to Mr. Harral at Felixstowe. "Will you," he says, "find out what I'm indebted to the Golf Club up to the present time and I'll look out. I like to cherish the idea I may some day be well enough to go over the links."

How pathetic are hopes destined never to be fulfilled, read in the light of a full knowledge of events!

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"112, Hammersmith Road,
"Monday.
[*Dec.* 16, 1889.]

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

". . . . I hope I may be able to please (satisfy) myself about the 'Willie brewed' drawing, but I'm doubtful. In the work I do now for 'Punch' I have to depend on old studies disguised and dodged, for I never could do any work without a foundation from nature, and now I've got no studio and have parted with all my properties I should find it difficult to work up an out-of-the-way subject (for me) like this; but I'll try, and perhaps in my old sketch-books I may find some notes. If not, you shall have the best 'Punch' drawing I can choose, or choose your own. I have not read or seen B.'s book, but surely such a miserable ass could not write one. Did you see the dummy No. of the 'Daily Graphic,' with the Battle o' Waterloo? I agree with you in doubting its success; but we are such a pair of last century John Bulls as not to be good judges.

"I've had an invitation to Birket Foster's for Christmas, but since I've been an invalid have got to be partial to my own bed and fireside, but I shall try and pluck up courage and go. I'll advise you in time; at present I'm enjoying a convalescent immunity from pain, and feel braver—have been recommended the juice of lemons without sugar, and begin to believe in it. More anon.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Mrs. Macdonald.

"112, Hammersmith Road,
"West Kensington.
"*Dec. 30th*, '89.

"DEAR MRS. MACDONALD,

". . . . I must explain how I have become an invalid, and will be as short as possible, as one (who has had a long spell of health and activity) is apt to talk on that theme to an undue extent. About last Christmas I was attacked by terrible bouts of quasi-rheumatic pains, which quite crippled me. After some time the doctors decided mine was a case of intense dyspepsia that had been coming on for years. These attacks of pain have continued all this year, laying me up on an average one week in every three! so that I have got woefully lean, weighing barely ten stone.

"My old friend Sir Alfred Garrod lays it on to my smoking, but he's an anti-tobacco man. The other local practitioner says, partly from my dining alone and always reading at meals!

"*Voilà tout!* My object now is to get this weight back. In the autumn I gave up my studio at Chelsea, which was a cold, draughty place, not daring to face another winter there. Here at home in a small room, which I can keep warm, I have been comparatively comfortable, but I think my working days are within 'measurable distance' of being over.

"I am surrounded by books in my den, and, having a passion for reading, I am never at a loss for amusement and interest; and I confess, in all this sickness, I have not lost my spirits or been depressed, so I hope my liver cannot be very much out of order.

"I think of you whenever I put my sugar in my coffee, remembering your warning, and, aware that it is not good for digestion, I try to control my sweet tooth.

"I carry in the middle of my heart the gratefullest recollections of Aberdeen, my kind hosts there, the scenery and surroundings, the friends I met and those I casually became acquainted with, and the pleasant jaunts round the city.

"I have always recommended people to go there for choice of scenery, fine air, not too hot! and pleasant inhabitants and no tourists. I've had no holidays like those I had there since. I'm afraid in this long budget there's o'er much about myself. Some day, when you have time, you will let me hear how you are; and wishing you many Happy New Years,

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

By the end of the year the tobacco horror had left him, and on New Year's Day he writes: "I'm much better, I hope, as I've enjoyed a longer immunity from pain than hitherto all the year, but don't like to be confident. I take a whiff of tobacco too, of an evening, with increasing relish, which is a good sign."

He had not, however, dared to pay his usual visit to the Birket Fosters, whose house, brimming over with good cheer, might have proved too great a temptation for his stomach, still, he says, "in a queasy state."

However, he feels more inclined to go about and see his friends, and his spirit is for a time more hopeful, and the outlook altogether more cheerful. Of one of these visits he writes, with a naïve touch of regret for past uncharitableness: "I looked in at ——'s last night. He asks after you. Years ago we used, I forget why, to think him rather a bore, but I suppose we grow more tolerant as we get older, and, he being booky and pointy, etc., we get on very well together now."

To T. Barnes, Esq.[1]

"112, Hammersmith Road,
"West Kensington.
"*Jan.* 11, 1890.

"DEAR BARNES,

"I admire your courage and resolution to get well. I try and ride that Great Horse, but he gives me awful croppers; yesterday was a day of baneful

[1] T. Barnes, Esq., F.S.A., of Durham. I am indebted to Mr. Austin Dobson for this letter.

pain; to-day I am stiff and crippled, but easy when I'm still. I expect it will be a day or two before I can get out, with the use of my legs. I hope when you get to town I may be able to come to that pleasant symposium you spoke of in your letter, but I'm obliged to be very careful in my diet, and I eat so little that I'm an outrage at a generous 'board.' You ought to see the Holbeins at the Tudor Exhibition; though I have not been myself, yet I hear they are very good. I hear Canon Greenwell is in town, but I have not hunted him up yet. I have lately taken to a whiff of tobacco in the evenings, but perhaps I overdid it, and my last bout of pain was the result. I hear of friends right and left being visited and suffering from the influenza, but haven't made the acquaintance myself yet. I'm developing into a gourmet. There's an Italian restaurant in London where they serve the celebrated 'Bouillabaisse' on Fridays. You remember Thackeray's ballad about it. (I found it too good.) I'm not surprised that it inspired his muse! God save you and speed your mending.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Henry Harral, Esq.

"112, Hammersmith Road,
"W. Kensington.
"*March* 22 [1890].

"DEAR HARRAL,

"Sometimes when I'm at my *very best*, which is not often, I think of you and a sunny morning at the

Bath,[1] but, when I'm cast down in my chair, crippled for a week at a time, so that I can hardly shuffle along, I can't help thinking I should be out of place. There's no hiding it, I'm an invalid 'par excellence'! Two or three times a week I have a 'bad night,' in which case there's no place like home and your own bed. I won't afflict you with details of my ailments. I can only hope patiently that I may be able to regain some of my lost weight and strength, and then I'll get out for a change of air like a shot. I heard of you from R——, a very nice fellow, and all his family too. He lives at Campden Hill, has a fine collection, and is an authority on Turner's 'Liber Studiorum.' Give my kind regards to Mrs. C—— and my thanks for her kind offer, but I shrink from staying with friends; a groaning cripple (as I am often) could not be comfortable under these circumstances. . . . . The trees in London are budding away fast, almond trees in blossom, and it's tantalizing to be kept in, as I often am, and unable to take advantage of the fresh air. . . . . I've subscribed to the London Library, so I've no lack of books; and sometimes a visitor calls in the evening, as, if I go to town, I generally get back to dinner. —— comes now and again, and talks incessantly the whole evening. Luckily I'm a good listener. —— comes sometimes. He gets awfully fat. . . . . I've still a horror of tobacco, but my appetite is good, and my difficulty is not to over-eat, which is difficult sometimes, as they make very appetizing dishes for me at

[1] The Bath Hotel, Felixstowe.

home. I suppose the *cuisine* at the Bath is much the same, but I make such a poor 'knife and fork' at dinner that I'm quite ashamed to feed out anywhere. I have not dined at J. P. H.'s[1] for some time."

In April he was startled to find his feet and ankles swollen. "An ominous and disheartening symptom," he writes, "which promises to confine me more than ever. In short, I cannot conceal from myself that I'm 'broken down' at present—a stranded wreck.

"It looks charming out of doors, with the trees bursting into greenery, but I have to sit at home with my feet up. Luckily I have my whack of books subscribed [for] to, the London Library. I cannot get up to the Club now, so I've no news to tell you. . . . . 'Punch' is now Bradbury, Agnew and Co., Limited!"

On April 18 he wrote to Mrs. Bennett: "Luckily I've a passion for reading, otherwise I don't know what I should do; and I do not suffer from depression, and hope, with care and patience, to get over this some day."

To Mrs. Macdonald.

"112, Hammersmith Road,
"West Kensington.
"*May 8th*, '90.

"DEAR MRS. MACDONALD,

"I heard from Geo. Reid, who, with Mrs. R., called on me yesterday, that you were in town, and

[1] Mr. J. P. Heseltine, with whom C. K. was in the habit of dining every Sunday evening.

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'ARRY ON THE BOULEVARDS

KEENE'S LAST PICTURE IN *'PUNCH'*

I felt and expressed my strong desire to go up to town to see you, but alas! I'm a sad invalid, and to-day so rheumatic and weak on my legs that I can scarcely move. Some fortnight ago my feet and ankles began to swell, since when I've been obliged to lay them up. This cripples me materially. If I'm better to-morrow, I will try and call on you at the same time they mentioned. I've been ill now a long time, and ought to be much depressed, but I manage to keep in pretty good spirits.

"I had an invitation to the R.A. banquet, but of course could not go—a great disappointment.

"I often think of the old Aberdeen days, and of my pleasant visits to Kepplestone.

"With a faint hope of being able to see you,

"I am,

"Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

To Joseph Crawhall, Esq.

"112, Hammersmith Road,
"W. Kensington.
[*June* 2, 1890].

"DEAR CRAWHALL,

"I heard the assemblage in the Park at the four-in-hand meet was something tremendous, I suppose from that rumour of some ladies having threatened to ride 'en cavalier'! I long for a lounge through the treasures of South Kensington, as I have not been there for years. I'm just now enjoying (!) one of my intervals of freedom from pain, and, at my age

and state of health at present, that's happiness. I'm gingerly going in for a little animal food with my porridge, which hitherto has not disturbed me, but I must not begin to boast. I wish those icebergs in the Atlantic would clear away south. I've no doubt that is the explanation of the shrewdness of the air from the S.W. which spoils this spring weather. Having so little fat on my bones it touches me up. Have you turned into the National Gallery yet, or the N. Portrait Collection? I have never seen the latter. I assure you it is an act of the most Christian charity to call and have 'a crack' with me in my sequestration, and I hope, in your jaunts to town, you will break them now and then in my behalf. When I get stronger on my legs I shall come down upon you at Ealing. Love to all.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE.

"I return your Club papers. Such a galaxy of military and ecclesiastical swells, I don't know a man Jack of them."

To Mrs. Edwards.

"112, Hammersmith Road,
"W. Kensington.
"Friday [*Aug.* 8, 1890].

"DEAR MRS. EDWARDS,

"Thanks for the traveller's letters, etc. Poor Mrs. B——! I kept that short note of hers—could not destroy it. You might like to have it hereafter. I still keep better, *i.e.*, no relapse, which I hope is

'better' for me. Candid friend I met the other day expressed a hope that I should 'pull through'! I have noticed there is a certain clique whose cue it is to vilify Stanley. I do not know who Mr. Charles Hall is, but I'd make a bet he's a hot Radical! but I've read Stanley's books, and I find evidence that he is a man of lofty courage and fortitude under misfortune, and with marvellous control over his feelings and natural passions—and with great compassion and pity for the beastly savages who thwart and seek to kill him in the scientific pursuit he was engaged in, and, whilst starved and hunted by them, curbing the rage of his followers, who could have swept them off with firearms, and only using them in the very last resource to save their lives. If his temper and health have been impaired by what he has gone through, I don't wonder at it.

"Yours ever,

"CHARLES S. KEENE.

"Hearty Sir John Millais and Holman Hunt called last Sunday; the former was just off to his place in Scotland; he said he would send me some grouse."

To Mrs. Bennett.

"*Aug.* 21, 1890.

"Your kind note quite cheered me up, though upon the whole, all through my illness, I have felt very little depression, and am very easily amused with reading, and seldom am in any pain. My greatest trouble is that I cannot walk without

fatigue, and am confined to the house and my chair.—I don't think I've been nearer Clopton than Woodbridge, and have not read of the legend you speak of, although I pick up every book I can that treats of dear old Suffolk. You will find Dunwich a queer old place. Fitzgerald thought it melancholy, though he liked to go there. I hope you have read his letters; they are charming to me, as I can hear him talk in imagination. Westleton, a large village near by, is picturesque.—I find this a very cold summer, though wearing all my winter clothes, but I've so little fat on my bones. My appetite is very good and I sleep well, so I cannot complain. I'm too comfortable at home, with innumerable dodges and contrivances, to think of going away, and am just too sick to rough it at an hotel or lodging, though I know the magic of sea air. —I hope you will have a good harvest-time. How fond I should be of the animals if I lived at a farm! Our only pet is an old dog of seventeen years. —I hope you will have fine weather at Dunwich. I used to stay there; it was an awfully quiet place then, and we used to look on a visit to Southwold as a roystering diversion."

All through his illness many friends journeyed down constantly to Hammersmith to "have a crack" with the invalid. Amongst them were Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Holman Hunt, Sir John Millais, Mr. Heseltine, Mr. Mills, and Mr. Heming, whilst Mr. Barnes and others would send from time to time a tasty teal, woodcock, partridge, grouse, or other

tempting dainty. One day he happened to mention to somebody his craving for a black pudding, which getting wind, they literally showered down upon him, to his dismay, by the dozen from all quarters of the town.

To Sir John Millais, Bart.

"DEAR SIR JOHN,

"I cannot thank you enough for the bonny partridges and for so kindly thinking of me, but I've a poor bulletin to send. Have had a very bad week or more with pain and fever, and the latter demolishes all idea of time with me, but have managed to get comparative ease in a supine position and sleep,—but it's terrible to have to write about oneself so. Holman Hunt came to see me the other day, and talked to me for an hour."

Of this and other visits Mr. Holman Hunt sends me the following touching account: "When I went to see him in his last illness, what was striking was his great composure in talking about the prospects of the issue. He did not at first dismiss the thought that he might be re-established in health under favourable circumstances, but he evidently recognized the probability of the reverse.

"It would, I know, now seem idle to many to narrate that once, when he seemed disposed to take the less hopeful view, I cited some author who spoke with certainty of 'the life beyond the grave.' 'And do you really believe this?' he said. I

answered with what appeared to me irresistible arguments. He continued placidly, but sadly, 'I can't think so.' Once we talked of Haydon's life. He knew Taylor's volume, but not the one by H.'s son. He agreed in condemnation of Taylor's low estimate of Haydon's character; but, when I offered him the autobiography, he said, 'It is too painful; I could not bear it.'

"One evening I had been delayed in my visit, and it was near his meal-time. When my name was announced his gaunt figure appeared in the passage, and he came forward, saying: 'Excuse a dying man, my dear Hunt. I am just having dinner brought up, and I cannot eat unless alone. Do come another evening, and a little earlier.'

"These simple facts are all I can recount of his last days."

To Mrs. Macdonald.

"112, Hammersmith Road,
"West Kensington.
"*Sept. 12th*, '90.

"DEAR MRS. MACDONALD,

"The splendid white gooseberries came in fine order. . . . .

"You saw me sitting here, and, being in health, it seemed easy to you that I could get into a cab and boat and be conveyed to Aberdeen so easily. Alas! no—I am soon fatigued; cannot walk well from my ankles having swollen.

"For the last ten days (though I've been very stiff and rheumatic, partly from a nasty fall I had last

Saturday) I've had to rouse myself to take a ride in a Victoria a kind friend put at my disposal. This was not all bliss, for, being stiff about the neck and shoulders, the elastic springs of the carriage would wobble my head about to my much discomfort, but I believe the fresh air I took did me good.

"How kind it was of Sir John Millais to think of me—a grand fellow!

"I should so like to know all about the new portraits.

"I shall send you a bulletin soon.

"Yours very sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

On November 26 he wrote to Mrs. Bennett:—

"I hope you were amused with my friend Fitzgerald's letters. They were a great attraction to me, from kindred tastes—artistic, social, musical—all round. . . . I should have written to you before, but sickness makes me sluggish, and, being obliged to keep my feet up, I write in a constrained position. I am afraid I am not better. Infirmities increase upon me, but my appetite is so good and I sleep well, so that, like Charles 2nd, I shall have to apologize for being such an unconscionable long time a-dying. I . . .

"You may very likely see my brother Harry at Ipswich. How I wish I could see the dear old place again, tho' changed as it is from its primitive picturesqueness as I first knew it. I hope some day I may get so much better as to be able to write more at ease."

And so it went on, attack after attack, and the pains waning very slowly. Now and again there would be an interval, and an effort to get out and about; but then would come "a smashing attack of my rheumatic pains, this time in the shoulders and round the chest and ribs, so that sitting in a chair and reading was not easy."

To Mrs. Macdonald.

"112, Hammersmith Road,
"West Kensington.
"*Dec.*, 1890.

"DEAR MRS. MACDONALD,

"How kind of you to write me such a nice long letter, to which I, to my shame, am replying so tardily; but sickness and its adjuncts have often diverted me.

"Sometimes after breakfast comes a succession of visitors at intervals, that leaves me very fatigued at the end of the day. The doctors tell me to eat as much as I can, and, as my appetite is good, I try to follow their directions, and I sleep very well. Such, with the exception of reading, seems an ignoble existence.

"I was sorry enough I could not come with my sister to visit you this summer, but I could not be moved. She sends you her love.

"I'm so feeble on my legs, I have to keep them up, which makes writing rather a constrained position; I therefore make my letters by instalments.

"Winter has come down upon us like a Polar Bear! and the cold searches me awfully, having no fat on

my bones. I never felt it so sharply, but I console myself that we are within 'measurable distance' of the shortest day

"Sir John Millais is back, I suppose, in London now—dear old fellow, he sent me a brace of pheasants in the beginning of November.

"I am looking forward to Mrs. Oliphant's 'Royal Edinburgh,' illustrated by G. Reid. I must have that, though my shelves are so full and I've the 'London Library' to choose from (December—Ah! the newspaper gone, so I cannot guess the date). The doctors have put me on cod liver oil, which I believe in, if you can take it with a little vinegar and pepper. Think as shortly as you can of an oyster! and eat a sardine to follow! During the last ten days they have made my bedroom next door, which is comfortable, but it depressed me rather at first. I found the thirty-five steps to the top of the house onerous. The list of the Portraits now is very interesting.

"Yours ever sincerely,

"CHARLES S. KEENE."

[Received *December* 9, 1890.]

But almost enough of these letters. As we write, "Mr. Punch's" jovial countenance laughs out upon us side by side with these touching memorials, which bear upon them the touch of a vanished hand; and a sob at the universal pathos of things chokes our answering laughter as we realize how the hearty showman himself must have cried o'nights as his

mortal assessors dropped away from him one by one.

One letter there is, however—the last and most pathetic of all,—almost too sacred for publicity, but without which the long series would be incomplete. During his last days, when strength, both bodily and mental, had decreased to an alarming degree, he made strenuous efforts to remember his old friends, and gave instructions to his brother, who was in constant attendance at his bedside, regarding souvenirs to be handed to them. Amongst others, Mr. Robert Dudley, from whom he had lately received a letter, was upon his mind. He asked for pencil and paper, and wrote, in his blindness, diagonally across the sheet:—

"Dear Dudley,

"Too late to write to—write to—to—a dying man.

"Your ever,

Charles S. Keenene."

The effort was too much, and from that time he lay still and awaited his end. One of the last things he said was, on hearing that there was deep snow on the ground, "Oh! what will the little birds do?"

So died, on the 4th of January, 1891, Charles Keene, watched over to the last, tenderly and devotedly, by an old servant, Mary Ann Smith, to whom he was much attached, and who alone he permitted to minister to his ever-increasing necessities.

A COUNTRYMAN.

The "Punch" poet sung of him—

"Frank, loyal, unobtrusive, simple-hearted,
Loving his book, his pipe, his song, his friend;
Peaceful he lived and peacefully departed,
A gentle life-course with a gracious end."

He was buried in Hammersmith Cemetery, on the 10th of January, in the presence of many relations and friends, including most of his "Punch" colleagues.

On the 2nd of February following the Moray Minstrels sang a solemn requiem in his honour, the company rising to their feet spontaneously, and silently resuming their seats at its close. Followed by Mendelssohn's "Beati Mortui," his old comrades sang the beautiful words of Kreutzer's Part Song—

"Hark! above us on the mountain
Mournful tolls the funeral bell,
While a shepherd's boy so gaily
Sings below us in the dell;
Now the train, the steep ascending,
Chaunt the chorus loud and clear;
Hush'd the shepherd's song of gladness
As the sound comes o'er his ear.
To their long home on the mountain
All in turn consign'd must be;
Simple shepherd, simple shepherd,
Soon that bell shall toll for thee!"

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST WORDS.

No apology needed.—Of biographers.—A biography, not a memoir.—Its scope.—No complete bibliography.—Mr. W. L. Thomas.—The illustrated aunuals.—Mr. Hollway's letter to "The Times."—"Round the Table."—The sacrilege of indecency.—"A bow be it."—Horror of shaking hands.—Bogus plum-cake.—Stealing a march on Mr. Holman Hunt.—Estimate of contemporaries.—Mr. Tenniel.—Sir F. Leighton.—"A great but unknown artist."—Across the Channel, a chorus of praise.—The end.

THERE is no abstract apology needed for writing the Life of Charles Keene, but perhaps a word is due as to the privilege of doing so having fallen to the lot of one who never so much as set eyes upon him. The steps by which this was brought about do not concern the reader, but what does concern him is the question as to whether one who has been influenced by personal intercourse is best qualified to deal with the various episodes in a man's life, so as to present a true and impartial portrait of him, or an absolute stranger.

The friend-biographer, with his prejudices and partialities, born of participation in many incidents (*quorum pars magna fuit*), is known to us from

Boswell downwards, and his view of every particular is tinged, for good or evil, thereby. Now, whatever disadvantages the stranger-biographer may have, and they of course are many, he has the one inestimable advantage, so far as he possesses the judicial mind, of being able to weigh impartially the evidence, *pro* and *con*, of everything that is open to two opinions. Far be it from me to claim for myself the judicial quality in any special degree, but this much I will say, that I have been at the greatest pains, in the space of time at my disposal, to hear evidence on both sides of matters on which I have presumed to pass judgment. I approve of the matter, though not the manner, of Boswell's reply to Mrs. Hannah More, when she appealed to him to show some reticence and mitigate some of the asperities of their departed friend. He said uncouthly, though not, I think, unjustly, that he would not cut off his (Johnson's) claws, nor make a tiger a cat, to please anybody. Happily, in our case, there were no claws to be cut off if I had wished, and I certainly had but a very manageable tiger, if indeed there was anything of the tiger at all, to deal with. So clearly indeed do I recognize this lack of asperities in the biography which lies behind me, that I feel it is due to the subject of it to point out that their absence is not owing to the partiality of a friend, but to the fact that the constituted inquisitor, invested with powers of collecting and receiving evidence as plenary as those of a French "procureur général," has failed to unearth any with

which he might, had he so desired, have pandered to the growing modern appetite for sensationalism. This is my excuse for making allusion to the circumstances under which this biography has been undertaken. Memoir, as far as the writer is concerned, it is not. As regards some of the evidence adduced, however, the element of personal recollection is not absent. Full opportunity has been afforded to many who knew the man to speak for themselves, besides which, ample means has been given to the public to read for themselves between the lines of, and to judge his character by, the artist's own letters.

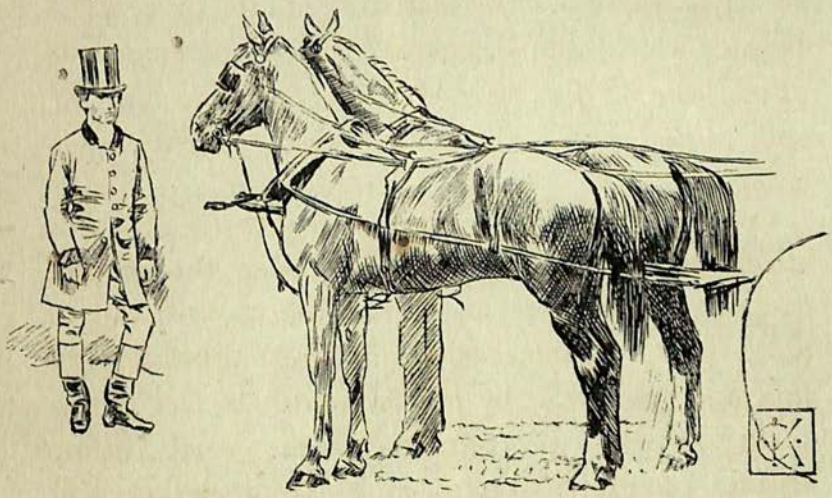
One word has to be said as to the scope of this biography. Tempting as it has been throughout, I have avoided, as much as possible, all criticism of Keene's art. Much that was ill-digested has already appeared, prompted by the adventitious fact of his death. Much, I am convinced, of far greater value, because prompted by the highest appreciation, will appear in the future, as men realize more and more what an irreparable gap his loss has made in the ranks of contemporary effort. That tribute should come from a far more competent quarter, and with the deliberation due to the importance of the subject.

And now I propose to conclude by referring, somewhat discursively, to certain fugitive matters which have not in the course of this writing found convenient incorporation in the consecutive narrative.

I have been at pains to discover, as far as possible, the particulars of the books which Keene was called

upon from time to time to illustrate, and must confess to disappointment at the numerical result.

Much work undoubtedly was done anonymously, and will come to be discovered as time goes on. Therefore I must confess that a bibliography of his work has yet to be compiled. Not that the list can ever be expected to be a very long one, for, when



CARRIAGE HORSES.

we consider the enormous amount of work done for "Punch," "Once a Week" and "The Illustrated London News," there does not appear to have been much time left for irregular productions. This is borne out by a letter written to me by Mr. W. L. Thomas, of "The Graphic."

"For the last forty years," he says, "my friendly interviews with him generally wound up by my begging him to make some drawings for different publications with which I have been connected, and

at his own price; he always agreed, but the drawings were never (or hardly ever) executed. He always wished, in a half-hearted way, to do other work than drawings for 'Punch,' but the habit was too strong for him in the end."

It has been asserted that Keene worked for the Illustrated Annuals so much in vogue in the first half of the century, but of this I have found no trace; and Mr. Joseph Cundall, author of the series of articles on "The Annuals of Sixty Years Ago," which appeared in "The Publishers' Circular," supports the opinion that the assertion is erroneous. "I have," he writes, "looked through more than two hundred of 'The Annuals,' and am sure there is not a drawing by Charles Keene in any one of them. In fact they were 'over' (except the last series of 'The Keepsake') before Keene was known in London." As instancing, however, the kind of fugitive and unrecognized work which might reward the careful search of prints contemporary with his early years, the following letter, which appeared in "The Times" immediately after Keene's death, is worth reprinting.

"THE LATE CHARLES KEENE.

"*To the Editor of 'The Times.'*

"SIR,

"Almanacs, such as 'Old Moore's,' 'Zadkiel's,' etc., used to contain, and possibly still do, a wonderful illustration or 'prophetic picture.' I have often heard

it asked, 'Who on earth are the designers of them?' I can answer the question as to one. Poor Charles Keene was.

"One evening, upwards of forty years ago, I was sitting with the late George Ingelow, brother of the poetess, when in came Keene, and asked us to guess what commission he had just received. It was to design and draw on wood the 'prophetic picture' of one of the forthcoming almanacs. The great work was tackled then and there.

"Never were three 'fates' so merry over their dismal work as we. We wove the web, and Keene, in the character of Atropos, duly did the 'cut.'

"What a design it was! Death, as a skeleton, poised his dart over a crowned hooded figure; demons hauled on ropes fixed to a church; a stately throne-seat tilted to its fall; ships went down; powder-magazines went up; all the whole thing.

"Was credit taken, I wonder, in the next year's almanac, as the custom was, for the accuracy of the predictions?

"In your obituary notice you mention Keene's drawings of Volunteer subjects in 'Punch.' Many of these contain his own portrait and those of friends; notably of the late William Ingelow (another brother of Miss Jean Ingelow), at whose funeral a few years ago I last saw Charles Keene in health.

"Will you allow me to add that you touched a most true note in your leader of to-day (Tuesday) when you write that Charles Keene's 'honest, innocent, and kindly gaiety humiliated nobody and wounded

nobody,' and that he was 'irresistibly humorous and never unmannerly.'

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"J. G. Hollway.

"Westminster, *Jan.* 6."

Before passing from this subject, mention should be made of "Round the Table; Notes on Cookery and Plain Recipes, with a Selection of Bills of Fare for every Month," by "The G. C."; Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott and Co.; a book written by a friend of Keene's, and containing sketches of "How to Truss Fowls," and "How to Bone Fowls," and "How to Cut Up Fowls," drawn by C. K., but unsigned. They are but inconsiderable trifles, but for completeness' sake, as far as possible, must be put on the record.[1]

A last word here as to a certain phase of Keene's character. No mention has been made of the man's pure-mindedness, without that affected niceness now-a-days prevalent, which was so distinguishing a colour of his personality. Easy as it was to make him withdraw into himself, nothing was so certain to have this effect as an indecent remark or an immodest story. Far too retiring as he was to set himself up as a preacher of morals, or indeed of anything else, he yet had that proper pride which makes its resentment of coarseness felt, and, to quote one of those

[1] Since going to press I learn from Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., that Keene drew "Luther on his way to Worms," for vol. i. of "The Lyra Germanica."

beautiful "Punch" prefaces seldom, if ever, read, he ever bore in mind that great truth of one of earth's greatest spirits, that "indecency is sacrilege to the majesty of human nature."

As another example of his proper pride, it may be mentioned that, incapable of such a thing to others, he would never brook an intentional slight put upon himself. Of a brother brush he once wrote:—

"When this exalted party came near me, he made me a pompous bow, I having too quickly and simultaneously held out my hand. He took it this time, but the next—a bow be it."

Again, was anyone at any time untruthful to him, he would never trust, nor, indeed, where practicable, have anything to do with that man again. He said nothing, but quietly ignored his existence.

Keene never married, though not unsusceptible to the charms of female society. "Her mother," he wrote of a young lady, "was a playmate and juvenile sweetheart of mine." And in later years there is reason to suppose that thoughts of becoming a Benedict did pass through his mind; but of the writing of What Might Have Been there would be no end, and, as Nathaniel Hawthorne says in his tale of "David Swan," "we hear not the airy footsteps of things that almost happen."

A peculiarity of Keene's, which has not been mentioned, was the great horror he had of shaking hands all round in the morning. His friends, coming to recognize this, honoured the custom in the

"breach" when he was a guest. One friend, however, there was with whom he was often, by circumstances, compelled to breakfast, and who for some reason or other perversely insisted upon its observance. Keene was determined not to be victimized, and, being at the same time desirous of avoiding the appearance of rudeness, hit upon the ingenious plan of coming down every morning with both hands loaded with books, whereby the practice became a physical impossibility.

Keene throughout his life had an inexhaustible and boyish love of fun.

Companions at Cromer will remember, for example, how he would take pieces of bread and paint them to represent slices of the most appetizing plum-cake. These he would place at intervals along the low walls, and watch with glee the effect produced on the varying degrees of cupidity of passing children.

Another example, perhaps not altogether convincing, but still worth recording, may be quoted from a letter from Mr. Holman Hunt to me:—

"One incident of about ten years since amused me. We both lived at Kensington, and had studios at Chelsea. One morning I had reason for wishing to arrive at work as quickly as possible, and I had also a great disinclination at the time to talk about my particular task in hand. When one-third on the way to Chelsea, I saw Charles Keene walking very stately and slowly just in front of me. I determined to avoid overtaking him, and I took a short cut and ran along an unfrequented lane to get well

ahead of him, which seemed easy enough, but when I got out into the Fulham Road, to my surprise, there he was, marching solemnly before me at the same distance ahead which he had been earlier in the journey.

"It was evident to me that he had seen my attempt to get in front, and that, by means of a Hansom, he had outstript me, and for joke landed again where he knew he would appear miraculously still taking the lead. A few weeks later, after several walks together to the point of parting, he for his, and I for my studio, he came to see my work, which he greatly encouraged me with by his interest; but neither then nor at any other time did the occasion arise to inquire how he stole the march on me in the race which was one as between the tortoise and the hare, in which the first beat."

I cannot, however, deny that there is some suspicion in my mind that the true solution of the mystery may have been that Mr. Hunt's "short cut" was a deceptive one.

A few words must here be said of the estimate in which Keene was held by his contemporaries. That Mr. Tenniel expresses the general feeling of those who were brought into contact with him will not be contradicted.

"His death," he writes to me, "was a real sorrow, not only to his colleagues, but to all who knew him, and his loss to 'Punch,' as I need hardly say, irreparable."

And the tribute paid to his memory by Sir F.

Leighton at the Royal Academy Banquet, 1891, should not be forgotten :—

"Every phase of artistic energy," he said, "must be watched with interest from within these walls, and the death of every true worker who has left his mark on any of its branches must awaken regret among us. It is not possible for me to follow one by one these too frequent losses ; nevertheless, a loss will from time to time be sustained by the nation which I cannot pass by in silence; and such a loss has recently befallen us through the death of that delightful artist and unsurpassed student of character, Charles Keene. Never have the humours of the life of certain classes of Englishmen been seized with such unerring grasp as in his works; never have they been arrested with a more masterly, artistic skill. Among the documents for the study of future days of middle-class and of humble English life, none will be more weighty than the vivid sketches of this great humourist."

But what can we say of the appreciation shown for his work by the public for whom he laboured incessantly for thirty years? A popular evening newspaper found it necessary to commence an article on "A Great but Unknown Artist" with these words: "Some few weeks ago *a man named Charles Keene* died in Hammersmith." And those words measure the fame which is, in this country, accorded by the masses to the man of whom "Punch," with pardonable pride, but in terms which the above fact proves to have been hyperbolical, spoke as "the

inimitable Charles Keene, *universally* acknowledged to be the greatest master of 'Black and White' technique who ever put pencil to wood-block!"

A DOZE.

As a matter of fact, this acknowledgment, far from being universal, came only from a very limited section of the community.

To the public his work was so "easy" and so "coarse," that there seemed to them nothing wonderful in it at all. It would have astonished them, and does indeed now astonish them, to be told that there is not, nor indeed has been, according to the opinion of some competent to judge, since the days of the elder Holbein, another who could give us work equal in delicacy to that of Charles Keene. The fact is, that we are so overwhelmed with immature work which bears the blatant impress of effort on its face, that we are in danger of forgetting that the greatest art conceals itself.

But, after all, how can we blame the public when, after having such a man amongst us for all these years, those who profess to catalogue eminent men and women of the time ignore the existence of the greatest of all our black-and-white artists?

It will hardly be credited, but a glance will prove that Keene's name does not appear in the list of Mr. Humphrey Ward's contemporaries.

But even worse than this has to be said. Mr. Ruskin, who for so long spoke as the oracle of English Art, did not find that Keene was worthy even to be mentioned, when he took upon himself to discuss the "Punch" artists!

On the other hand, what do we find when we cross the Channel? A chorus of unstinted praise.

In "L'Artiste" Bracquemond pays a splendid tribute to him as a landscape artist. "La Chronique des Arts" compares him with Menzel and Degas, and "Art Moderne" with Degas and Pizarro. True,

a chorus of praise also rose from the better class of English journals after Keene's death, but France had discovered and written about him years before his countrymen even asked who "C. K." was.

Had Keene ever looked for posthumous renown, which he certainly never did, he would, I am persuaded, like Francis Bacon, have bequeathed his soul to God, his body to the earth, and his fame to foreign nations.

Keene's was a plain, unvarnished life, and in these pages it has been the endeavour to tell a plain, unvarnished tale in keeping therewith. The keynotes to his character seem to have been his unaffected love of all that was true, and honest, and pure, as he saw it, combined with what Mr. George Meredith, in writing to me of him, has aptly called "his transparent frankness." Reserved in the matter of conversation he was, as we have seen, but from those who really knew that

> "Curl-crowned head, the knitting
> Of supple hands behind it as he sat,
> The quaint face-wrinkling smile like sunshine flitting,
> The droll, dry comment——"

there was not much concealed or disguised.

> "Each thought was visible that rolled within,
> As through a case the figured hours are seen:
> And heaven did this transparent veil provide,
> Because he had no evil thought to hide."

THE END.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

TALES, POEMS, ETC., ILLUSTRATED BY C. K. IN "ONCE A WEEK."

A GOOD Fight. *Charles Reade.* Serial.
Guests at the Red Lion.
A Fatal Gift. *G. U. S.*
Uncle Simpkinson and Mrs. Mount Elephant.
The Gentleman in the Plum-coloured Coat.
Langton Wold.
Benjamin Harris and his Wife Patience. By *H. K.*
The Foundation of my Picture Gallery.
A Merry Xmas.
Mr. Lorquison's Story. *F. C. Burnand.*
Where is the Other? *Stewart Harrison.*
The Return of the Firefly. Poem by *A. M.*
A Night on the Ice. *Andrew Mitchel.*
Evan Harrington. *G. Meredith.* Serial.
Volunteer Day in 1803.
The Emigrant Artist. *A. Stewart Harrison.*
Sam Bentley's Christmas.
The Mazed Fiddler. *Bridges Adams.*
In Re Mr. Bubb. *J. Speight.*
The Beggars' Soliloquy. Poem by *G. Meredith.*

Mundic and Barytes.
A Model Strike. *Dutton Cook.*
Two Norse Kings. Poem by *Walter Thornbury.*
The Revenue Officer's Story. *J. Harwood.*
The Painter Alchemist. *Dutton Cook.*
Business with Bokes. *Dutton Cook.*
Adalieta. Poem by *Edwin Arnold.*
Lilian's Perplexities. *Dubourg.* Serial.
The Patriot Engineer. Poem by *G. Meredith.*
The Woman I loved, and the Woman who loved Me. Serial.
My Schoolfellow Friend.
Legend of Carlisle: the Scottish Gate. Poem by *M. E. C. Walcott.*
A Page from the History of Kleinundengreich.
Miss Daimon. *C. E. Bockus.*
A Mysterious Supper Party.
Verner's Pride. *Mrs. H. Wood.* Serial.
The March of Arthur. Poem by *Tom Taylor.*
The Bay of the Dead. Poem by *M. G. W.*
My Brother's Story.
The Viking's Serf. Poem by *Walter Thornbury.*
The Heirloom. Serial.
The Old Shepherd on His Pipe. Poem by *F. C. Burnand.*

APPENDIX B.

LIST OF TRANSLATIONS BY CHARLES KEENE OF FIRST THOUGHTS AND ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY JOSEPH CRAWHALL, WITH DATES OF THEIR APPEARANCE IN THE PAGES OF "PUNCH."

September 6, 1873. A Narrow Escape.
December 16, 1876. Happy Thought.
August 4, 1877. Not Proven.
September 8, „ Wet and Dry.

September	15,	1877.	Rural Simplicity.
„	22,	„	Sacrifice.
October	6,	„	Never say Die.
November	3,	„	Plain to Demonstration.
„	10,	„	A Modern Athenian.
„	10,	„	Strange effect of Sea-Air.
„	17,	„	Science in Sport made Refreshment in Earnest.
December	15,	„	At the Aquarium.
„	29,	„	Hard Times.
February	9,	1878.	An Untimely *Exposé*.
„	23,	„	Microscopy of the Million.
June	15,	„	Titles to Distinction.
„	29,	„	Second Thoughts.
July	6,	„	Safe.
„	13,	„	Put to the Rout.
„	20,	„	Zeal.
August	10,	„	Warranted.
September	7,	„	An Uncanny Order.
„	21,	„	Revenge!
November	30,	„	The Hard-headed Breed.
„	30,	„	Literal.
Almanack,		1879.	The Commissariat.
March	15,	„	Shouther to Shouther.
April	5,	„	Obvious.
June	21,	„	Reassuring.
August	16,	„	Desecration!
November	8,	„	Volumes!
December	6,	„	Cutting!
„	13,	„	At the Cattle Show.
„	20,	„	Inopportune.
„	27,	„	The Commissariat.
Almanack,		1880.	Comminatory.
January,	10,	„	Judging by Appearances.
„	17,	„	The Weather and the Crops.
„	24,	„	Support.
February	21,	„	*Lex Talionis.*

February	28, 1880.	The Unseen World.
„	28, „	A Predestinate R.A.
March	6, „	*In vino veritas.*
„	13, „	Local Option.
„	13, „	Flattery.
April	17, „	Reaction.
„	24, „	*Res Angustæ.*
May	1, „	Save me from my Friends!
„	8, „	Standing no Nonsense.
„	22, „	Triumph.
„	29, „	(No title), page 242.
„	29, „	Rather too much of a Treasure.
June	5, „	Flattery.
„	12, „	A Practical Application.
„	19, „	Complimentary.
„	26, „	Live while you may.
„	26, „	Thirsty Souls.
July	3, „	An awful Crammer.
„	17, „	A Little Jesuit.
„	31, „	Nemesis.
August	7, „	Conclusive!
„	14, „	Experimental Philosophy.
„	21, „	A Collision.
„	21, „	Repudiation.
September	4, „	(No title).
„	25, „	Winged.
„	25, „	A Qualified Judge.
October	2, „	The Gentle Craft.
„	16, „	A Regular Tarter.
„	16, „	Disturbance!
„	30, „	*Non Ben (Lomond) Trovato.*
November	20, „	Accidents will Happen.
„	20, „	A thorough Unbeliever.
December	11, 1880.	Uncompromising.
„	18, „	Business.
Almanack,	1881.	Most Unfortunate.
„	„	*Tableau Vivant.*

Almanack,	1881.	The Last Resource.
„	„	Culture, 1881.
„	„	*De Minimis.*
February	26, „	A Testamentary Disposition.
„	26, „	Badinage.
March	12, „	A Note and Query.
April	2, „	*Si non e vero,* etc.
„	9, „	Popular Fallacies.
May	21, „	Optics.
June	18, „	Harmony.
„	25, „	A Blank Day.
July	16, „	Ground Game.
„	30, „	The Anti-Semitic Movement.
August	20, „	Denudation.
„	27, „	Plethora.
September	10, „	Walton's Complete Bungler.
October	1, „	Contumacious.
„	8, „	A Dilemma.
„	15, „	Another Chance Gone!
February	25, 1882.	Solicitude.
March	11, „	*Lapsus Linguæ.*
May	6, „	Shocking!
July	8, „	Opposition.
August	12, „	A Clôture.
„	19, „	The Scot Abroad.
September,	„	Irresistible.
„	30, „	Cantankerous.
October	7, „	By Proxy.
„	21, „	Disenchantment.
„	28, „	Coals!
November	4, „	Against the Grain.
„	4, „	Rallying.
December	2, „	(No title), page 257.
January	6, 1883.	*Perdu.*
„	20, „	Art Intelligence.
„	27, „	Literal.
February	10, „	For Example.

February	17, 1883.	The Commentators.
„	17, „	Shades, Various.
March	3, „	Ambiguous.
„	10, „	Beware!
„	10, „	*Enfant Terrible.*
„	17, „	(No title), page 122.
„	24, „	A Promising Son-in-Law.
„	24, „	It's an Ill Wind, etc.
April	7, „	Gratifying.
May	19, „	Conscience.
„	26, „	Exacerbation.
„	26, „	Sophistical.
June	2, „	Detraction.
July	14, „	*Nem. Con.*
„	21, „	Courage!
„	28, „	Lucid.
August	4, „	Popular Fallacies.
„	11, „	Assuring!
„	18, „	Incorrigible.
„	18, „	For Example.
November	3, „	Detected!
„	3, „	Consolation.
„	17, „	Safe bind, safe find!
„	17, „	(No title), page 239.
„	24, „	Poor Sweepar, Sir!
December	1, „	Upon the Mart.
January	12, 1884.	(No title), page 23.
February	2, „	A ready-made Rejoinder.
„	9, „	A Realist.
„	16, „	*Verb. Sap.*
May	24, „	A Veteran!
December,	„	The Fitness of Things.
„	20, „	*Places aux Dames!*
February	28, 1885.	Backsliding.
July	17, 1886.	Sarcastic Old Thing!
„	31, „	Capacity!
August	14, „	The Bills of Mortality.

October	2,	1886.	The Bar-rd of A-y-von.
„	16,	„	The Canine Scare.
„	23,	„	Surplusage.
November	20,	„	A midlan' joke—very.
December	25,	„	Shopping!
January	15,	1887.	Taking Stock.
February	19,	„	Wholesale.
March	5,	„	The Penny Toys.
April	2,	„	For the Third Time of Asking.
„	9,	„	The News.
„	23,	„	Rural Felicity.
May	7,	„	Making a Clean Breast of it.
„	14,	„	The Amateurs.
„	21,	„	Landed.
June	4,	„	The Force of Habit.
„	11,	„	To be Quite Accurate.
July	16,	„	The Provincials.
August	13,	„	Anthropophagous.
„	27,	„	In the Cause of Art.
September	3,	„	A Reminiscence of the Very Dry Weather.
„	24,	„	The State of the Game.
October	1,	„	Sagacity.
„	8,	„	Ichabod!
„	15,	„	Unco Guid!
November	5,	„	Likely to get on in Life.
December	3,	„	Sables.
„	17,	„	A Festive Prospect.
Almanack,		1888.	A Protest.
„		„	Great Expectations.
„		„	The Ubiquitous.
January	28,	„	*Lapsus Linguæ.*
March	31,	„	Brass.
April	21,	„	Two Views of It.
May	19,	„	Oh, tax 'em, by all means!
June	23,	„	Might be Worse!
July	21,	„	In Case of Accidents!

August	4, 1888.	Sharp's the Word!
„	25, „	*De Gustibus*, etc.
September	22, „	Pursuit of Knowledge.
October	13, „	Realistic.
November	3, „	That Nasty Orange Peel.
December	8, „	An Open Secret.
January	26, 1889.	Undaunted.
February	9, „	Shoppy.
March	2, „	The Fourth Estate.
„	23, „	The Coming Exhibition.
May	11, „	Proportions.
June	22, „	Compliments.
September	7, „	Mems. for the Moors.
„	21, „	Mems. for the Moors.
„	28, „	Irresistible.
October	12, „	Ground Game.
November	2, „	Deceivers Ever.
„	16, „	A Clean Breast of it.
„	23, „	Is it a Failure?
„	23, „	Exclusive.
December	7, „	Every Excuse.
„	14, „	A Financial Crisis.
„	21, „	*Litera Scripta.*
January	11, 1890.	Tangible.
„	25, „	Treatment.
February	22, „	In Kind.
March	15, „	Appreciative.
April	5, „	At the "Zoo."

APPENDIX C.

From the "Journal of the Society of Arts," March 27, 1885, pp. 498-9. Dr. A. J. Ellis's Lecture "On the Musical Scales of various Nations."

"(2) *The Highland Bagpipe.* It will seem strange to introduce this instrument among the Arabian; but the bagpipe is found sculptured at Nineveh. It was possibly brought

to Europe during the Crusades, long after the deaths of Zalzal and Al Farabi, but before the introduction of the Arabic scale of seventeen (or nineteen) notes to the octave. And it seems to have had that Zalzal scale already noted, viz. :—

I	204	II	155	III	143	IV	204	V	151	VI	143	VII	204	VIII
0		204		355		498		702		853		996		1200,

of which the tempered representative is the principal scale of Meshagah just discussed. Of course, there must have been some alterations, but this Damascus scale of Meshagah would represent the scale sufficiently well for all purposes. The Highland bagpipe has at present only nine notes, written g′ a′ b′ c″ d″ e″ f″ g″ a″ (g′ being on the second line of the treble staff), and also two *drones*, or deep notes, which are always sounding (being the first and second octave below a′, that is, on the top line and bottom space of the bass staff). Now it is generally said that g′ to a′ is not quite a tone, and that c″ f″ are not exactly c″ and f″ or c″ sharp and f″ sharp of the ordinary rotation, but in each case some intermediate sound, the consequence being that the bagpipe cannot play with any other instrument in a band, and two or more bagpipes can only play in unison. The instrument is a kind of oboe, played with a bellows instead of the mouth. To determine what this scale really was, Mr. C. Keene, the well-known artist of 'Punch,' who is a performer on the bagpipes, kindly brought his instrument to my house and played through the scale, while Mr. Hipkins determined the pitch by my forks. The following was the result :—

Observed Scale of the Bagpipe.

Obs. vib.	395	441	494	537	587.
Notes	g′ 191	a′ 197	b′ 144	c″ 154	d″ 208.
Cents	0		197	341	495.
Obs. vib.	662	722	790	882.	
Notes	e″ 150	f″ 156	g″ 191	a″.	
Cents	703	853	1009	1200.	

"The first line gives the number of vibrations, the second line gives the name of the note and the interval in cents between them, the third line gives the intervals in cents from the lowest a′, omitting the low g′, which is repeated in the octave as g″.

"This scale took us (A. J. Ellis, and A. J. Hipkins) by surprise, and we immediately wrote to Mr. Glen, the great bagpipe seller, to make inquiry. He informed us that the scale, as regards intervals, has never been altered. 'If the chanter [the oboe played on] you had is one of McDonald's [it was so] or our own, it was no doubt correct. Our opinion is that if a chanter was made perfect in any one scale it would not go well with the drones. Also there could not be nearly so much music produced (if you take into consideration that it has only nine invariable notes), as at present it adapts itself to the keys of A [major], D [major], B minor, G major, E minor, and A minor. Of course we do not mean that it has all the intervals necessary to form scales in all those keys, but that we find it playing tunes in one or other of them.'

"Now the equal temperament of the scale just deduced would be clearly 0, 200, 350, 500, 700, 850, 1100, 1200, or precisely the normal Damascus lute scale just considered. For comparison, I determined the number of vibrations in such a scale, and also for Zalzal's, taking the same a′, with this result:—

Notes	a′	b′	c″	d″	e″	f″	g″	a″.
Obs. vib. (C. Keene's)	441	494	537	587	662	722	790	882.
Damascus vib.	441	495	540	587	661	721	786	882.
Zalzal's vib.	441	496	541	587	661	722	783	882.

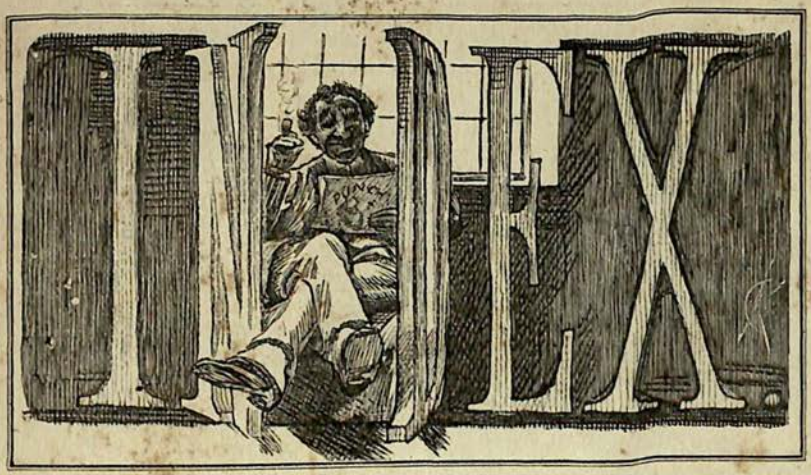
"Mr. Keene's chanter was not perfect (none is), and the blowing (which was difficult, as the wind had to be got up in the bag for each separate note) could not be absolutely relied upon. Clearly c″ was a little flat, and g″ a little sharp, the latter designedly, because the custom is to make

the interval g″ a″ less than 8 : 9, or a whole tone, which is an accommodation to the major scale of A, and is evidently a modernism. . . . .

The rest does not concern C. Keene; but there is another reference to this trial of the bagpipe scale in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, No. 234, 1884, "Tonometrical Observations on some existing Non-Harmonic Musical Scales," by Alexander J. Ellis, B.A., F.R.S., assisted by Alfred J. Hipkins. It is this:—

"Now between Zalzal's time and this mediæval alteration, the Crusaders brought the Syrian bagpipe to England, and, after it had passed out of fashion in England, it became the national instrument of the Highlands of Scotland.

"Such an instrument, made by Macdonald of Edinburgh, and obligingly lent us by Mr. Charles Keene, the well-known artist," etc.. etc.



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